Mar. 30, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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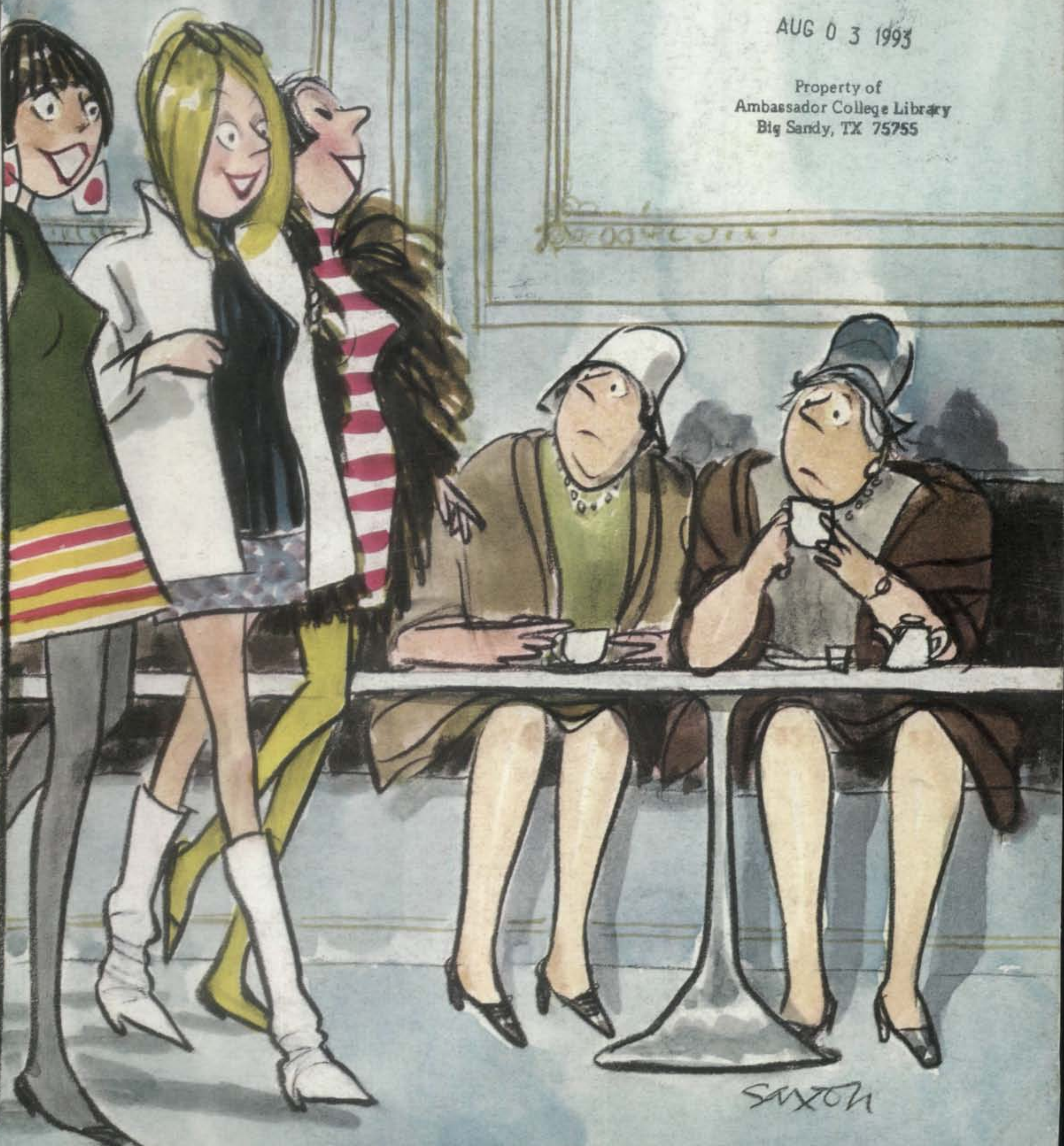

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, special buses to the Broadway theatre district leave from Fifth Ave. and 96th St. and from Lexington Ave. and 96th St. at 7:40 and 7:50, picking up passengers at "Theatre Express" stops (ten on Fifth and eleven on Lexington) along the way. Return buses leave from Eighth Ave. and 42nd St. at 11:15 and 11:25 for Madison Ave. passengers and at 11:20 and 11:30 for Third Ave. passengers.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Chekhov's **THE CHERRY ORCHARD**, with Uta Hagen and Nancy Walker. Thursday, March 28, and Tuesday, April 2, both at 8:30, and Wednesday, April 3, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ De Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**: Friday, March 29, at 8:30; Saturday, March 30, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday, April 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ionesco's **EXIT THE KING**: Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 6, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Electronic Nigger and Others—A trio of one-acters by Ed Bullins, resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. The plays are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well, a few of them matching the dramatist in brilliance. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ergo—An old-fashioned Expressionistic play by Jakov Lind that exposes either Teutonic or general corruption (it is hard to be sure which) in a parcel of garish pranks, many of them extremely disagreeable. The production and acting, under Gerald Freedman's expert direction, are fine, but the script is a thick-fingered bore. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by a very gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—A gloomy tale by Robert Anderson about a son who wants to love his father and cannot. Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright make up the miserable, aging family. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy. Jenny Leigh is very touching as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A revival of a musical play by Langston Hughes. (The Sanctuary, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6926. Final performance Sunday, March 31, at 5:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
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Joe Egg—A very good play about a young English schoolteacher, his wife, and their spastic child. Hard as it may be to believe, the author, Peter Nichols, has found much humor in a dreadful situation. The cast comprises Albert Finney, Zena Walker, John Carson, Elizabeth Hubbard, Joan Hickson, and Susan Alpern. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Loot—A free-swinging farce in which the author, Joe Orton, attacks with high spirits every mean-souled middle-class practice his wild eye lights on. With George Rose, Carole Shelley, and Liam Redmond. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Portrait of a Queen—Dorothy Tutin and a distinguished cast provide a brisk, delightful account of Queen Victoria's sixty-three years on the throne. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's new play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Harold Gary, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A highly successful adaptation of the Muriel Spark novel by Jay Allen. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Saturday Night—Many of the Bronx-Jewish lines of Jerome Kass's play sound amusing and credible, but his trying heroine—a spinster whose dreams of a highbrow way of life get her into trouble—has barely put one foot out of the psychiatric casebook. The actors, under Burt Brinckerhoff's direction, do pretty well with the somewhat synthetic roles assigned them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Seven Descents of Myrtle—Harry Guardino, Estelle Parsons, and Brian Bedford are the entire cast of Tennessee Williams' new play. Directed by José Quintero. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 28, at 2:30.)

Spofford—Melvyn Douglas is most engaging in this comedy by Herman Shumlin, who based his work on Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben." It has to do with a ruminative Connecticut chicken farmer who gets to studying commuters more or less for the hell of it. Mr. Shumlin directed the play, and he has assembled an admirable supporting cast for Mr. Douglas. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger, played by Barbara Ferris. Thin stuff. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—A revival of the Giraudoux work, translated by Christopher Fry, with Philip Bosco and Diana Sands. Presented by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center as the third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and

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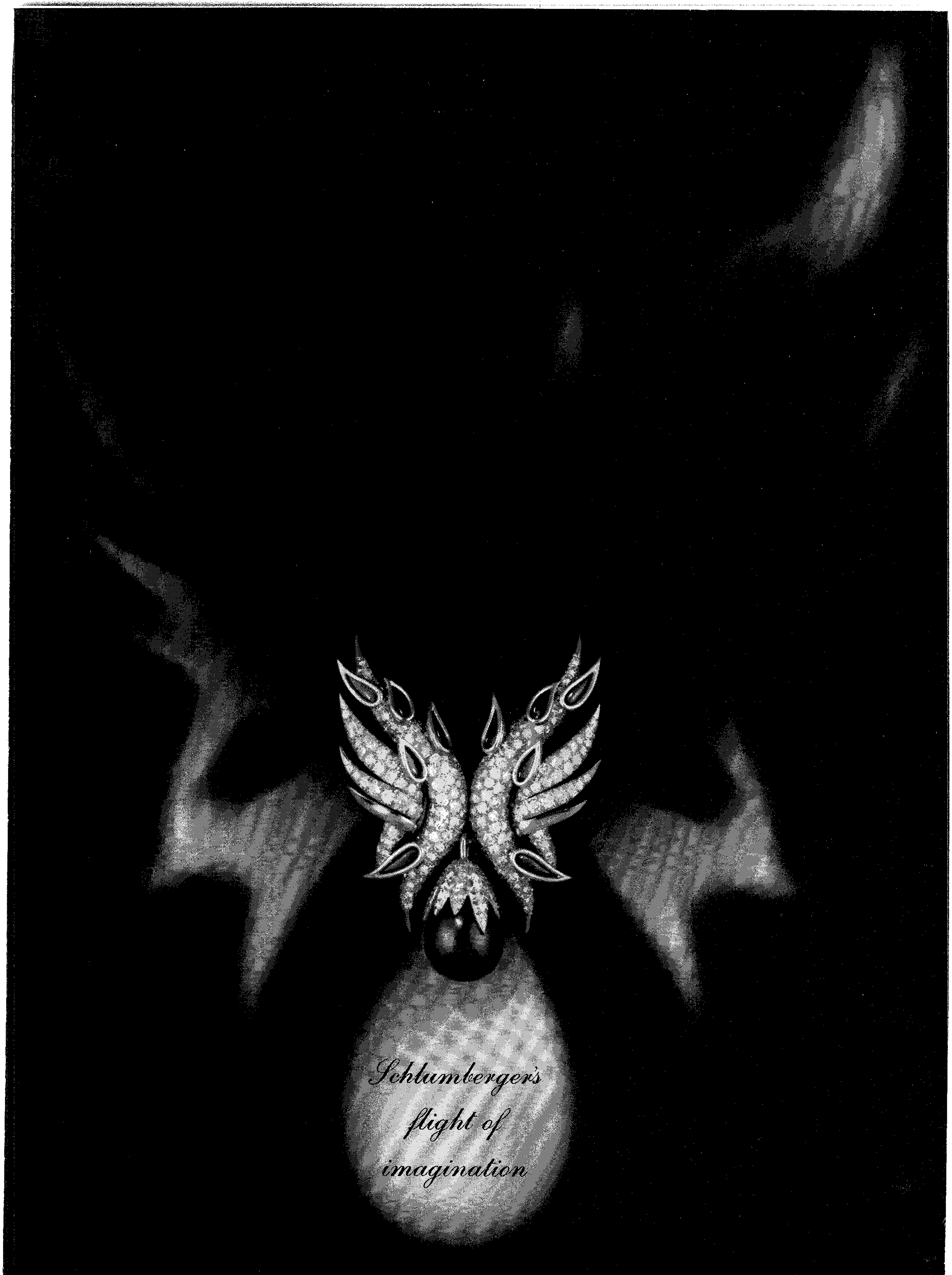
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

Tom Paine—A play by Paul Foster. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vienna Burgtheatre—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays in German. Schiller's **MARIA STUART:** Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, March 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Bahr's **DAS KONZERT:** Saturday, March 30, at 2:30; Sunday, March 31, at 8; Saturday, April 6, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Nestroy's **EINEN JUX WILL ER SICH MACHEN:** Tuesday, April 2, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, April 3-6, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 7, at 2. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Weekend—A political comedy, laid in Washington a few minutes from now. The author, Gore Vidal, sounds rather tired of his subject, but the actors—among them John Forsythe, Rosemary Murphy, Kim Hunter, and Marco St. John—are able and energetic. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**AMERICA HURRAH:** A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **DON'T DRINK THE WATER:** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N—A musical based on the stories by Leo Rosten. Benjamin Bernard Zavin wrote the book, Paul Nassau and Oscar Brand did the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Tom Bosley, Barbara Minkus, Nathaniel Frey, Gary Krawford, and Hal Linden. Directed by George Abbott. Previews through Wednesday, April 3. Opens officially on Thursday, April 4. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond measure the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Grand Music Hall of Israel—A rousing vaudeville with an enormous cast, all cheerful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:15. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

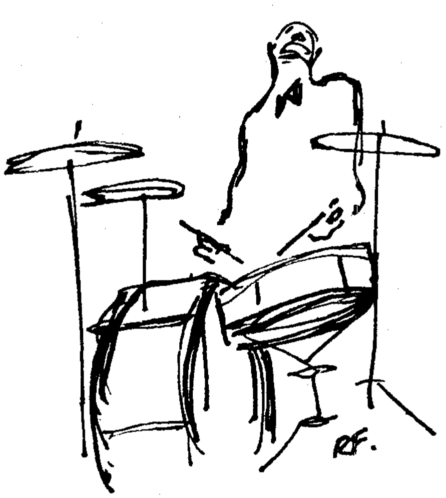
The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but it does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason and Brenda Vaccaro are noteworthy in a hardworking cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Maurice! (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 31.). . . **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Starting Monday, April 1, Janis Paige will replace Angela Lansbury in this version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, which has recently moved uptown. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-five dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Martha Graham, José Limón, and Antony Tudor, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Leonard Slatkin. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

José Greco—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—In a program of modern dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will try the new Madison Square Garden Center for size, starting Tuesday, April 2. They'll be there through Sunday, May 12. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "All the Queen's Men," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, March 30, at 6 and 9. For tickets, cal MU 2-4600.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "All's Fair," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 128 W. 44th St. Friday, April 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-3344.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—A Village coffeehouse mostly to be relied upon for the quality of its personnel. Lori Burton, who sings with her heart and her soul in her mouth, will be assisted, beginning on Friday, March 29, by Linda Ronstadt & the Stone Poneys, whose music is founded upon rock and not upon sand. Miss B. retires on Monday, April 1. Tuesdays are always entirely devoted to drop-ins.

Café au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—The old Village rockery (and rollery) affords The United States of America, Friday through Sunday, March 29-31. The next prospect: Blood, Sweat, and Tears, Tuesday through Sunday, April 2-7.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims the everlasting is aboard with a foursome that plays (at last, at last) for foot- as well as earwork. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A wharf where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays.

L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990)—Not at

Lots of people inhabit the East Side. Some important men still make news there. Even some Republicans. And when they do it's written about on our side of town, The West Side.

The important news gets published here. In The New York Times, if it's fit to print, or in The Village Voice, if that's your bag, or in The Morning Telegraph where you can read it and weep.

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all the place in which to expect miracles, or even just plain peace and quiet, but be it stated that from Thursday through Saturday every week, at least for a while, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral will be intertwining their knowing voices in a manner peculiar to them and pleasurable to everyone else. Dining.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Not for serious listeners. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. Sunday, a five-to-nine matinée is added.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another eruptive parody of *temps perdu*. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp. Nine to three or four every night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators (two of the communicants are Joe Henderson and Louis Hayes). Saturday and Sunday afternoons, other characters do a five-to-nine stint, and on Tuesday, April 2, the Cecil Taylor unit (here madness lies) succeeds the Hubbard group. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—From his piano on the ground floor, Teddy Wilson serenely surveys the changing scene of music and with equal serenity sticks to his admirable last. His trio finishes up on Sunday, March 31, but on Tuesday, April 2, Toshiko (as piano soloist) and Monty Alexander's threesome move in. . . . ¶ On the lower deck, there will be action Friday and Saturday, March 29-30: the Modern Jazz Quartet (which, having reached perfection, now wonders what to do with it), Herbie Mann's fife-and-drum fivesome, and Monique Leyrac, a soprano much esteemed in her native Montreal.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Truly a bargain basement, because of Gary Burton's free-thinking foursome and the triad run by the fulminant Elvin Jones. Kenny Rankin will sing, too, Friday through Sunday, March 29-31. Monday is by tradition assigned to the huge band run by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, and the room will be closed Tuesday, April 3. Next evening, Jack Dejohnette's quartet will replace the Burtons.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—One more effort to review the nineteenth century through gross-colored glasses, employing washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—No trouble with the customs officials, but the immigration men can be a problem. The interior of the country, a veritable Modhouse, is devoted to a sort of non-touch football for all the dancers. The Western Union music is always supplemented by a crew of real live—well, wires. At the moment, their corporate name is The Silverbike; from Tuesday, April 2, on, they will be the all-girl Pleasure Seekers. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—The new gym should be open on Thursday, March 28. No bar on the main (or juvenile) floor, but everything else, including music, music, music—eight to three most nights, and until four Fridays and Saturdays, plus a whopping Sunday matinée, from 5 P.M. until 3 A.M. The top deck (with bar, for eighteen-and-up young people) is on the same schedule.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Where everything is hip and everything is hurray. As much for watching as for dancing, for it really *is* a circus. Eight-thirty until three or four is the nightly rule. Alcohol is off limits.

The Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Dancing and discs have now infiltrated this small steak house, but Daphne Hellman, whose harp imparts a chamber-music touch to her jazz, still does a six-to-nine soirée with her trio every Wednesday. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Dim recesses, an acceptable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The citizenry here has more seignority than is usual in such enterprises, but the music (mostly storage-battery) is as determined as it is anywhere else. Occasionally actual people—Kai Winding's quartet, which has grown drifty and dreamy—come onstage. The nourishment for the inner person is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, but the *prime* movers are the Smubs and their rock-pile dither. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. There is no easy access to Atlantis, so it is best to plan ahead with the management. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): The power and the glory of the trumpet belonging to Jonah Jones rule a snug little world at the top of the Himalayas. The music, by his foursome and another battalion, carries on from seven until two, Sundays not included. . . . **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue, and run by Stanley Worth. They stick around every night until well after the theatre. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work. She is inaudible Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff has agreed to keep this remembrance of things past open until early in the morning. The principal band is Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): It takes all sorts, and puts them together at the tables around the small dance floor, which is the property of a small band. The music starts at nine and ends at two, though never on Sunday, never on Monday. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go and a big band the only thing to dance to. Woody Herman's hard-charging linemen and Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five provide the action. Six until two is their schedule, every night but Sunday. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A land grant issued to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands (the Latin one is Argueso's) and the floor are big. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. She starts around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—There are a lot of hard workers in this *kibbutz*, which makes for a reasonably lively time. The flow of Israeli words, music, and footsteps is sort of trial-and-error, but there's little harm in that. Yoel Sharr is the leading light, and Chic Ganimian, one of our few resident oudists, is the leading musician. Closed Mondays. Dining.

Living Room, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—This is the season's nest for Felicia Sanders, a soprano for whom the word "dramatic" was invented, so her contingent will have to make the best of her not especially couth surroundings. She sings every single night, and well.

Plaza 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—"Four in Hand," Julius Monk's revue for this season, is in the Gilbertian tradition, for his foe is folly and his weapon wit. Mary Louise Wilson, Dennis Allen, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan, who all with credit have worn Monk's-cloth before, are the playful means to his pungent ends. The orchestra is the gleeful double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally gleeful piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Another of the small revues that live here—this one is "Photo Finish"—takes place at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Caterina Valente, who combines presence with persuasion, is singing during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, and thereby improving the shining hours. The orchestra of Lee Evans attends to the wants of the dancing customers. Closed Sundays.

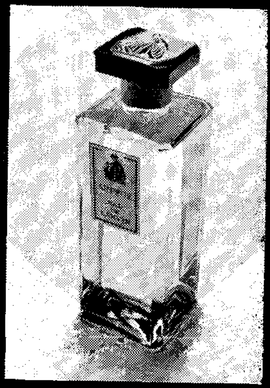
Château Madrid, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773)—You don't know what love is until you have heard the Latin lyrics in praise of it as Lucho Gatica, justifiable pride of Chile, slings them out point-blank. A flamencan crew makes other vehement sounds. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the individualist dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Alejandro Manzana's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Diana Ross and the Supremes zeroing in on one hot-point ballad after another. They are garnished with humorists, of sorts, and with the Copa ballerinas, radiant in their beginners' luck. Every night, and twice or more. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—If there must be an Italian midnight-matinée idol, let him be Sergio Franchi, as muscular as a Northwest Mountie and as tenor as can

What do you promise a girl
who has a pearl necklace
for every month with an "R" in it?

Promise her anything
but give her Arpege



Refreshing news. Arpege announces a new size toilet water, two elegant ounces 3.50.
LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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be. He declaims at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, and in betweentimes the orchestra of Burt Farber, now making occasional sorties into Dixie, is spelled by the romantic serenaders run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Gino Tonetti's arias represent the Roman *dolce-vita* state of mind. His operations embrace both the dinner and the supper hour in the Maisonette. He is not visible on Sundays, but there is dance music every night of the week.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—*In the Empire Room, Ray Bolger,* surely the most memorable, astounding, and agile of all of Charley's Aunts, is showing (by word of mouth and feat of foot) a couple of younger generations how to be an entertainer. He appears at dinner every night, at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Charles Turecamo's orchestra is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley never takes a day off, and to help it along there are piano, from four to ten, daily *except Saturday and Sunday, and dance* tunes (the trio of Horace Diaz) from eight to one, Wednesday through Saturday, and from five to ten on Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other evening keyboard man. Francis Thorne does the cocktail set—six to eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after thirteen years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-9080): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. Marian McPartland's threesome keeps in mind the fact that present-day jazz can express pleasure as well as pain. All hands are away Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The piano of Cy Walter never treads the trite-and-narrow path. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorator's fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Felipe Gayo, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Stephen Antonakos—Neon sculptures; through Saturday, March 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jean Arp—Sculptures in marble and bronze and painted wood reliefs by the celebrated practitioner of "concrete" art; through Saturday, April 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Dan Ben-Shmuel—Large, complex, and menacing metal sculptures; through Saturday, March 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday morning.)

Harry Bertoia—Sculptures in metal by an artist well known for his building decorations; through April 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Geometric abstraction in circular, diamond-shaped, and rectangular canvases and wood sculptures; through Friday, April 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pol Bury—Sculptures with kinetic balancings in polished metals that reflect the movement; through April 20. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Cadmus—A retrospective selection of drawings and prints by a realistic painter of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 6. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gretchen Caracas—Figures in imaginary landscapes and urban public places; through April 12. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrea Cascella—Abstract sculptures in marble and granite; through Saturday, March 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Dash—Landscapes, some including figures, by a poet; through Saturday, April 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ronald Davis—Geometrical paintings; through April 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Day—Mythological landscapes that incorporate photographs of celebrities; through Saturday, March 30. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

Victor de Pauw—Drawings, mostly of people, with a tendency toward abstraction; through Friday, April 5. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 5, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Jan Doubrava—Figurative paintings; through Friday, March 29. (New School, 66 W. 12th St.)

Frank Eliscu, Ibram Lassaw, and Sahl Swarz—About seventy sculptures; through April 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Floch—Recent paintings of interiors and landscapes by a Viennese artist who has lived in America since 1941; through April 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Frazier—White geometric sculptures in fibre glass and wood; through April 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Gaffney—Figurative drawings; through Saturday, April 6. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

William Giles—Paintings composed of planes of bright color; through April 13. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Glickman—Drawings from four decades by an American sculptor; through April 27. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonel Góngora—Compositions in mixed styles emphasizing themes in the news; through Saturday, April 6. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Paintings and drawings by a well-known social-realist painter and caricaturist; through Saturday, March 30. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes and still-lifes by a

VANITY FAIR

Bermuda is for explorers. Of menus and beaches. Byways and shops. Sunken Spanish treasure. Or sand traps.

When Juan de Bermudez found our islands in 1503, he put ashore some hogs to provide food if he returned.

He never did. It wasn't easy then to find a small cluster of islands in the vast Atlantic. (Jets and cruise ships find Bermuda today without trouble.)

The English who settled Bermuda were shipwrecked here in 1609. They discovered, as you will, green islands and pink beaches. And hundreds of hogs. (You won't see those.)

With coral rock, they built their homes, used fragrant native cedar for the woodwork. You can explore such houses—an architecture like no other.

But then, Bermuda isn't like any other place. Not in the Caribbean, yet the ocean is warm. Not in the tropics, yet its byways are hung with tropical flowers. Only 21 square miles, yet with 7 fine golf courses.

Here you can roam underwater sea gardens, skim harbours in a sailboat. Hunt the shops for treasures or the museums for gold from Spanish galleons.

When your adventures have made you hungry, scan the menu. Continental delicacies have taken the place of pork.

Best of all, the 700 miles that separate us from any land keep life carefree. You can rediscover yourself in Bermuda.

Do it soon. Ask your travel agent, or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10022 • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60602.

There is only one **BERMUDA**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

veteran artist; through Saturday, March 30. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Robert Irwin—Abstract paintings stressing color; through April 10. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Jones—Works using constellations of light bulbs and some using sound; through Saturday, March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Kanelous—Abstract Expressionist paintings, mostly suggestive of heads; through April 13. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Brandon Kearl—Small semi-abstract sculptures of figures in evocative settings; through April 11. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Colorful abstractions; through April 13. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norma Jean Koplin—Large drawings in colored pencil of organic and geometrical forms which often fade into uncompleted contours; through Saturday, March 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist familiar in the New York art world; through Saturday, March 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Kupka (1871-1957)—Sixty oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings by the pioneer Czech experimentalist; through April 27. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

Les Levine—Scale models for a series of large clear plastic units; through Friday, March 29. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz—Sixty-five major Cubist sculptures in stone and bronze (1913-30); through Saturday, March 30. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leo Manso—Abstract assembled sculptures; through Saturday, April 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giacomo Manzù—A large exhibition of bronze sculptures, door panels, low reliefs, gold objects, and sketches for ballet costumes; through April 27. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Barrie McDowell—Stainless-steel sculptures with movable parts; through April 17. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert and Ella Bergmann Michel—Abstract paintings by a German couple who worked at the Bauhaus; through Saturday, April 6. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Morofsky—Abstract paintings stressing dynamic energy; through Saturday, March 30. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

Hal Pauley—Colored plastic constructions making use of reflections and light effects; through Saturday, April 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings (1908-64); through Saturday, April 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Randell—Fibre-glass sculptures in bright colors; through April 13. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Paintings of landscapes with well-defined subjects; through April 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Ross—Paintings of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through April 13. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, March 30. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings, including a free-standing panel, by a specialist in geometrical forms and flat colors; through Saturday, March 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings by a veteran New York Abstractionist; through Thursday, April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Thompson—"Fantastic" paintings by a Negro artist who died in 1966; through Saturday, March 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 60th St.)

Thomas Wilfred—An electronically programmed light performance by the pioneer of "Lumia;" through Saturday, March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Zajac—Bronze and marble biomorphic and dynamic shapes; through April 13. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-ninth annual print exhibition; through Saturday, April 6. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Oils and watercolors by Demuth, Marin, Shahn, Hopper, Dove, Davis, and other twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, April 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by notable Americans of the last century and the early years of this one, among them Mount, Inness, Hassam, Sargent, and Edwin Dickinson; through Saturday, March 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and constructions of doors by artists related to Surrealism, for example Delvaux, Duchamp, Lindner, Magritte; through April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-four paintings and sculptures by Braque, Calder, Dali, Picasso, and Vlaminck (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Works by Russian artists, such as Tchelitchew, Gontcharova, and Larionov, who lived in Paris before 1930; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and bronzes on the theme of horse racing, by Degas and other French painters, from Géricault to Bonnard; through April 27.

Latin Americans; Group Shows—At the **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: Four Argentine artists working in current Abstract modes; through April 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through May 12. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Fifty-five prints by leading Mexican artists, including Rivera, Orozco, Tamayo, and Cuevas; through April 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Peruvian silver from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

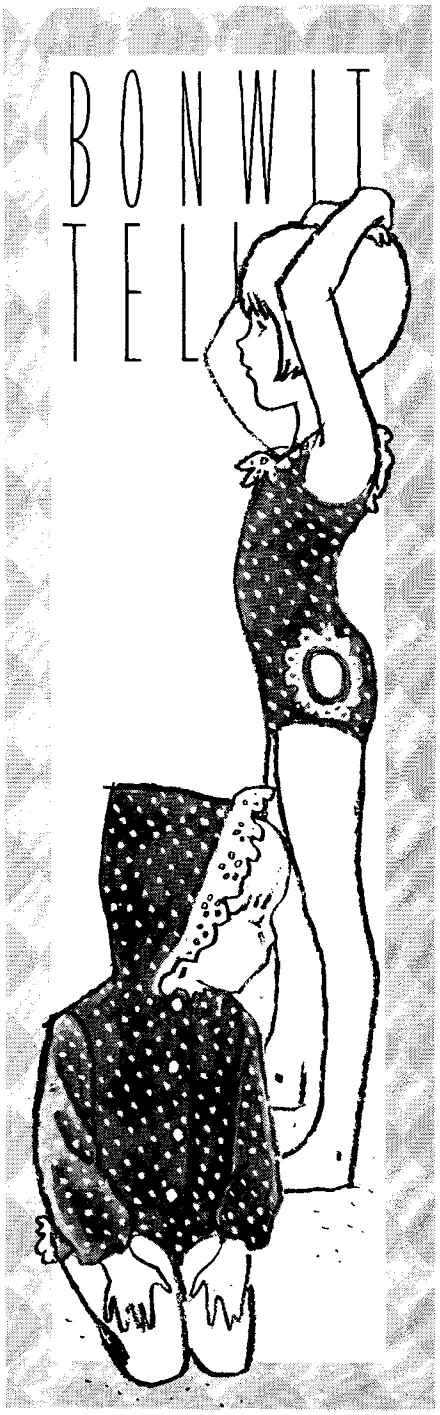
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and seventy-five oils, watercolors, and drawings, which constitute a major review of Neo-Impressionism, by Seurat, Signac, Pissaro, Matisse, van Gogh, Gauguin, and many other outstanding moderns who were either in the movement or affected by it; through April 7. . . . ¶ Early paintings by Adolph Gottlieb in a show that is running concurrently with his show (ending Saturday) at the Whitney; through April 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Late paintings by Adolph Gottlieb in an exhibition that coincides with his exhibition at the Guggenheim; through Sunday, March 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Genre paintings by Richard Caton Woodville, a middle-nineteenth-century American; through Friday, April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Charles Burchfield (1893-1967); through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twen-



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746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ty-six American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Newman, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, Stamos, and others) from the private collection of Betty Parsons; through April 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Thirteen Rembrandt drawings and etchings; through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—An exhibition of photographs called "Man in Sport;" through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of Gutenberg Bibles, along with related printed material; through Saturday, April 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Scrimshaw (e.g. corset busks, puzzle boxes, whales' teeth), rope work, tools, and other oddities that illustrate the ingenuity of nineteenth-century whalers; through April 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Arnold Bennett: The Centenary of His Birth," an extensive collection of first editions, manuscripts, diaries, and letters; through May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 1.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Environments by seven artists who worked together last summer in an international artists' seminar; through Sunday, March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Admission fifty cents.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 28: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Stratas, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 30: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Joy Clements, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 1: "Luisa Miller," with Lucine Amara, Louise Pearl, Sándor Kónya, Sherrill Milnes, Jerome Hines, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Stratas, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 3: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Mario Sereni, John Alexander, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 4: "Luisa Miller," with Montserrat Caballé, Louise Pearl, Sándor Kónya, Sherrill Milnes, Giorgio Tozzi, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Radmila Bakocevic, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 6: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Roberta Peters, Nell Rankin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 6: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 28, at 7:45: The première of Douglas Moore's "Carry Nation," with Beverly Wolff, Ellen Faull, Arnold Voketaitis, Julian Patrick, Edward Pierson, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Isabel Penagos, Salvador Novoa, Richard Torigi, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Evelyn Sachs, William Beck, Norman Treigle, Dominic Cossa, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Beverly Evans, Placido Domingo, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, William Ledbetter, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 7:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joan Summers, Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Spiro Malas, Malcolm Smith, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 2, at 8:15: "Carry Nation," with Beverly Wolff, Ellen Faull, Arnold Voketaitis, Edward Pierson, and Jack Bittner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Placido Domingo, Eugene Holmes, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Isabel Penagos, Salvador Novoa, and Robert Gregori. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bergey, Enrico di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2:15: "Bomarzo," with Joan Summers, Joanna Simon, Claramae Turner, Salvador Novoa, and Joaquin Romaguera. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Huguette Tourangeau, Muriel Greenspon, and Enrico di Giuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Bernabé Martí, Seymour Schwartzman, and William Ledbetter. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 21.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—George Szell conducting on Thursday, March 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 29, at 2:15; Saturday, March 30, at 8:30; and Monday, April 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Sir John Barbirolli conducting on Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; Friday, April 5, at 2:15; Saturday, April 6, at 8:30; and Monday, April 8, at 7:30.

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting the final concert of the season here, with André Watts, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

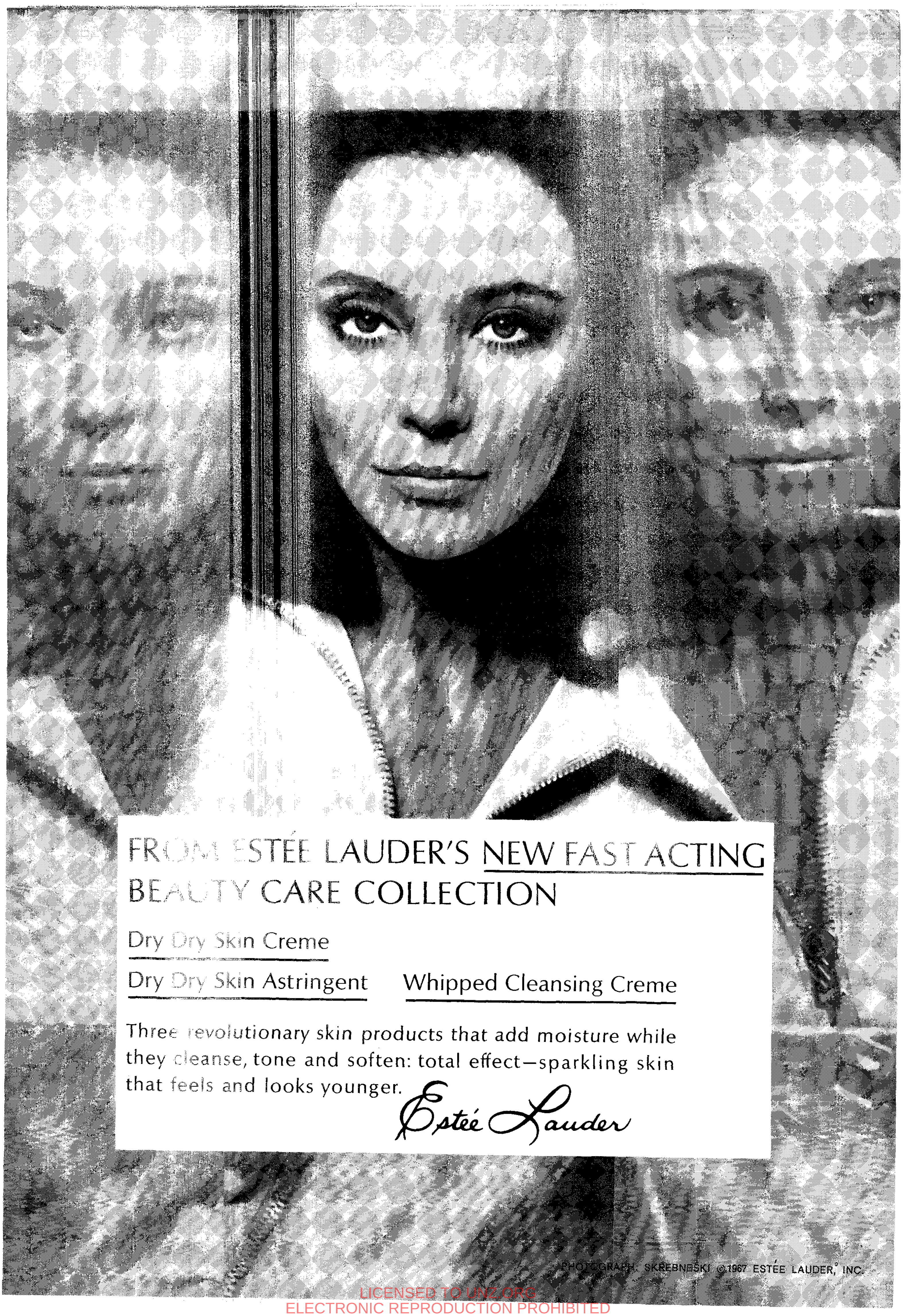
Stockholm Philharmonic—Antal Dorati conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 3, and Friday, April 5, at 8:30, both with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30, with Lilian Kallir, piano.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Hartford Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Winograd conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 2:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Moura Lympany, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of



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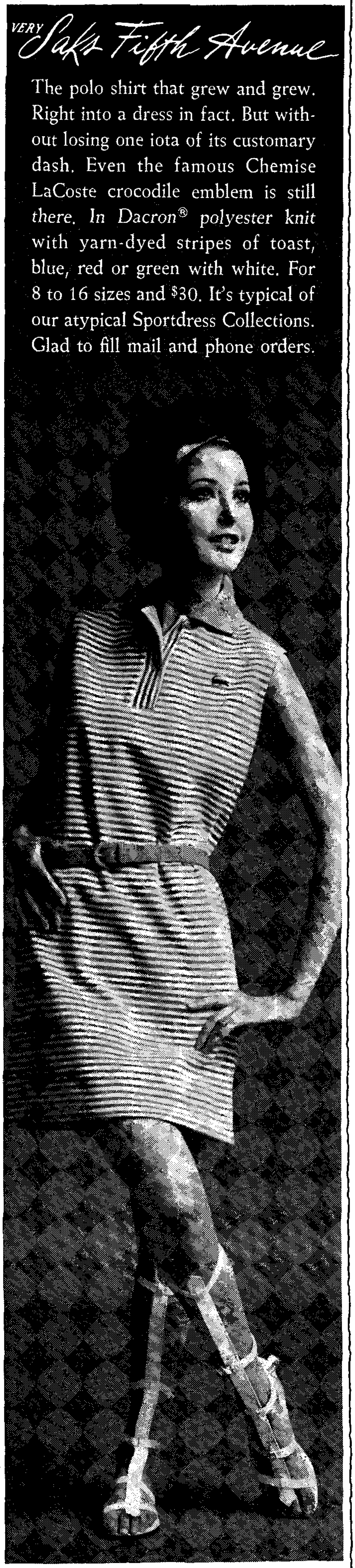

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, March 31, at 2:30.

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Duke Ellington's Orchestra—Duke Ellington conducting a benefit program of his sacred music, with the Tougaloo College Choir, the Manhattan Brass Choir, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:15.)

Orchestra San Pietro of Naples—Renato Ruotolo conducting a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting, with Van Zandt Ellis, piano. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

New England Conservatory Chorus—Lorna Cooke de Varon directing, with Gunther Schuller as guest director. (Town Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Washington University Madrigal Singers—Orland W. Johnson directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the last in a series of programs of French choral music, this one with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Robert Farrell, bass-baritone; and John Grady, organ. (Town Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Karine Georgian—The young Russian cellist. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Beveridge and Michael Webster—Piano and clarinet. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital postponed from Feb. 15. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Anthony Newman—Organ and pedal harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Arturo Sergi—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—An all-Bach program performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Paula Sylvester, flute; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 31, at 3 and 9.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—An all-Rameau program played by Sanford Allen, violin; Kermit Moore, cello; and Paul Jacobs, harpsichord. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, March 31, at 4:30. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

Marcia Baldwin—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 5:30.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8:30.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Roger Sessions, performed by the Composers' Quartet; John Sessions, cello; and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Phyllis Curtin—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30.)

American String Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Jacqueline du Pré and Daniel Barenboim—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Joan Sutherland—Soprano, in an all-Handel benefit program, with an orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 6, and Monday, April 8, both at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music of the Spanish Court and Theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Semifinal Auditions—Twenty-two singers chosen from regional auditions and hoping to be numbered among the twelve finalists who will compete in November. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 29, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3259.)

Jazz/Folk/Rock/Etc.—The Cream. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 29, at 8 and 10:30.) . . . ¶ Archie Shepp's quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Joan Baez. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, March 30, at 2:05, and, if necessary, Monday, April 1, at 8:35.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 31, at 2:05.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 6.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships, Saturday, March 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions, Sunday, March 31, at 2. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 6. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 20. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 30, and the Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, April 6.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. International Tournament—Thursday, March 28, at 6; Friday, March 29 (semifinals), at 6; and Saturday, March 30 (finals), at 7. (Madison Square Garden Center.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, March 30, at 9:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 10 and noon.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By **Bil Baird's Marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Gingerbread Players & Jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. . . . ¶ "Pecos Bill," Sundays at 1:30 and 3. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . **Rose Lynch Productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **Paper Bag Players:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **Pixie Judy Troupe:** "The Thief of Baghdad," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **Taubenslag Productions:** "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st

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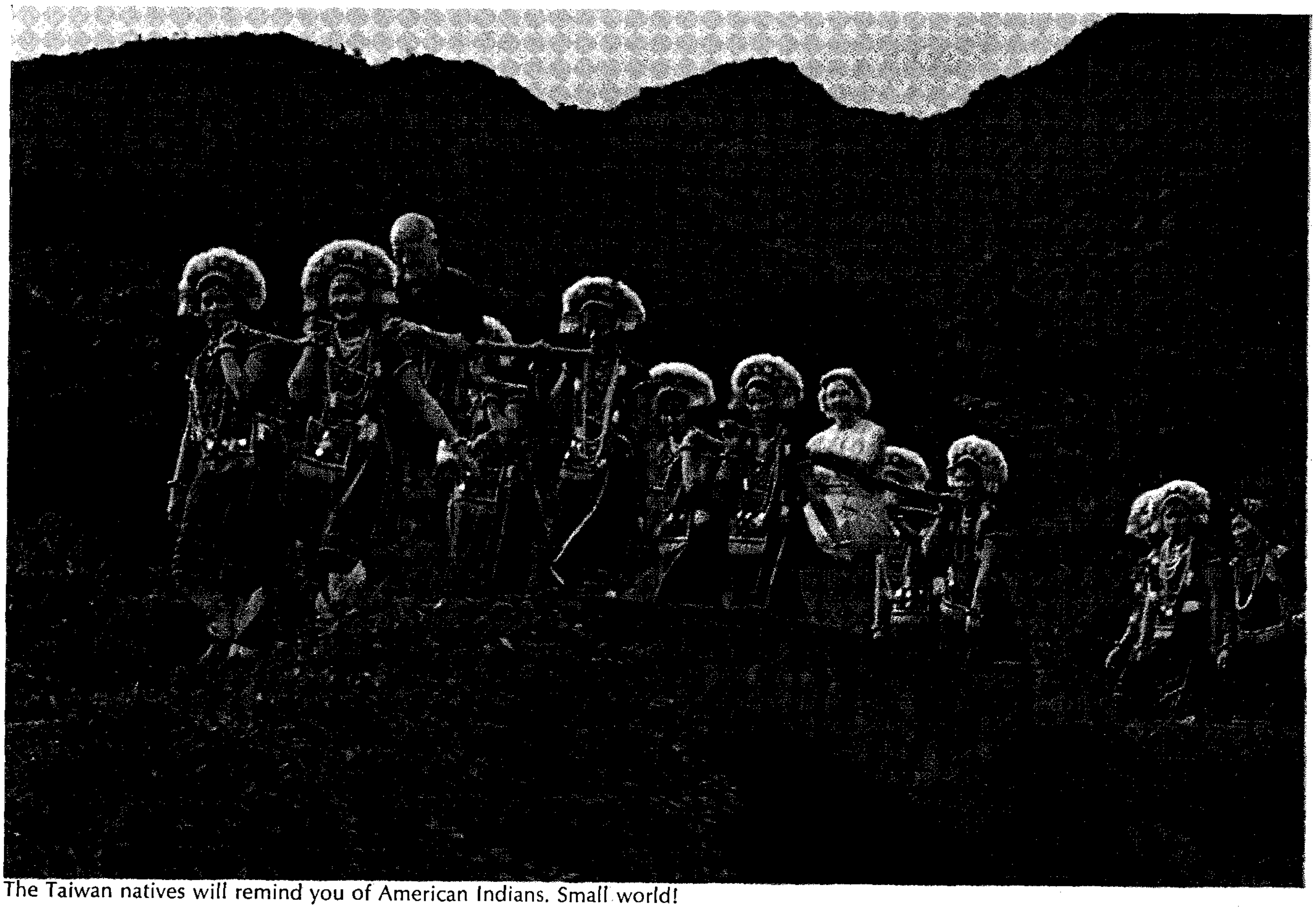

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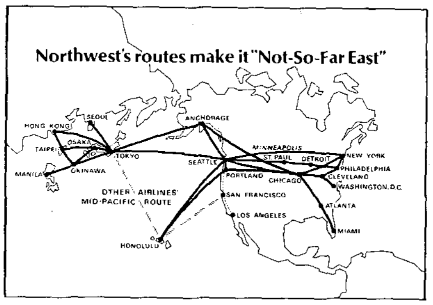

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Many Faces of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Lawrence Durrell reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Lectures—"The Poet as Translator: To Traduce or Transfigure," by George Steiner. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ "The Causes of Human Aggression and Destructiveness," by Erich Fromm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, April 2, and Thursday, April 4, both at 8:30.)

International Automobile Show—The annual roundup of the latest foreign and domestic cars. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, March 30, through Sunday, April 7. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday, April 3, from 10 to 1; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, April 2, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Wednesday, April 3, at 10:15: Part I of the sale of items from the library of Charles E. Feinberg—autographs and manuscripts, including material by Emerson, Joyce, Lincoln, Monroe, and Patrick Henry. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, belonging to Allan Bluestein. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, March 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at approximately 8:45: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, from various owners. Admission by card only. Exhibition starts Friday, March 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures by Henry Moore, Rodin, Renoir, and others; from several collections. Admission by card only. Exhibition starts Friday, March 29.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—March 28 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ March 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. . . . ¶ March 30 at 11:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ March 30 at 3 and 5:30: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2 and 5:30: "Easy Living" (1937), with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ April 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge. . . . ¶ April 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1939), in German, directed by Wolfgang Leibeneiner; French and Flemish titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				28	29	30
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The Battle of Algiers—A stirring quasi-documentary account of the guerrilla warfare that helped win independence for Algeria. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 2. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 3.)

Bedazzled—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook, who also wrote the screenplay. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 2.)

Camelot—The biggest P.-T.A. pageant of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film directed by Jiri Menzel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 3.)

Cool Hand Luke—Paul Newman gives a superb performance as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Stuart Rosenberg is the director. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 2.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Exterminating Angel—The great Luis Buñuel has made a clumsily acted but engrossing metaphorical comedy about a posh dinner party. The guests mysteriously can't leave, and revert to primal instincts in crumpled evening clothes. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 3.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't *that* "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Half a Sixpence—Not so much a movie musical as an enormous disaster area. Tommy Steele wears out his toothsome smile in the first reel. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

In Cold Blood—Richard Brooks's exact and moving adaptation of Truman Capote's celebrated "non-fiction novel." (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through the afternoon of April 1.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—This simple and graceful film version of George Balanchine's ballet features Arthur Mitchell as Puck, Suzanne Farrell as Titania, and Edward Villella as Oberon. Directed by Dan Eriksen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through March 30.)

Planet of the Apes—The best science-fiction fantasy to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through March 30. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting April 3.)

Poor Cow—Carol White is the young barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this ambitious but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through April 3.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire on the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 28.)

Any Wednesday (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 2.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through March 30.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The celebrated old wheeze. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 31-April 1.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; April 2-3.)

The Crazy Quilt (1966)—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 2.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1964)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; April 2-3.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 29-April 1.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; starting March 31.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More. Directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting March 29.)

Metropolis (1926)—Directed by Fritz Lang. A German silent film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; March 31-April 1.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 29-April 1.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Terrorists and counter-terrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 3.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 3.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through March 30.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sofi," Tom Troupe.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French), revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 2: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
From April 3: **STRAY DOG** (in Japanese), revival; and "Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 2: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From April 3: "The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 2: "Sergeant Ryker," Lee Marvin, Bradford Dillman.
From April 3: "La Chinoise" (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Queens" (in Italian).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Separation," Jane Arden.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHARLIE BUBBLES.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 3: **POOR COW.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
BEDAZZLED.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," Barry Evans.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of April 1: **IN COLD BLOOD.**
From April 1, at 8:30: "A Dandy in Aspic," Laurence Harvey, Tom Courtenay. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 687-2747, Ext. 11.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
THE GOLD RUSH, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
March 28: "How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.
From March 29: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**, revival; and "To Sir, with Love," revival, Sidney Poitier.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through April 2: "Guns for San Sebastian," Anthony Quinn.
From April 3: "Scalphunters," Burt Lancaster, Ossie Davis.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 30: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
March 31-April 1: **METROPOLIS** and **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (both silent films).
April 2-3: **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 2: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **THE CRAZY QUILT**, revival.
From April 3: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Tiger and the Pussycat," Ann-Margret, Vittorio Gassman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 3: "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," a Yugoslavian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
March 28: "How to Save a Marriage—and Ruin Your Life," Dean Martin, Stella Stevens.
From March 29: **A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**, revival; and "To Sir, with Love," revival, Sidney Poitier.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 3: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
HALF A SIXPENCE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
March 28: "P.J.," George Peppard.
From March 29: "Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 2: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From April 3: **PLANET OF THE APES.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The One and Only, Genuine, Original Family Band," Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 30: **PLANET OF THE APES.**
March 31-April 2: Theatre closed.
From April 3, at 8:30: "2001: A Space Odyssey," Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through March 30: **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.**
From March 31: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French), revival.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 3: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 2: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.
From April 3: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 28: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
March 29-April 1: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **THE LEATHER BOYS**, revival.
From April 2: "The Red Inn" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Françoise Rosay; and "The French Touch" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

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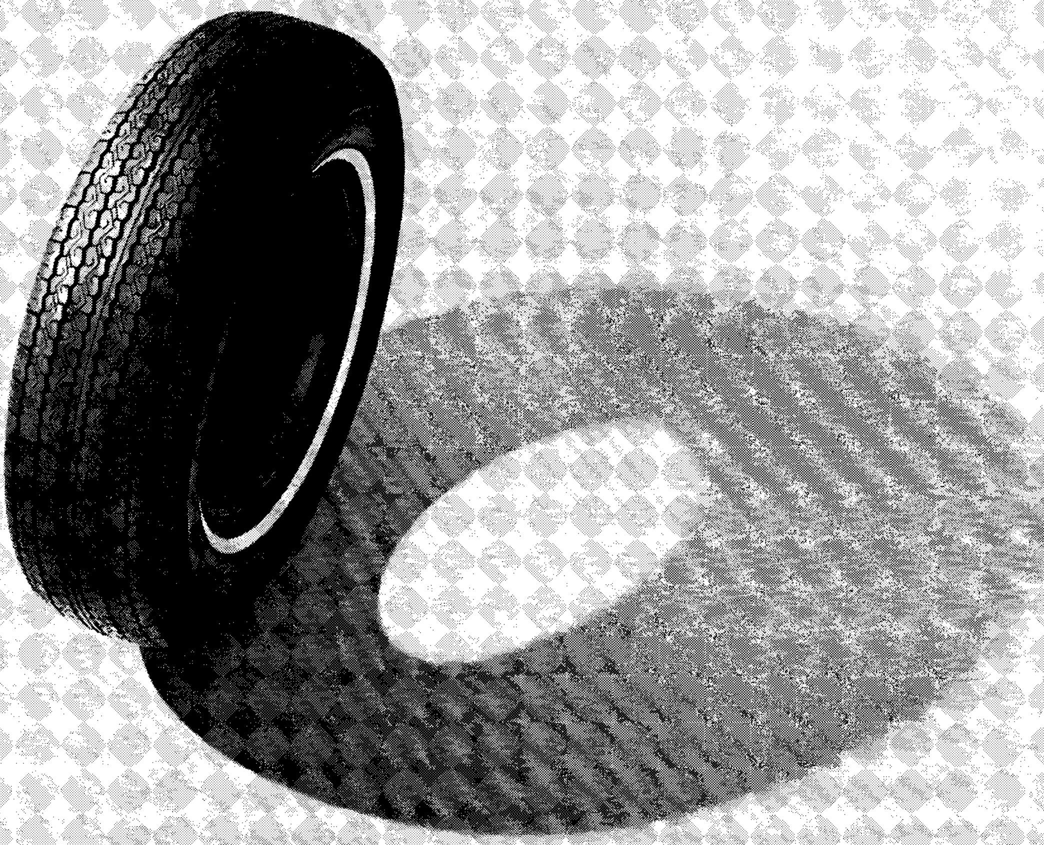

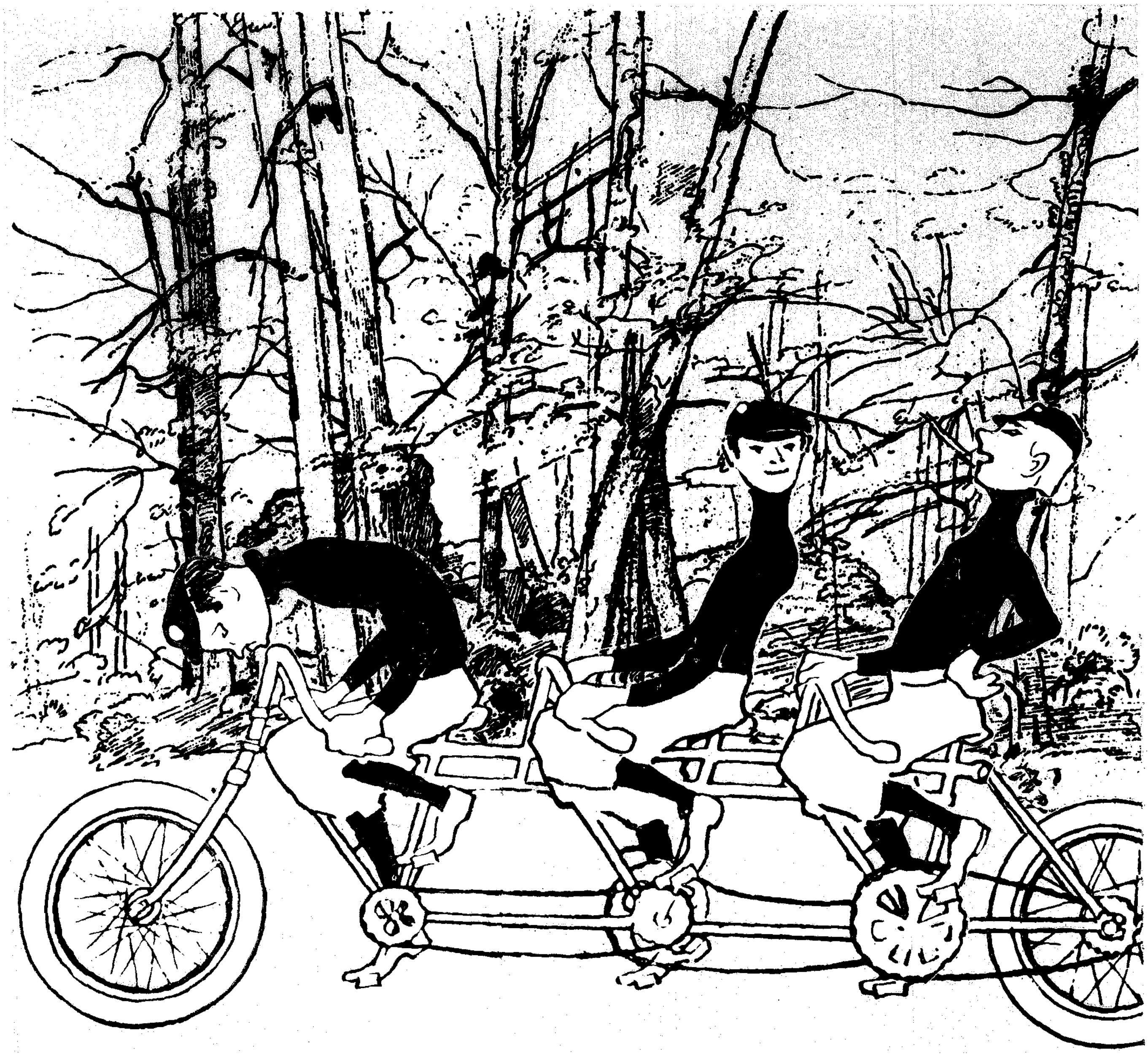

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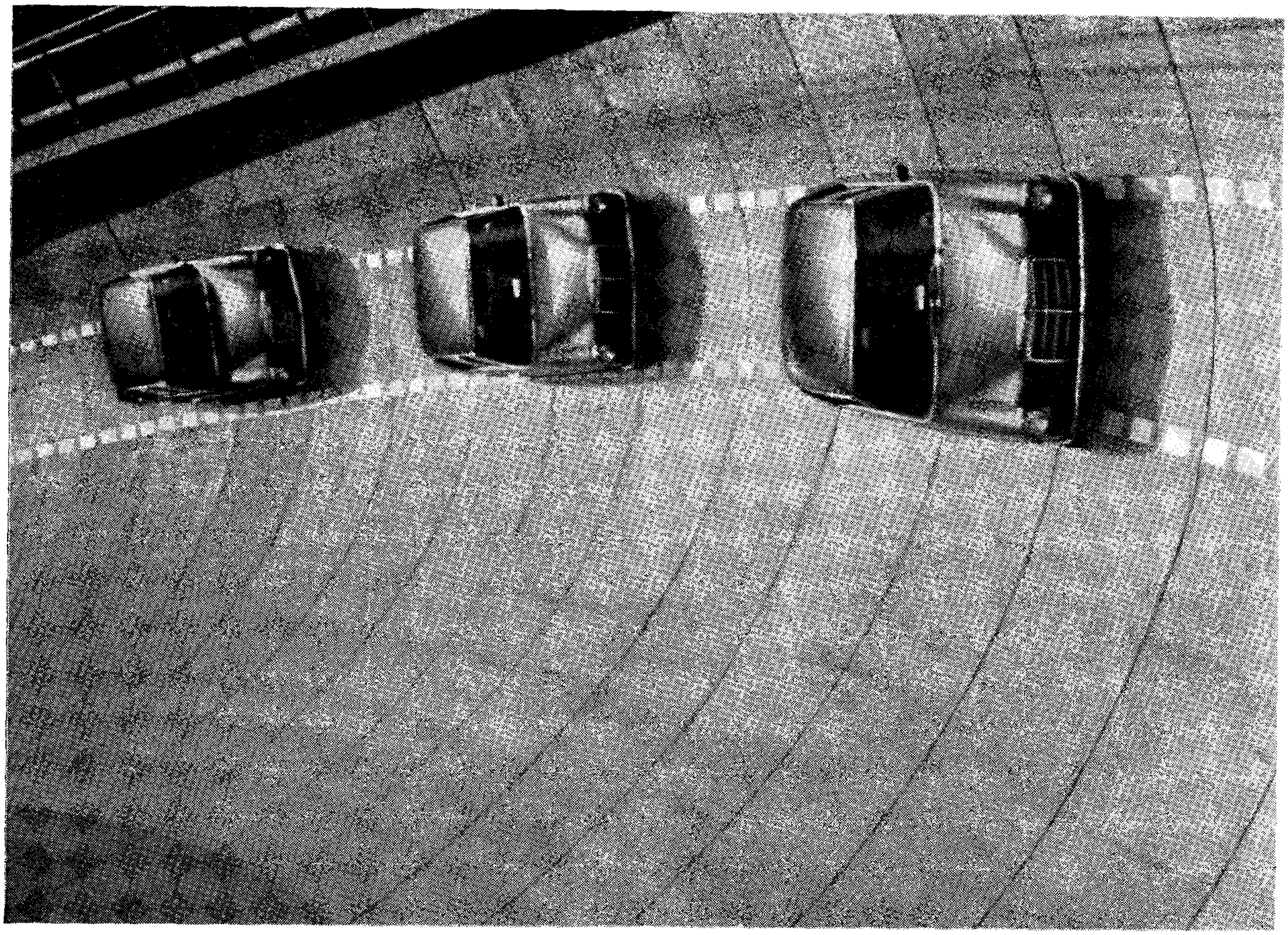

Announcing 4 defiantly "over-engineered"

An automotive expert previewed the 4 cars shown above. His sum-up: "Over-engineered."

He's right. And Mercedes-Benz is proud of it. By conventional standards, these 4 new cars *are* "over-engineered." They're built to far more exacting standards than conventional cars. For example:

Every new Mercedes-Benz model has 4-wheel disc brakes—the same kind used on 180-mph Grand Prix racing cars. Some people say passenger cars don't need that kind of braking power. The Mercedes-Benz engineers say, "Nonsense. Tests prove that disc brakes provide the most precise braking possible—at any speed. Put one wherever you have a wheel."

What "over-engineering" means to you

The tremendous braking power of 4-wheel disc brakes is a good example of how "over-engineering" works for the owner of a new Mercedes-Benz. Here are some more examples:

Welded body and chassis

Most conventional cars have a separate body and chassis, held together with body bolts. After a while, the bolts can work loose. On a bumpy road, the rattles can be *deafening*.

A word about that word "New"

Mercedes-Benz rarely announces new models. There are no annual model change-overs. And "planned obsolescence" has never been part of the Mercedes-Benz philosophy (the engineers are pretty defiant about *that,* too).

When a new model *is* introduced, it is only because significant engineering advances can best be fully realized in an entirely new car.

These 4 cars *are* entirely new, and in the opinion of those who have already driven them, they are the best cars Mercedes-Benz has ever built.

So Mercedes-Benz *eliminated* body bolts. Instead, 10,000 welds join body and chassis together in a single structure of immense strength and rigidity. After 50,000 miles or so, you may begin to wonder if your Mercedes-Benz will *ever* rattle.

Patented suspension

You're bounding along a washboard road and suddenly you have to slam on the brakes. What happens? The wheels chatter violently and the whole car shudders. Typical behavior of a conventional rigid "beam" axle.

Mercedes-Benz engineers *developed* an all-independent suspension good enough for a racing car, yet supple enough for a limousine. The secret? *Two* anti-sway bars and a diagonally pivoted rear axle. On rough roads, the suspension is soft enough to smother

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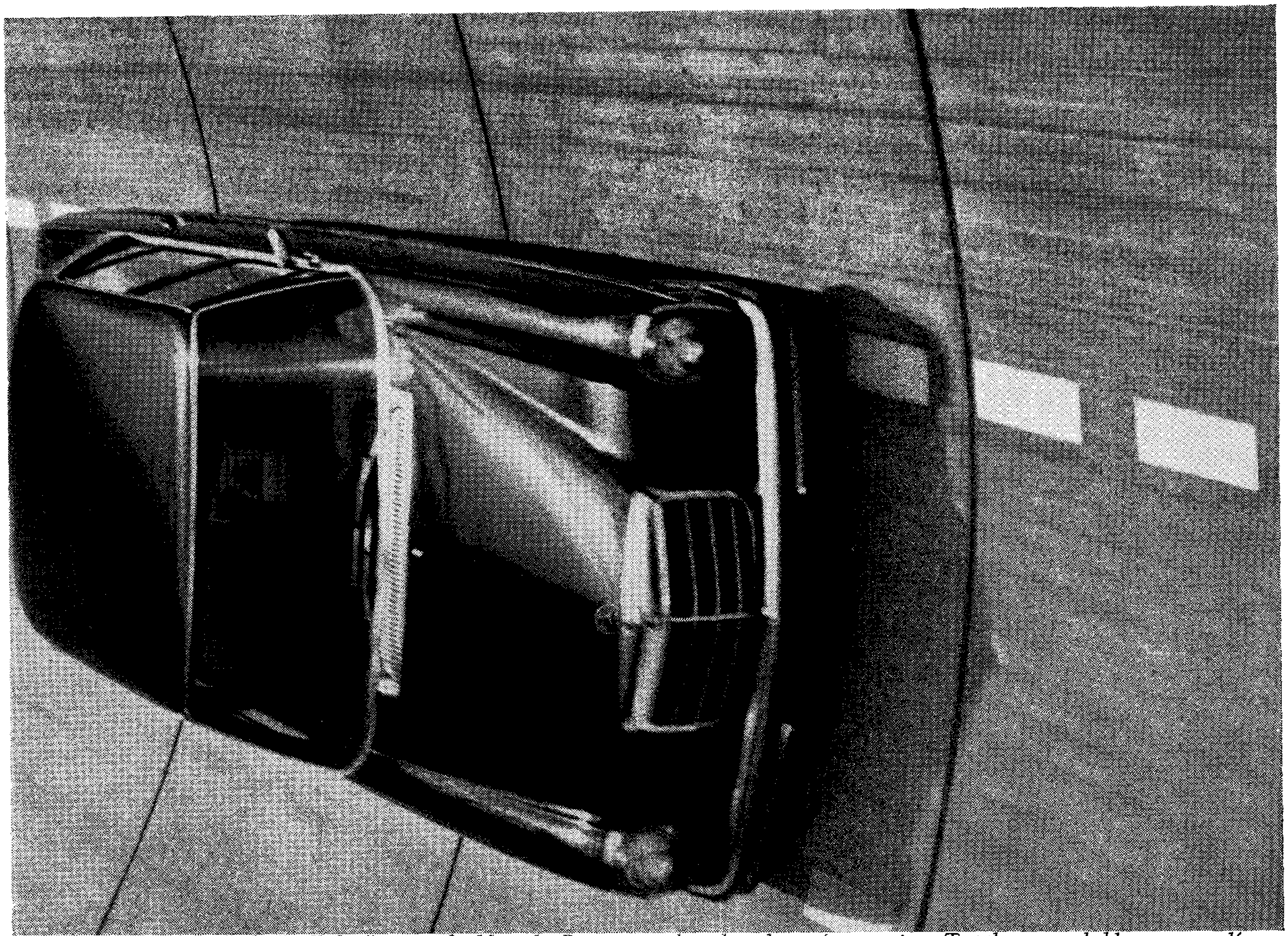

The new cars hurtle around a "walled-in" turn at the Mercedes-Benz test track—a brutal test of suspensions. Test these remarkable cars yourself.

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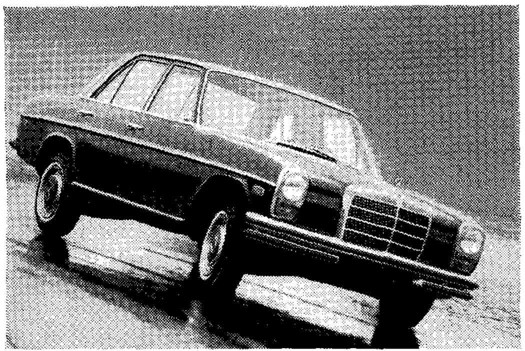

The 250 goes where you aim it, even on hairpin turns.

road jolts. On a tight curve, it's firm enough to resist body lean.

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As these few examples indicate, "over-engineering" is not a jazzy, hoked-up advertising phrase. It has meaning for anyone who has been dismayed at the *lack* of genuine engineering and workmanship in the contemporary automobile.

A personal invitation

Mercedes-Benz invites you to compare your present car with its 4 new cars: the 250, the 230, the 220 Diesel, and the 220. They range in price from $5,060* for the 250 to $4,360* for the 220. They all have the same 108.3-inch wheelbase, but differ in trim and engine specification.

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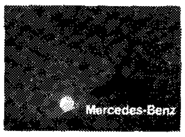

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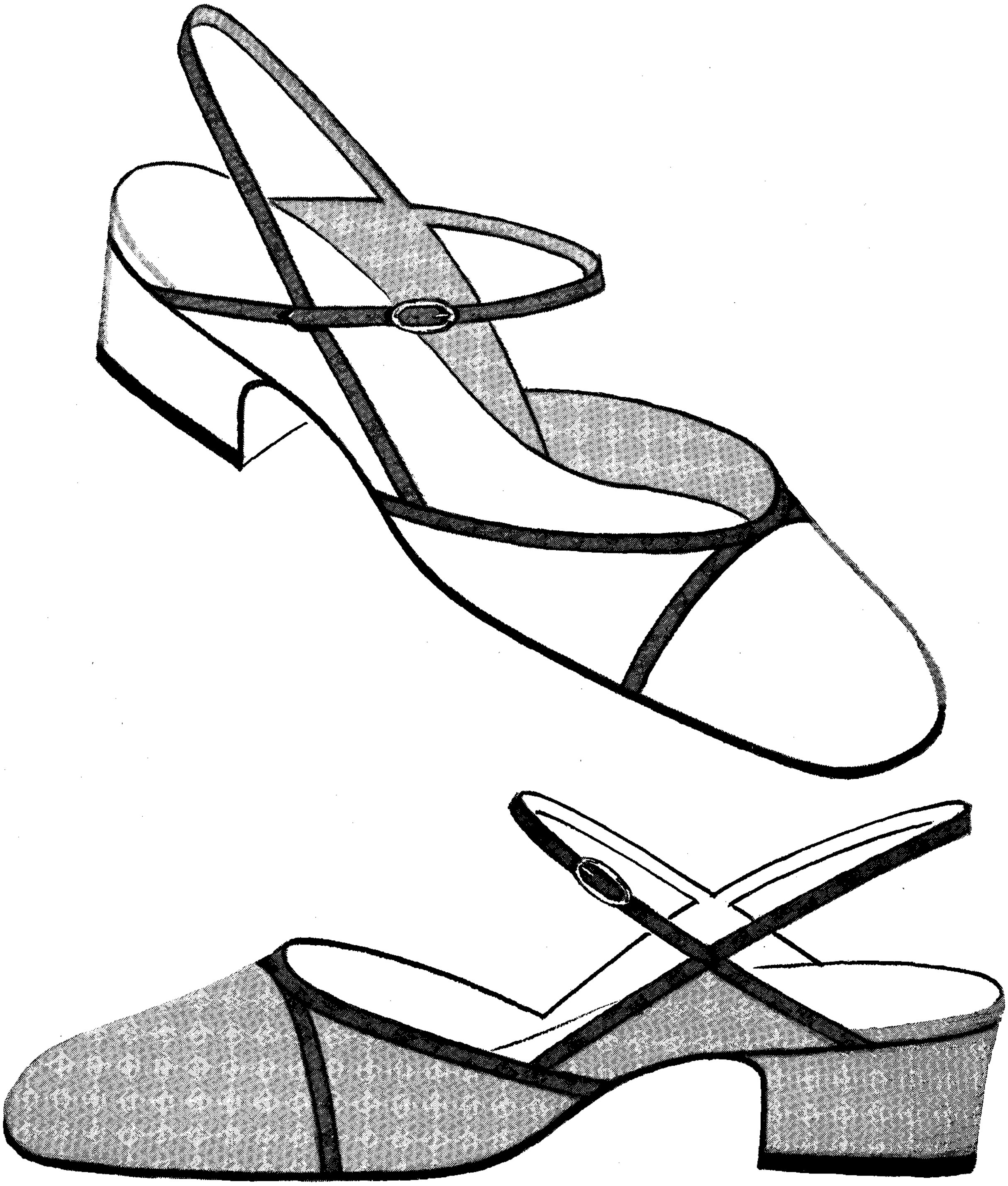


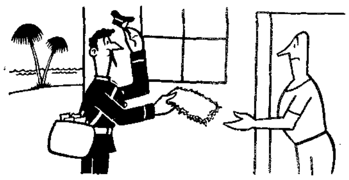
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

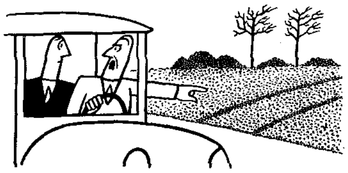
A United Press dispatch reports that American reconnaissance pilots recently spotted four elephants carrying North Vietnamese weapons and ammunition. "Jet bombers attacked," it continues, "and one elephant was killed." Farther on in the same dispatch one could read of how some other American planes, attempting to supply food and arms to our embattled garrison at Khe Sanh, missed the drop area and injured several Marines with their heavy manna. Incongruities and accidents are part of any war, but only of this one do they seem emblematic. Robert Kennedy, speaking in the Senate, asks if we have become the God of the Old Testament, that we destroy whole towns and cities by decree. If we think we have, we can remind ourselves that we lack the perfect aim of omniscience as well as the Creator's infinite privileges.

A friend of ours who fled New York six months ago for a remote island in the Mediterranean writes, "I don't receive much news of the outside world, and then, when the postman does turn up with an American newspaper, it is likely to be old and out of chronological order, and it is certain to be in shreds. This used to bother me, because in New York I was in the habit of reading two newspapers a day. But I don't mind anymore. It's quite a comfort to hear of world crises, brinks of nuclear disaster, and so on several days, or even weeks, after they have occurred, and I am soothed by reading about the resolution of these problems before being exposed to their suspenseful development. Occasionally, deprived, as I am, of the constant flow of data you at home enjoy, I have a little trouble interpreting statements quoted by the press. For instance, I have a scrap of front page that has General Westmoreland saying, 'Although the enemy has achieved some temporary psychological advantage, he suffered a military defeat.' On more than one sunny afternoon, I have stared off at the clear blue horizon pondering what he could mean, but, mind you, with the academic equanimity that comes from the belief that eventually a newspaper will appear—possibly intact—explaining everything. There are some gaps that may never be filled, of course. In the funnies, I have been following, zigzag fashion, the strip 'Rex Morgan.' Suddenly, without a clue, Dr. Morgan's aggressive new girl friend, Nancy Willobee, has vanished. (Was she abducted? Did she contract a fatal disease? Or have I merely missed the installment giving her whereabouts?) And then, for a couple of weeks, I worried about what might be going on with the U.S.S. Pueblo (one night I was awakened by a violent electrical storm, and immediately assumed the Third World War had begun), and when, at last, the postman brought a paper, the only news out of Seoul I could find was that four hundred and thirty couples had said 'I do' in Korea's biggest wedding. I assume that everything has been taken care of in Korea. Write soon, but don't tell me anything."



Inspection

With the arrival of spring, we decided to pay our annual visit to Cornelius O'Shea, head of Manhattan's Horticultural Division of the Department of Parks. His office is in a group of buildings that stand just inside Central Park at Seventy-ninth Street and Central Park West, and look like potting sheds. The Park, Mr. O'Shea has reason to believe, is populated by people who are out to make away with his plants. A year ago, he was troubled by a number of thefts of evergreens, and, accordingly, when the time came to plant a baby *aristata* pine—a rare species—he set it out in a bank just outside his office window, where he could keep an eye on it. Over the summer, the little pine was nevertheless hijacked. About a million Park trees still have their roots firmly in the ground, however, and Mr. O'Shea, a handsome man with steely-gray hair and a ruddy complexion, was just climbing into a green Parks Department truck to inspect them when we dropped in on him. He invited us to accompany him, and then, as the two of us tooled down the West Drive, told us that the Park didn't look as springlike as it should, because squirrels had made off with nearly all the crocuses. Most spring flowers in the Park have to be planted every year, he explained, and he had recently set out twenty thousand daffodils contributed by Mrs. Albert D. Lasker. As we approached Fifty-ninth Street, which was where he had put the daffodils, his brow puckered in an angry scowl. "Look at that!" he shouted. Muddy car tracks could be seen on one of the biggest daffodil beds. He drove on and up the east side of the Park, not saying a word until he came to a small Camperdown elm that he had planted a year ago by the Reservoir. Not only was the little elm still there but it was doing nicely, its two main branches having grown about six inches. The green truck jounced on toward the hilly, wooded area in the northern part of the Park, which O'Shea had told us last year was his favorite. He told us now that he had lately scattered a thousand rhododendrons, viburnums, and azaleas through the woods there. He stopped at a steep



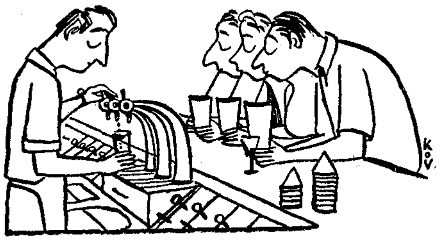
hillside facing north, into the heart of Harlem. When the Park was built, a waterfall had cascaded down the hillside into a pond, but the waterfall had been destroyed and the pond filled in during the nineteen-thirties. O'Shea is having the falls refurbished and the pond dug out again. "We're planting the slope with pines and rhododendrons," he said. "We've found the place the water came from. We'll have the waterfall back in commission before summer."

"Kiai!"

"KARATE" is a Japanese word meaning "empty hand" and is used to designate a system of unarmed self-defense that may have originated in China but has come to be associated with Japan, where peasants at one period trained themselves secretly in order to overcome samurai armor. These days, karate is practiced widely and openly as a form of mental and physical discipline, and one of the more remote outposts of it is the Goju Dojo, at 749 East Sixth Street, on the edge of the East Village. The only bright light on East Sixth Street in the early evening comes from the wide window of a laundromat just to the west of a three-story building with a hanging sign that reads, "Goju Dojo, Sensei John Blair." "*Sensei*" means "master," and "*goju dojo*" means "hard-soft school"—a standard phrase referring to the antithetical nature of karate, which demands both aggressiveness and patience. The Sixth Street *dojo* is on the top floor of the building—a former stable—above two social clubs: up one flight of stairs, along a dim and narrow landing, past rows of empty Scotch bottles and a stack of cartons, and up a ladderlike flight of wooden stairs, at the top of which a sign says, "Nothing Is Impossible." Students are expected to remove their shoes and bow before passing into the aging loft that serves as a classroom. Sensei John Blair is standing inside, watching to see that the ritual is observed. He is dressed in a two-piece black karate suit and black sandals, and he wears blue-tinted rectangular prescription glasses with gold-wire frames. His head is shaved, and there is a small beard just under his lower lip. Seven students turned up on a Friday evening when we visited the *dojo*—one Negro boy and six white boys, four of whom we took to be Spanish. All of them seemed to be between fourteen and seventeen years old.

Mr. Blair, who lives down the block with his wife and a three-year-old son, is a Negro, twenty-four years old, who came to New York, by way of the Air Force, from San Diego, where he was raised. He enlisted in 1963 and ended up a staff sergeant. He was stationed most of the time in Washington, D.C., but his hitch included one trip to Japan, where he was introduced to karate. He took it up back in Washington, studying with Ki Whang Kim, and, as a civilian, he pursued his studies under the guidance of Charles Merriman, at the New York Goju Kai, on East Seventeenth Street, and Peter Urban, of the Metropolitan Karate Society, on Canal Street. When he had qualified as a black belt—that is, had reached a very high level of proficiency in karate—he spent a year as a nomadic *sensei* on the lower East Side. Then, in 1966, he was able to get enough money from Mobilization for Youth and the Henry Street Settlement to set up his own school. He would like to see a chain of *dojos* extending across the country as far as Watts. Besides being a karate man, Blair is a violinist; he studied at the Eastman Conservatory, in Rochester, before he enlisted, and while he was in the Air Force he played for both President Kennedy and President Johnson at the White House, as one of the Air Force Symphony's "strolling violinists." He describes himself now as a jazz violinist, and he has played concerts and record dates with Harry Belafonte, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Richie Havens. He has written several songs of his own—"soft, sweet ballads," he says. He conducts a class in karate every night except Monday and Wednesday, from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Although the classes are open to anyone who is between five and fifty-five years old, most of the students are teen-age boys. Blair is not a purist but, like most karate teachers, has devised his own style, adapting the physical and the philosophical aspects of karate to the neighborhood he operates in.

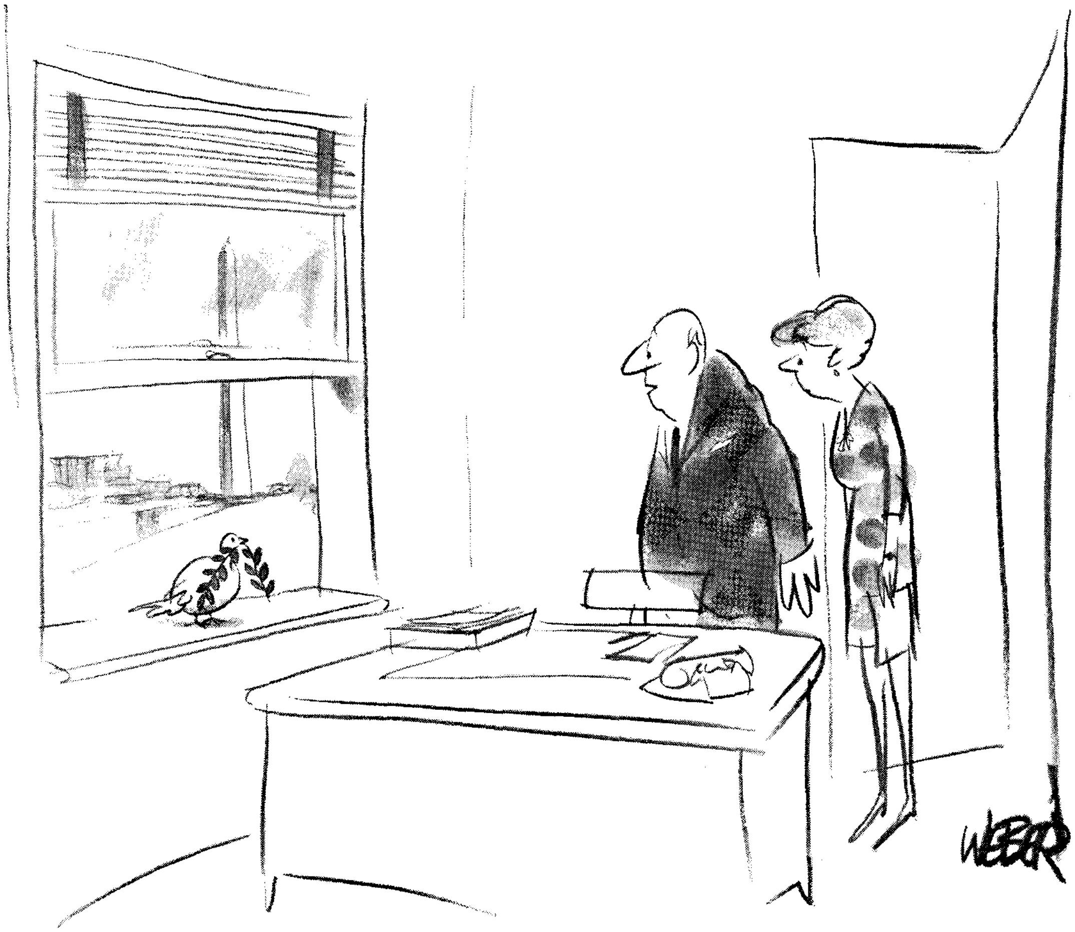
"One of the values of the school is that here there is freedom," Mr. Blair told us, softly and seriously. "The students can come here to get away from authority—all the traditional authority. I do have certain rules—a certain time for class, taking their shoes off at the door, and so on." While Blair was talking, the students sparred, eying him nervously from time to time. "Through karate, the students study themselves," he continued. "They learn their limitations—the mental and physical limitations of the moment—in order to overcome them. I encourage the students to speak up, and to read, so that they can become more articulate. A karate man *has* no limitations; he *never* gives up—in school, at home, in training, in life. *Period.*" Blair struck the floor emphatically with a long bamboo pole that he habitually carries, "for discipline." "Always keep moving," he said, and nodded toward the "Nothing Is Impossible" sign over the stairs.



Blair turned to face the class, and the seven boys lined up at attention, two by two, with the odd man at the rear. Then they knelt, and at a command from Blair ("*Mukso!*") they lowered their heads in meditation. After making three ritual bows ("Courtesy!"), they began to perform the first warmup exercises—stretching their toes, rotating their knees, taking measured breaths.

The front wall of the room is adorned with photographs of karate men in action; with hand-lettered posters, including a list of telephone numbers at which Blair can be reached and a chart of belt levels (white, yellow, green, purple, brown, black); and with a number of blocks of wood on which karate slogans are inked, among them "Serenity comes from old knowledge" and "Progress comes from new knowledge." A mirror hangs in the center of that wall, and in the center of the back wall there is a portrait photograph between two candles. Beyond a dressing room ("Men") and a tiny office is an alcove containing a drum, which Blair uses to regulate the tempo of exercises, and two anatomical diagrams, which he uses to illustrate vulnerable body points and teach the names of pertinent muscles and bones. A punching bag loosely attached to the floor and the ceiling of the main room is for practice in striking and kicking with speed and precision.

Out on the floor, the one student with a colored belt (purple) frowned savagely as he faltered on a side kick. Blair gave the order to "lock stomachs," and circled the class with a menacing look, brandishing his bamboo pole and pounding on stomachs. "Very good," he said, finally, and he left the class in the care of the purple belt while he came over and explained to us that the man



"Do you suppose there'd be any point in calling Dean Rusk?"

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in the photograph was Gogen Yamaguchi, the head of the Japanese *goju* system, and that his picture was there simply to represent the many great karate masters who deserved a student's respect. Below the shrine, as the photograph and its candles are referred to, a large, flat board has been nailed, with smaller pieces of wood and some padding attached. This is known in karate as the *makiwara*, a device for practice in building mental and physical endurance which forms calluses on the feet and the edges of the hands, and calcium deposits under the skin of the knuckles. "It takes maybe a year to develop a really good hand," Blair said, raising calcified knuckles to the light. Then he went back to guide the students through a *makiwara* session.

About halfway through the exercise, Blair interrupted it. "Your mind is getting cluttered," he said to a boy who was having trouble keeping pace with the rest. "Your mind ought to be like a pond of water. You must practice every day. Practice, practice, practice. And that goes for anything." He gave a signal, and the students moved silently into the alcove, where they were told to sit with their legs crossed in an approximation of the lotus position. Most of them did.

"How many of you think this is your country?" asked Blair. "Raise your hands."

Two boys didn't raise their hands, and one of them said he didn't think this was his country, because he liked another country better.

When Blair asked him which one, he said England.

"How about you?" Blair asked the other holdout, the Negro.

There was no answer.

"Because you're black—right?" Blair asked.

The boy nodded slightly.

"You have to learn, all of you, that a country is just a piece of ground, and what you need is the strength to hold it—mind *and* body," Blair said. "When you go away, you take your problems with you. I went away once. I thought I could escape. But I found out different. You have to make your stand *here*, on *this* piece of ground"—he stabbed the floor with his pole, and the group watched him intently, without expression—"on this street, in this block, *here*. My father told me that. He fought in the Second World War, and he's blacker than you are. Don't forget that, fellows—it's a very important concept. You have problems, you go through changes, but you put your boots down, cast your bucket right where you're at." Blair took off his glasses for the peroration. "You've got to love, appreciate, and respect everybody in life. Say 'sir' to every single person in the world. Never feel guilty. If you make a mistake, just say to yourself 'I made a mistake' and try not to do it again. Never feel guilty."

The class was told to proceed to *jiu kumite*, or free-style feinting, and the room began to shake violently. "No contact!" Blair called out. "Move, keep moving, keep throwing lots of things! That's the idea! Lots of motion!" The latter part of the class was devoted to a simulation of fighting-to-the-death, called *shinken shobu*. Each bout begins and ends with a bow by the opponents and is punctuated with grunts and fierce cries of "Kiai!" Sound is an important part of karate, and "Kiai!" is the equivalent of the roar of an attacking lion; it is uttered at key moments to startle and distract the opponent, and it marks the culmination of a process whereby great force is generated in the abdomen through strategic breathing in preparation for the decisive blow. Blair explained this to us as pairs of struggling students tumbled around the room. The extra boy had been told to attack the *makiwara* on the back wall, but his heart didn't seem to be in it; he kept glancing over his shoulder at his classmates going in for the kill. "Finish him!" Blair would shout when the kill was delayed. "Finish him!" In a lower voice, he said to us, "Violence is in everyone. Violence is an uncontrolled instinctive reaction, and it is important to learn to control it. Karate is nonviolent—a means of getting rid of aggression."

Blair called a halt to the *shinken shobu*, and when the students were lined up again, he asked them, "What does a good karate man never do?"

"Start a fight," they answered, in unison.

"What does a good karate man always do?" he asked.

"Finish a fight," they responded.

The class was nearly over. The closing ceremony was a repetition of the ceremony at the beginning: kneeling, meditation, and three bows—to the center of the room, to the *sensei*, and to one's partner. And there was a recitation of the Blair *dojo* creed:

I will know who I am.
I will keep my mouth shut.
I will not quarrel.
I will keep my eyes and ears open.
I will learn from everything.
Let me train every day.
I will respect myself.
I will respect other men.
I will respect women.
I will respect all living beings.
I will know who I am.

Class was dismissed, but the boys hung around, lunging at each other, making passes at the punching bag, and cracking smiles. A tall, thin youth arrived leading a big black Doberman pinscher, which belongs to Blair. "We just walked to Brooklyn and back across the bridge," the dog's escort announced, and he tied the dog to the office door. A couple of karate men lunged at the dog, whose name is Ki, and Ki lunged back, tearing a hinge off the door. Blair, who was in the office, stuck his head out and told everyone to go home. It was nine o'clock.

We got ready to leave, and Blair said he was leaving, too. On the way downstairs, he told us that the boy who had been walking the dog, a student of his, has an older brother who used to beat the boy up all the time. "The other day, he told me his brother came up and punched him. He said he just stood there, with blood running down from his nose—he just stood there, looking. The brother figured it out, and he hasn't touched him since. The kid brother could have killed him."

Blair waved. "See you around," he said, and he crossed the street with Ki and made for home.

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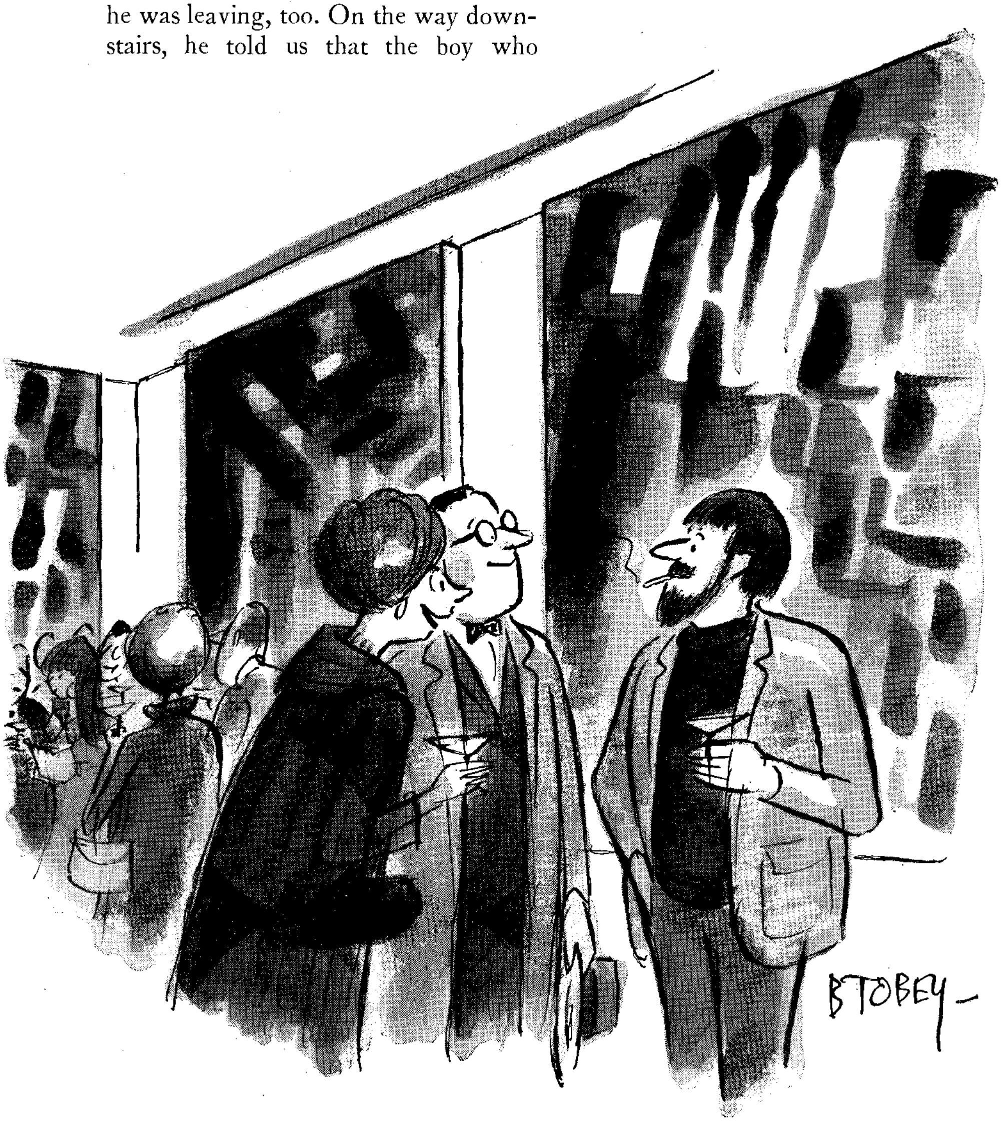
A FRIEND tells us that she was not really startled to hear an early-morning news broadcaster begin his stint the other day with the announcement "This is the news, brought to you by Chase Manhattan strike."

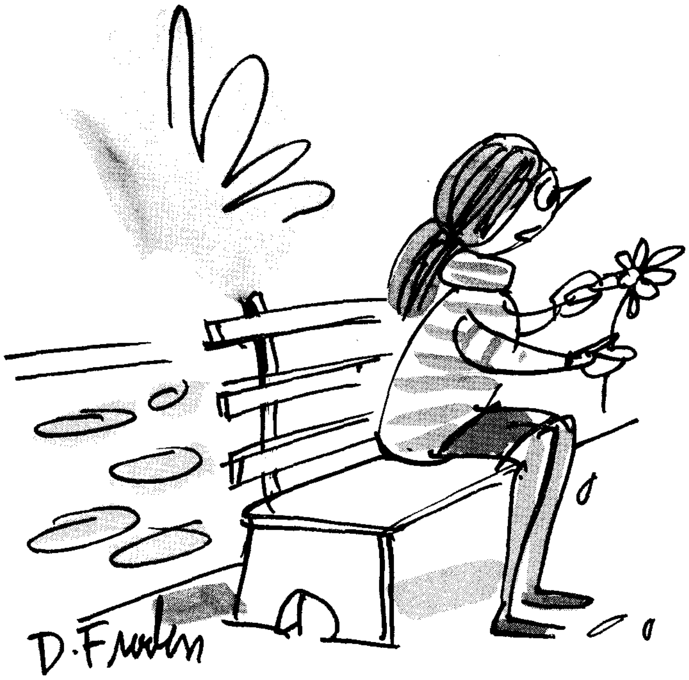
Gutenberg Show

UNTIL very lately, one of the most mysterious characters in the Encyclopædia Britannica was Johann Gutenberg. The 1960 edition preceded the dates of his birth and death with a "c." (for "circa"), characterized the claim that he invented printing as having "more or less general acceptance," observed that "there is no trace of him between March 1444 and Oct. 1448," and stated that "no books bearing the name of Gutenberg as printer are known, nor is any genuine portrait of him known." In 1964, the Encyclopædia placed his birth at "between 1394 and 1399," referred to "four blank years" in his life, and again remarked that no surviving printed matter bore his name as printer and that no authentic portrait, not to mention "autograph or press material," was known, but it did give the exact date of his death—February 3, 1468—and did come out with an unequivocal "Gutenberg's priority as inventor of western printing from movable type cannot be seriously contested."

In line with that clarification, the Grolier Club, which is captained by Dr. Gordon N. Ray, president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, has been holding a five-hundredth-anniversary Gutenberg exhibition. We recently toured this—the first of its scope—in the knowledgeable company of Dr. Hellmut E. Lehmann-Haupt, its *monteur*, and took in such memorabilia as eighth-century Japanese paper, stone rubbings, and block printing; eleventh-century Chinese wood blocks and woodcuts; fifteenth-century Korean movable metal type; three Gutenberg Bibles; the "Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves;" a fragment of the Constance Missal; a mid-fifteenth-century illuminator's model book (detailed instructions for drawing and painting initials, scrollwork, borders, and various ornamental units, with forty-seven examples painted in color), owned by the Göttingen University Library; and a manuscript of the Biblia Pauperum, or Poor Man's Bible. A blank space in the exhibition was labelled "Giant Bible of Mainz," and Dr. Lehmann-Haupt explained that at the opening of the show, in February, this had indeed been occupied by the Giant Bible, which had been sent up by the Library of Congress in the custody of a Secret Service man, who took it back after a week. "The miniatures in the Giant Bible indicate that Gutenberg may have had a major share in the early development—if not the actual invention—of copper engraving," Dr. L.-H. said. "We couldn't afford to keep it under twenty-four-hour guard for the duration of the show." He presented us



"Instead of putting money in growth stocks, we're putting it into you."



"Senator McCarthy, Senator Kennedy, Senator McCarthy, Senator Kennedy . . ."

with a book of Gutenberg research, "Gutenberg and the Master of the Playing Cards," which he had published in 1966, and in which we read, about a still undiscovered model book for the Giant Bible, "We must . . . ask ourselves who originally owned the model book. Who controlled its use? Was it perhaps Johannes Gutenberg himself? This . . . is a question that we cannot answer at present."

One of the three Gutenberg Bibles was sent to the Grolier from Princeton by Mr. William H. Scheide, the collector, in an armored truck. Another, owned by Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., the president of Steuben Glass, was delivered by a lady secretary, who brought it in under her arm. The third was dispatched by the General Theological Seminary in the care of the chief librarian, who drove up from West Twentieth Street. The Constance Missal page was conveyed to the club by Dr. Curt F. Buhler, a research fellow of the Morgan Library, who took a bus. The Göttingen model book came by mail on a ship. There are forty-seven virtually complete Gutenberg Bibles in the world, of which fourteen are in the United States, eleven are in Germany, and eight are in Great Britain.

Dr. Lehmann-Haupt was born on October 4, 1903, and his life is an open book. He was a curator of the Gutenberg Museum in Mainz from 1927 until 1929; he is a member of the Gutenberg Society; he has been a bibliographical consultant to Hans P. Kraus, the rare-book dealer, since 1952; and he joined the Grolier thirty-six years ago. Eight books bear his name.

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PERSONS desiring to buy greeting cards at John Wanamaker's, in Philadelphia, will find them in the Social Expression Shop.

Electronic Rock

FIVE o'clock. A recital, with drinks and hors d'oeuvres, given by The United States of America, a new (eight months old) rock group of five musicians and a vocalist from Los Angeles, who describe themselves as an electronic rock band. This was their first appearance in New York, and it took place at Judson Hall, where a Columbia Artists Management man greeted us with the words "We are the first classical agency to take on a rock group." He had an expression of hope on his face as he went on, "The big word these days is 'diversify'—like I.T.&T. going into the fishing-tackle business or what-have-you. It's a brave new world." There are six long mirrors in Judson Hall, and they reflected and re-reflected the scene: a stage set with six upended coffin-shaped metal boxes, sprouting numerous control knobs, and with electric keyboards, an electric violin, an electric bass, an electric guitar, and electric drums. At the sides of the stage were setups for a seven-piece marching band and for a string quartet, which were going to augment the sound of the Electronic Rock Band. The audience that was gathering for the augmented sound seemed to be evenly divided between adherents of the miniskirt, corduroy-pants, and undisciplined-hair cookie pattern and tired mufti-clad friends and associates of Columbia Artists Management. Everybody was busy gobbling up the food—egg rolls and little meatballs. As they were chewing, one of the band musicians stepped to the mike onstage and said, "The United States of America will now do their duty on this stage here in this great country of ours." One of the mufti-wearers said to another, with a laugh, that he expected the music to break the mirrors. Malcolm Terence, a young man with a blast of red curly hair and a matching mustache, introduced himself to us as the manager of The United States of America and told us he was looking forward to presenting his group here in the East at C. W. Post College, on Long Island, and then at Columbia. "It's very easy to sell this band," he said, or shouted, in our ear as the music started. The band played numbers called "The American Metaphysical Circus," "Love Song for the Dead Che," "Machine No. 2," and "The American Way of Love." In addition to the music, which had electronic vocals sung by Dorothy Moskowitz, there were films projected over the heads of the players by a man whom Terence identified for us as Bill Kerby. "Kerby is the real hero!" Terence shouted. "All these films were compiled by him at the U.C.L.A. film school! All the students at the film school this year are asking our permission to use our records for their sound tracks! We're very flattered!" The films consisted of three simultaneous projections—brief clips of odd machinery in motion, African witch doctors, piles of garbage, an Indian chief on a horse, a dead body, a camel, a girl crying, a tiger walking in a jungle, Max Baer battering Primo Carnera, the nose cone of a jet liner, Adolf Hitler making a speech, Storm Troopers, traffic jams on a parkway, and many other quick glimpses of this and that, which seemed to us to be in fine accord with the music. It was all rather soothing, in a nervous way.

"All our musicians are incredibly talented!" Terence shouted to us. "They all went through classical and avant-garde music, and now they want to do their own thing!"

"What's that?" we shouted back.

"Rock and roll," he answered. "Augmented by exotic foreign rhythms and electronic music and all the classical stuff."

Somebody from Columbia Records, which has just issued The United States of America's first recording, called "The United States of America," told us that they are the first rock group to use tapes (their own) onstage and the first to use an electric drum. "Their sound equipment is the ultimate," he said. "And Faye Dunaway just came in."

THE BOY WHO USED FOUL LANGUAGE

IT was early in the morning, in Washington, late in the winter of 1940, and gray light was coming through the bedroom window. John sat up in bed, looking very pale, wearing a blue bathrobe over his cotton pajamas. A white towel was wrapped around his neck and covered his chest. He licked his lips and took a deep breath. He needed a haircut badly. It was his sixth week of convalescence after contracting pneumonia in both lungs. His face and body were thin, and though normally a slender boy, he had not regained the weight lost in his illness. Bessie, a large, gentle Negro woman who had been working for his family since before he was born, had told him that he had nearly died. "You was some poor little rip," Bessie had said. "But you going to be fine now, honey." He was ten years old. He lay back and looked at the ceiling. Oh well, he thought, he wasn't dead, and, as Ewing would say, a miss was as good as a mile. Ewing was one of his two best friends. His other best friend was Hal.

Nobody was up. He felt like calling Bessie, who was sleeping outside his room on a little cot in the hall. Though she had other duties, she had been his nurse. He wanted to call her, or ring the small dinner bell on the table by his bed, but there was nothing particular that he wanted. After a while, he got out of bed, put on some white athletic socks that were on the floor, and then went out in the hall to see Bessie. She was sound asleep, lying on her side. Her mouth was open and she was snoring slightly. She was too big for the cot. He thought if she just moved once she'd fall out and wake the whole house. There was a red bandanna around her head. She was covered up to her throat by an old green coverlet. Her clothes, along with her bathrobe, were across the back of a broken card chair. On the seat of the chair were an alarm clock and her glasses.

"Hey, Bessie," John whispered. He knelt down and said into her ear, "You're so nice and brown." He smiled. It was something he'd heard her boyfriend, Hampton Archibald, say to her when he had come to the house one night to take her home. She didn't move. Downstairs, the chimes of the grandfather clock sounded six times. She didn't have to get up until seven.

John went back into his room and picked up a book that was on the floor. Then he sat cross-legged on the bed and began to read. He was three-quarters through the book. From time to time, he would stop reading and look at the colored illustrations. He loved to look at them, and he thought the book was one of the best he had ever read. It was "Treasure Island." He read for a half hour, and then, feeling a little cold, closed the book and got back under the covers and listened to the wind against the windows. Lying there under a pale-blue quilt, he could hear a shutter banging against a nearby house. The room was washed with gray light. He thought about the book. It made him happy and sad at the same time. He lay very quietly and concentrated on the sound of the wind.

Sunlight came into his room. He got up out of bed and looked out the window. The wind was blowing the clouds away. Some of the trees were bending slightly in the wind. The chimes of the clock sounded seven. Almost at the same time, Bessie's alarm clock began to ring. "Hey, Bessie," John yelled. He went out into the hall. Bessie was reaching over and turning off the alarm. She sighed and put on her glasses.

"Oh, Bessie, you're so nice and brown," John said, smiling.

Bessie laughed, rubbing her eyes. "How you feel, honey?" she said.

"Fine," John said. "I feel all better."

"Uh-huh," she said, sitting up and putting her robe around her. "Well, you ain't supposed to get careless, now."

"Will you make me some pancakes?" John asked.

"Uh-huh," Bessie said.

"With plenty butter and syrup."

"O.K."

"Hal and Ewing are coming today," he said.

"Yeah? I thought they coming next week," Bessie said, teasing him a little.

John smiled. He was really looking forward to seeing them. It was the first day he'd been allowed visitors since he became sick.

Bessie straightened her bed, picked up her clothes from the chair, and started down to her bathroom in the basement. She told John that she would bring his breakfast as soon as she could. She had to start getting his sister, Carol, and his father taken care of first. His father had an early appointment, and his sister would be going to school. His mother was still asleep.

"Now, you be here when I get back," Bessie said.

"You better hurry up," John said, watching her go down the stairs. He heard her half singing, half humming until she went through the door to the basement.

He went back into his room and sat on his bed. He thought he heard some birds singing. Feeling excited, he went over to a window and opened it. A strong gust of cold air hit him in the chest. He couldn't hear the birds. Still, he thought there was a spring smell in the air, and his hands felt warm in the sun on the windowsill. After listening a little longer, he closed the window and got back into bed. Maybe he was just imagining it about spring, he thought. His father said that he was always imagining things the way he wanted them to be.

Before leaving for school, his sister stopped in his room. She was twelve, slightly gangling, with a wide mouth, like his own, and green eyes that were playful and somewhat furious at the same time. Her hair was long and brown. She wore a red sweater and gray skirt and brown-and-white saddle shoes. Carrying her schoolbooks and a tan coat, she looked at him with her head slightly cocked to one side. "Don't fall out of bed, you silly thing," she said.

He sighed, then looked at the ceiling, then looked at her.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she asked.

"No," John said.

She shook her head. "I just wanted to tell you, there's no pancakes left. Bessie spilled the batter on the floor."

John glowered. She'd better be lying, he thought.

"Oh, don't look at me that way," she said, and ran out laughing.

He heard her run down the stairs. She was really stupid, he thought. He didn't like her to call him a silly thing, and she knew it.

"*Which was the winter of our discontent, dear—'57 or '58?*"

• •

Last summer, she had said, "Oh, John, you are just so silly all the time. Everybody says so, and Mother and Daddy agree." He had got angry, turned red, and called her a little bitch. She had cried and told their mother, who slapped him in the face, forced him to apologize, and made him promise never to use such language again.

While he lay there wondering whether Carol was telling the truth about the pancakes, he heard his father come up the stairs. John quickly got out of bed, combed his hair in front of the mirror above his bureau, then got back in bed just as his father came through the door. He was ready to leave, wearing his brown topcoat and gray fedora. He was carrying a large brown envelope and the morning papers. "Hi, boy," he said.

John broke into a wide smile, then looked a little distant. "Hi, Daddy," he said. He wanted to appear nonchalant, as Ewing would say.

His father laid the newspapers on the bed. "There's a good story on Cecil Travis. He's looking good in spring training," he said. "But don't you start thinking we'll win the pennant."

John nodded, started to say something, but suddenly became confused.

"Well, you get better, now. I'm taking you to the opener," his father said. He patted John on the head. "I'll see you," he said.

"See you, Daddy," John said, smiling slightly.

His father looked so fresh and wide awake and in such a good humor that John wished he could have stayed longer. He loved it when his father was in a good mood. They'd have a fine time together then. He liked it when his father kidded around, like when he called him Wrong-Way Corrigan. When his father was not in a good mood, he would call him "stubborn" and "contrary" and "a boy who does everything backwards," and things that were much worse. Lately, his father had been very patient, trying to explain everything, saying that he should not be so "extreme" all the time and not insist so that he "loved this" and "loved that" and "hated this" and "hated that," that he should be more "moderate." They had been getting along very well, John thought. He hadn't been whipped since he'd been sick; he hadn't even been yelled at.

BESSIE brought John's breakfast. He sat up in bed and she put the tray on his lap, but then he decided he wanted to eat on the little table that stood by the window. Bessie removed some books and his baseball glove from the table and then brought the table over by his bed.

"Well, I hope you like it, honey," Bessie said. There were pancakes, with maple syrup and butter, and orange juice and a glass of milk. John smiled and nodded. "Say, hand me my baseball glove," he said.

"Why, you going to eat it for breakfast?"

"Oh, please just hand it here, Bessie," he said.

She handed him the glove. He wanted it in bed with him. It reminded him that he was getting better.

He told Bessie to pull up a chair. "Let's talk," he said, cutting into his pancakes with a fork.

"Boy, I got work to do."

"Oh, you just sit down," John said.

She brought his desk chair over near the table and sat down.

There was nothing particular that he wanted to say, but he just wanted to be near her for a while. It was the last time she would stay the night, as he was well enough now to do without her. She was going back to her own children—Yancy, a girl of thirteen, and Simpson, who was seven. John knew them. Bessie brought them with her sometimes.

"Say, how do you spell 'spinach'?" John asked.

"Now, ain't you something," she said, frowning.

"Oh, come on, let's hear you spell it," he said.

"It don't matter that I can't spell it," she said. "At least I understands what it mean."

"How do you spell 'asparagus'?" John asked.

She smiled. "I going to get me a peach-tree switch and tan you," she said.

"Bessie, are you really going home tonight?" he asked.

"Honey, I got to." She stood up and picked up his schoolbooks from his desk. "Your mama say you got to start doing your back work today," she said, putting the books on his bed.

John immediately pushed them onto the floor.

"Now, that ain't nice," Bessie said, taking his tray from the table. "You just going to pick them up by yourself."

Bessie left the room with the tray.

John propped some pillows against the headboard of the bed, then leaned back and picked up one of the morning papers. He went right to the sports page to find the story on Cecil Travis. It was wonderful. Cecil was his hero, his favorite player in the American League. He knew all about him—that his middle name was Howel, that he was from Riverdale, Georgia, and was born August 8, 1913, that he had hit .344 in 1937 in a hundred and thirty-five games, his best season up to then, and exactly how he looked at the plate and in the field. The story didn't add too much, except for some predictions about the coming season and what Cecil had done during the winter, but still John found it fascinating. There was one part, where Clark Griffith was quoted as saying, "Cecil moves like a big cat, he's so graceful out there," that nearly made him tremble. He loved that. He would try to move like a big cat, too. He read the story three times.

ABOUT an hour later, John began to yell, "Bessie! Bessie!"

Bessie was in the basement and couldn't hear him, but his mother appeared. She was a nervous, pretty woman in her mid-thirties, of a slight medium build, with auburn hair and green eyes a shade darker than his sister's. Fresh and scented, she wore a pale-blue dress and held in her right hand a pack of cigarettes and a nickel-plated lighter. "What's the matter, John?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"What are you calling Bessie for?" she asked. "Can I help you?"

"No, I just want to see Bessie about something."

His mother looked faintly annoyed. "She's washing clothes in the basement," she said. "How are you feeling?"

"Fine," he said.

She closed her eyes briefly and sighed, then lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. John began to cough and wave his hand in front of his face.

"Oh, will you stop that!" his mother said. "What are you hiding under the covers?"

"Nothing. Oh please, may I see Bessie?" he said.

"Are you going to play some joke on her?"

"No."

"She has no time to be bothered, and you're very cruel to her."

"I am not," John said.

"She's a human being."

"Oh, I know that," John said.

"She's going to have to walk up three flights of stairs," his mother said. "You really ought to be ashamed of yourself." She smoothed her hair and left the room.

John smiled. He couldn't wait to see Bessie. He had been reading Blackstone's "Modern Card Tricks and Secrets of Magic." There was hardly anything he would rather do than fool her.

Bessie came in looking a little weary, rubbing her forehead. John sat up in bed and pulled a deck of cards from beneath the covers. He was in a state of great excitement. "Bessie, take a card, any card," he said. "No, wait a second. Turn around."

"Now, ain't you some boy? You know I got my work to do. If your mama saw me messing around and—"

"Sh-h-h. Turn around, Bessie."

"I come all the way up here and you say, 'Turn around.' It ain't much of a trick if I got to turn around." She sighed and turned around.

John reviewed something in the book and examined the cards. "O.K. Take a card, Bessie."

"Ain't you going to shuffle them?"

"I already have," John said, turning slightly red.

"Hmm!" she said, taking a card. "It the four of diamonds."

"Oh, don't *tell* me, Bessie. You sure are stupid."

She sighed. "Now, honey, that ain't nice," she said.

"Oh, you're so *silly*. You've just *ruined* it," he said, looking toward the door. It was wide open. "Now, you hurry and take another card, and keep your voice down," he said in a half whisper.

"O.K.," she said, taking a card.

He took it from her, keeping it face down, then he carefully put it in the deck, which he awkwardly cut in a prearranged way. He began to count silently, down from the top of the deck, and then pulled a card from the middle somewhere.

"Your card was the jack of hearts," John said, looking at her intently.

"Uh-uh," Bessie said, shaking her head.

"It was too!" John said.

"Honey, the card I pick is the king of diamonds."

John got very red in the face and began to cough. He had done it perfectly three times before she'd come in, and now he'd messed it up.

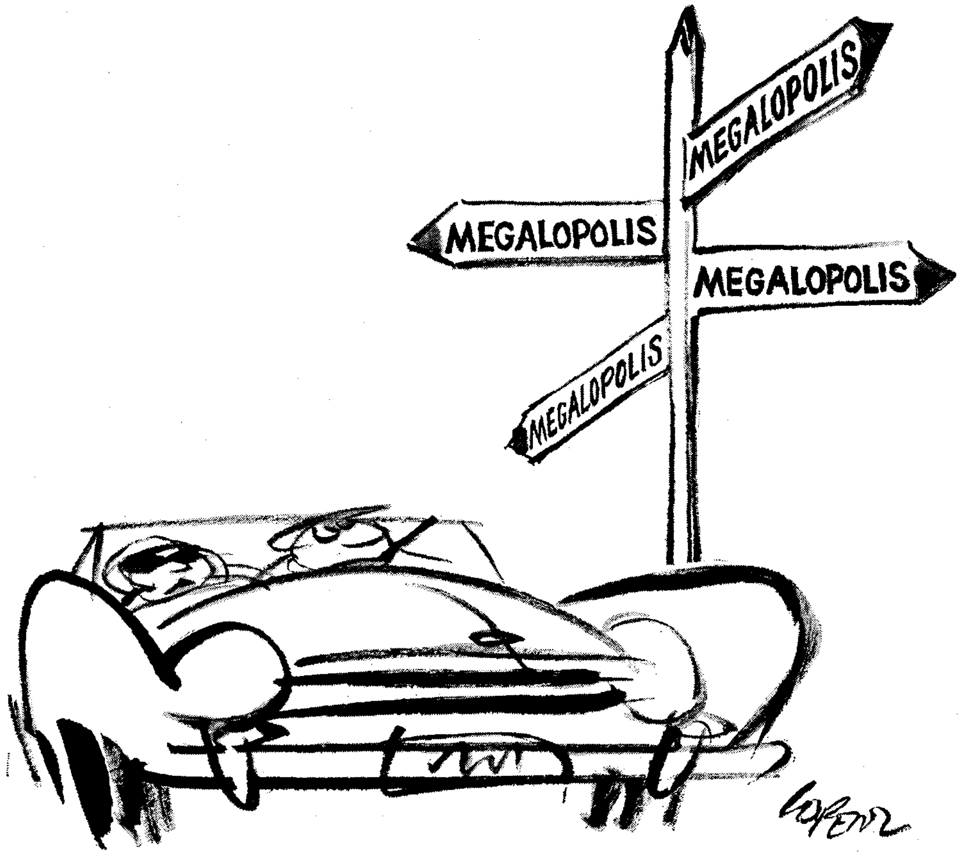
Bessie brought a pitcher of water and a glass from the table. "You better come out from under your spell. Come on, take a drink of water," she said.

"No. You can drink it," John said.

"I ain't sick, John. You the one who sick."

"I'm not sick. Why don't you go home?" he said.

His mother suddenly walked through the open door. She looked at



the cards on the bed, at John, then at Bessie, who was still holding the glass of water. "Bessie, I don't pay you to watch card tricks," she said.

"No, Ma'am."

"I knew you'd bother her," his mother said to John.

"He ain't bothering me," Bessie said, looking down.

"Now, you be quiet and get on with the wash."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Oh, why can't Bessie rest some?" John said.

"I've had just about enough out of you," his mother said.

Bessie put the glass of water on the night table and slowly walked out of the room. John took a deep breath, then looked down at the cards on the blue quilt. His mother stood quietly in the center of the room, pressing her fingers against her temples and slowly moving her head from side to side.

John took a deep breath, turned red, and said, "Bessie's no slave. Lincoln freed the slaves."

"Oh, she's been *talking* to you! You just believe everything she says," his mother said.

"It's true," John said. "And she gets low wages."

"Now, you just be quiet," she said. "I'm going to talk to Daddy about your insolence."

"I don't care," John said.

"I do not like your tone of voice, John. It's very disagreeable," she said. "Between you and Bessie, I'm going out of my mind. Why, she's as bad as you—so surly, and she never smiles anymore. Why, she doesn't even say 'Good morning.' One of these days, I'm going to say, 'Bessie, you just get out and keep walking.' "

"Then I'm going, too," John said.

"Oh, really!"

"I sure am," John said.

"You've become a *very* difficult boy," she said, shaking her head. "When I took care of you, you were so nice and *appreciative*, so pleasant to be with. I'd give you a bath and tell you a story, and you'd smile and—" She bit her lip. "You were so sweet and *loyal*."

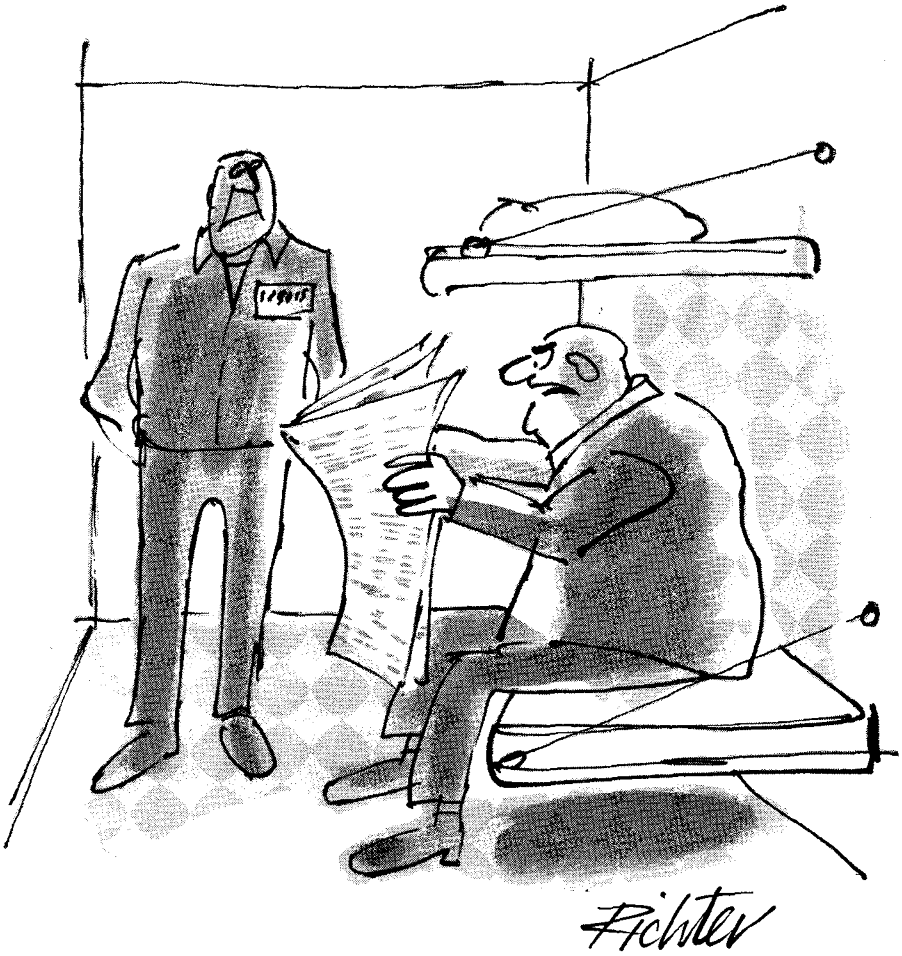
John made a face, then closed his eyes.

"Oh, look at you!" she said. "No wonder they threw you out of school."

"Well, I'm back in," John said.

"No thanks to you."

She shook her head, put her hands over her eyes, and left the room.



"*Bonnie and Clyde, Bonnie and Clyde! I'm sick of it! It's the old story—you're never appreciated until after you're dead.*"

AFTER John had been alone for ten minutes, he picked up his geography book from the floor and, opening it at random, began to read about the Glacier National Park in Montana. It was fairly interesting, he thought. There was a photograph of some men and women on horseback. The riders were sitting quietly on their horses in a little clearing. There was a tent in the clearing and smoke rising from a campfire. Behind the tent were tall pine trees, and rising up beyond the trees was a snowy mountain. After a while, he looked with resentment at his assignment sheet. He had to read a chapter on irrigation projects and annual rainfall in Nebraska. He read a few pages of that, then slammed the book shut and threw it onto the floor. It made him unhappy to read something that Miss Dornholder had assigned. Miss Dornholder was his fifth-grade teacher, and he hated her. His father had told him that she was a human being like anyone else and deserving of his sympathy and respect. But what did his father know about her? He wished Miss Dornholder would retire. She was certainly old enough, he thought. He saw her in his mind's eye, beside the blackboard, wearing a long blue dress with a small cameo brooch pinned on the front of it. She was standing there on heavy legs, with a severe, unpleasant expression on her face. Suddenly he heard her yelling at him. "How dare you use foul language!"

He lay there feeling warm and angry; perspiration formed on his upper lip. He didn't use foul language so much, he thought—only occasionally in the playground. He had never directed any foul language at her. But she had overheard him sometimes. He and Ewing occasionally used foul language, but Hal never did. Hal was wonderful. He didn't have an enemy in the world. Everybody liked and respected him. But Ewing and I aren't so well liked, John thought. "They either like us a lot or not at all," Ewing had said. It was true.

John felt very warm and feverish thinking about Miss Dornholder. He picked up his baseball glove and pounded the pocket. Hal hardly ever even got angry, but when he did you had better watch out. He was a wonderful fighter. John wished he could be that way, even-tempered and pleasant and well liked. Lying on his bed,

A DEAD LEAF

Today, the first dead leaf in the hall
Is surprised, taking on its second nature,
To find that trees are forms of furniture;
The earliest message to arrive from winter,
It's too far gone, indoors or out,
To eat the sun or drink the water,
And I, I am more desperate than ever,
Reading the memoirs that Madame Blank
Keeps sending on in thick installments.
Twelve publishers have firmly declined. . . .
(Thank God! For I am thinly disguised
As yet another form of furniture:
My name is Harrod—a character
Who at one point rather stupidly remarks,
"Only a Fool could love King Lear.")
Madame would hate these opening lines;
She is against both cadence and meter.

Armories, windows,
Days and weeks
Of peering out, then drawing back—
Is there enough artillery
To blast the gossips of this block?
Paranoia is a border line
Without a country on either side.
That fortress of brownstones across the way
Is money talking
With nothing to say.

Rectitude and impropriety!
I have given them both up,
And settled for a sleazy mysticism,
Befuddled rain and poisoned mist;
Sometimes I'm so depressed I think
It's *life* that's the anesthetist.

But then I wake quite sane, as if
A bicycle race were about to start:
I'm in the park, the sun is bright,
Water ravishes the eye, and soon
I've won the race, I've made my mark!
Then, once again, the telephone
Is my one lifeline out of the dark.

I'm sick of being obsessed by B.,
Whose muffled cryptograms grow hoarse
Explaining themselves, outwitting me.
Does that mean this? Does this mean that?
Temperamental unclarity!

This week, drinks and dinner with M.
Lunch with L. Dinner with P.
A party for C.'s new Argentine.
Handel on Thursday. A *vernissage*.
Next week, drinks and dinner with M.
Tuesday I think I'll watch TV.

To retire from it all! To sit and sit
In a wheelchair, old, in Central Park,
Only a lens that drinks the sun,
Or on a bench in southern France,
The first cassis at four o'clock. . . .

August was green, November brown.
Someday soon I'll awake to see
The world go white from head to toe,
A tablecloth at first, and then
A slab of pockmarked travertine—

The first snow.

—Howard Moss

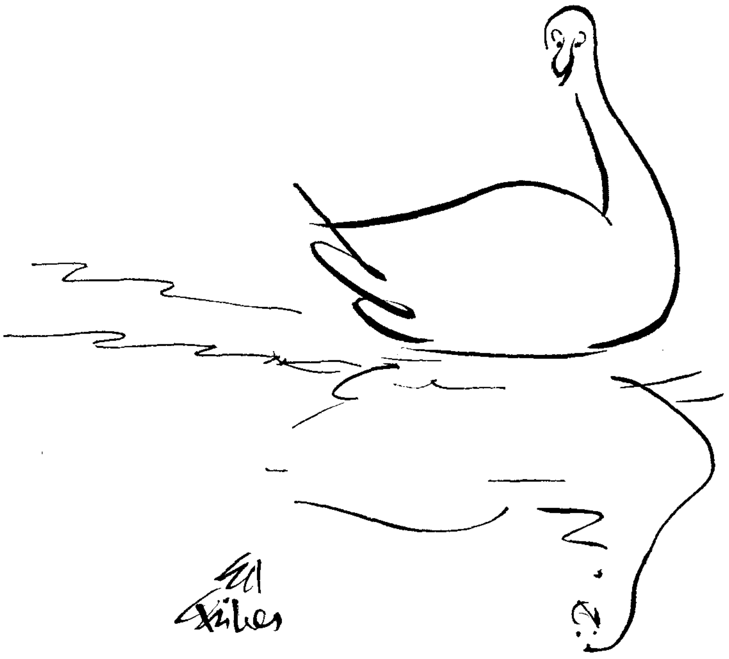
• •

he threw his glove up in the air. It landed behind the bed, caught between the headboard and the wall. Angrily, he got out of bed and managed to move the bed enough to retrieve his glove. Then he kicked the books that were on the floor and threw himself back on the bed.

He closed his eyes. Gradually, he saw his mother. She was standing in the school playground—it was three months before—wearing her fur coat. It was after school. The day was cold and clear. Miss Dornholder had asked John's mother to meet her on the playground, as her room was being used by the Cooking Club. "Well, I want to say I'm very unhappy with your son, John," she had begun, looking at him, and then had gone on to say how troublesome and unpleasant he had been—how his handwriting was poor, and how his language had been so unutterably foul on occasion that she was unable then to repeat the words—and that if he continued in his present manner he would no doubt end up in a reformatory. All during Miss Dornholder's high-pitched condemnation of him, he had been distracted by the strange, attentive tilt of his mother's head. He had thought she was trying so hard to be friendly and pleasant. She had stood there with the collar of her fur coat turned up, nodding, smiling, looking serious, nervous, and slightly dazed, as if to say, "If you only keep him in school, I'll agree with anything." He had wanted to laugh, but had controlled himself. Now, in bed, he suddenly laughed until the tears came.

He was getting hungry. Bessie would be bringing his lunch soon, he thought. He hoped she would remember to make him a grilled-cheese sandwich. He had asked her for it the day before, but he had forgotten to remind her. His mind wandered over all the lunches she had ever made for him. The lunches at home were better than the lunches he ate at school, even though Bessie made them. He could never take a grilled-cheese sandwich to school. It was no good cold. Bessie often made him bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches for school. She also made him sliced-chicken sandwiches and bologna, liverwurst, turkey, and ham sandwiches. Sometimes she'd put in a roll with pieces of cold fried chicken. He liked that more than anything else, except for the American grilled cheese. She would often include a piece of cake or pie. He could just see Bessie standing in the kitchen, humming or singing or talking to herself, and making lunches. Carol liked peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, which he hated. Once, she had taken his lunch by mistake, and when he had opened his bag he was furious. He had expected a bacon-lettuce-and-tomato, which Bessie had promised him.

Gradually, a painful feeling came over him, bringing with it recent memories that became progressively more graphic and clear. He tried to make them go away. He didn't want to think about all that just then. He wasn't in the mood. Closing his eyes, he tried to think about something else. But the feeling was too strong, and it overwhelmed him. He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling.



"At least we're communicating, baby!"

It was six weeks before. John was still in bed, having fallen back to sleep after the first awakening. He woke in terror. He was late. Jumping up, he got out of his pajamas, put on his underwear, his red-and-blue high socks, corduroy knickers, blue shirt, blue sweater, and brown oxford shoes, and ran into the bathroom, where he quickly washed his face and brushed his teeth. Then he was running downstairs, grabbing his coat and blue stocking cap from a hook in the hall closet, then out the door and into the cold. Too late for breakfast. Too late for goodbyes. Oh, Bessie, you didn't wake me the second time, you lost track of the clock, he thought. Running up the street on a gray, cloudy day, the cold air sharp in his lungs, carrying his books, running for his life. He couldn't be late. Running up hills and down hills. Hilly streets and old houses and trees. He liked to dawdle to school, to take his sweet time. He was late already. Oh, God, he thought, don't let Miss Dornholder give me an hour after school. He ran up a hill, dropped a book, ran back and picked it up, then ran on.

Approaching the old red brick building, the Francis Scott Key School, seeing the empty playground—he was ten minutes late—he suddenly realized that he had forgotten his lunch. Oh no, he thought. He ran into the playground and up the steps, and then, standing breathless in front of the boys' entrance, he wondered if Bessie would bring it up to school. Oh, please don't come, Bessie, he thought. You know what I told you. He hated her to come up with his lunch, as though he was some little boy who couldn't keep things straight. Once, on a rainy day, she had brought his lunch and a pair of rubbers. "Oh, dear God, please don't let her come," he said out loud as he walked into school.

Sitting in class that morning, in the back of the room near a hanging chart of the navigations of Magellan and Vasco da Gama, he was enraged by the punishment that Miss Dornholder had meted out to him—two hours of penalty time. After school, for two straight days. There was so much that he wanted to do, and after school was the best time. He really hated her.

And he waited for Bessie. He waited for her through the Lord's Prayer, the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm by Emily Ann Green, the pledge of allegiance to the flag, and, before mathematics, the singing of songs—"Old Dog Tray," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Old Black Joe," "Dixie," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Row, Row, Row Your Boat," "Camptown Races," and "My Old Kentucky Home."

You better not come, Bessie, he thought. He would rather starve to death. He looked toward Ewing and Hal, who were up front at opposite ends of a row, wishing he could talk to them. The week before, they had all been together in the back, but Miss Dornholder had split them up.

Time passed. If Bessie was coming, she would be here by now, John thought. With a sense of relief, he felt that he had been saved—that the whole class wouldn't watch silly old Bessie give him his lunch. It would have made Allie Conroy and Freddy Rhodes really happy to see that, he thought, but she wasn't coming, and they could go to h-e-double l. Oh, thank you, God, he thought, moving his lips ever so slightly.

He took a deep breath, smiled, and tried hard to concentrate on mathematics. While he was following a problem in fractions, during a pause between question and answer, he heard a slight tapping on the door pane. He experienced a palpitation of the heart. Bessie's face appeared through the glass pane of the upper door. He thought he would die. He tried to convey to her with his most savage, desperate, and angry expression—formed mainly with his mouth and brow—that she had better turn around and keep walking and not bother him. Timidly, with a shy smile, she entered the room. There were titters from a few girls up front. John broke his pencil in half. A shriek, then a strange, high-pitched whine came from the far side of the room. It was Conroy or Rhodes, John thought, feeling weak. Bessie stood near the door, remaining very still, with her head bowed, her shoulders slightly hunched forward, holding the lunch bag in her large brown hands, waiting to be recognized by Miss Dornholder, who, visibly upset by her intrusion, as she had been upset before, ignored her for the moment. John could barely look at her. She wore the red bandanna around her head and an old brown coat that his mother had given her five years before. Standing there, she seemed to be swaying slightly. There was another shriek, followed by general laughter.

"Quiet!" Miss Dornholder said, and then, looking pained and imposed upon, told John to go and get his lunch. "And please be quick about it," she said.

He walked up to the front of the class, trying so hard to be nonchalant that he half tripped. He took his lunch from Bessie and stepped out into the hall with her.

"Oh, damn you, Bessie. I really hate you. I *told* you not to come," he said.

"Johnny, honey, your mama told me to come," she said.

"I don't care," he said. "You promised to eat it on the way if she sent you."

"But, honey, you got to eat."

"Oh, I don't care. You never do what I tell you. Why don't you go away?"

Looking hurt, Bessie turned and walked slowly down the corridor to the

SALE NOW
LOVE
SPORT
OUT NOW!
Cliff Roberts

"But my hands are up!"

• •

stairs. John went into the cloakroom by the hall entrance to put his lunch away on the shelf above his coat. He felt a little ashamed of himself. After he had put his lunch away, he stood with his arms folded. Taking a deep breath, he tried to feel better, but he only felt more sad. While he was standing there, Freddy Rhodes came into the cloakroom. Not seeing John at first, he went directly to the supply closet and pulled out a box of chalk.

John looked at him, feeling sick with hatred. Rhodes' long, straight hair hung down over his forehead. He was large for his age—several inches taller than John, and thickly built—with a sullen mouth that was always slightly open. His eyes were dazed and angry. He wore a sweatshirt with "Fort Myer, Va." printed on the front, and a pair of long pants of almost the same shade of corduroy as John's. He had the reputation of being the meanest, toughest boy in the fifth grade. He was about to return to the classroom when he saw John. They stared at one another. Rhodes put the chalk in his pocket, then walked toward John, who unfolded his arms and dropped his hands, slightly cupped, to his sides.

"Just take off, Rhodes," John said.

"Why don't you shut your stupid mouth?"

"I'll shut yours," John said.

Rhodes smiled malevolently. "You sure have a funny old nigger maid," he said.

John's eyes misted over. "You better not say anything about her," he said.

"I'll say what I like about that fat old nigger."

John took a deep breath. "You know what you are, Rhodes? You're a son of a bitch," he said, knowing that that was the worst thing you could call somebody.

Rhodes sucked in his breath and compressed his lips, exposing some upper teeth. "Did you call my mother a dog?" he said, squinting.

"You heard me. She's a mangy old dog like you," John said. "And your sister's an old slut."

Freddy Rhodes hit John hard in the mouth, knocking him down, and John quickly scrambled to his feet and, swinging wildly, hit Rhodes in the throat. He fell backward, clutching his throat, and John threw himself on him. They rolled over, and Rhodes hit him in the eye, and just as John had his fist back ready to hit Rhodes in the face, Miss Dornholder pulled him to his feet by his ear. He tried to break away from her, but she held him tightly by the collar of his shirt.

"Now, *what happened*?" she said to John.

He didn't say anything.

"Freddy!" she said.

Rhodes wiped his hands on the front of his sweatshirt. "He called me a son of a bitch, and I hit him," he said.

Looking horrified, Miss Dornholder put a hand over her mouth, still holding John by the collar of his shirt with the other. "How awful! Is that true, John?" she said, looking down at him.

"Yes, Ma'am, but—"

"How could you say such a thing?"

"But he—"

"How dare you do such a thing, John—after all your promises?"

"But he insulted Bessie," John said.

She shook her head, then suddenly became livid. "Now, see here. You tell her not ever—not ever again to come into my classroom. Do you understand? She'll stay out in the hall where she belongs and *not* upset my class." She shook him. "And *you!* You will not upset my class. Look at me when I talk to you. I'm so sick—so sick and tired of your foul language."

"I'll get you, Rhodes," John said.

"You're not getting *anyone*. You are going right down to Mr. Pearson's office," Miss Dornholder said. She looked at Freddy Rhodes, who stood there feeling his throat, with a vague, apprehensive smile on his face. "I'll deal with you later, Freddy. Get inside the room."

He returned to the room. Then Miss Dornholder released her hold on John's collar. "You wait here," she said.

John waited in the cloakroom for Miss Dornholder to write out a note to Mr. Pearson, who was the principal of the school. It was standard procedure. He kept feeling the eye Rhodes had hit; it was a little puffy. He slowly moved his tongue along his lower lip. A barely noticeable clot of blood had formed at the corner of his mouth. He felt fine. It felt wonderful, he thought, to hit someone you hated right in the throat. He thought Rhodes would never forget that punch, and would feel it for days. There was more where that came from.

Miss Dornholder returned with the note in a sealed envelope.

"Now, get going," she said. "And don't you dawdle. I wrote the time down on the note."

The principal's secretary, Miss Cavendish, a tall, gaunt woman in her forties, immediately took him into Mr. Pearson's office and went out, closing the door. John sat down on a chair in front of Mr. Pearson's desk. A dry, immaculate little man, wearing a blue suit and rimless glasses, Mr. Pearson was going through some papers. He looked up at John briefly, then continued reading. John hated him. He didn't like Miss Cavendish, either. He hadn't ever liked any secretary or teacher in the school except for Wilma Freedy, who had got married and moved to Baltimore. She had taught him in the fourth grade.

After a few minutes, Mr. Pearson looked up from his papers. John tried to look him right in the eye, but he began to feel very light-headed, so he concentrated on Mr. Pearson's blue necktie.

Mr. Pearson appraised John with a look of faint disdain and deep nervous exhaustion. "Give me the note," he said.

John gave him the note. Mr. Pearson took a small silver penknife from his vest pocket and neatly opened the envelope. He read the note, then leaned forward on his desk and folded his small hands. "Now, John, do you know what this means?" he asked.

John didn't say anything.

"You remember what I told you last time," he said.

John looked down at the desk top.

"You've been in here seven times during this term. Five is the limit, but the last time you were sent down I decided to give you one more chance. Now you're in again"—he looked at the note—"for foul language and fighting."

"Sir," John said.

"Please be quiet," Mr. Pearson said, folding his hands over his vest. Leaning back in his chair, he looked up at the ceiling, then picked up a small metal paperweight, stared at it, and put it down. "I'm afraid you've run out of opportunities. I can't give you any more. You're now on probation for a month." He looked somewhat sadly at John. "Now, you know what that means. One more serious mistake and you're expelled."

"But, sir, you didn't even ask me what happened," John said.

"Miss Dornholder told me quite clearly in the note," Mr. Pearson said, looking annoyed.

"This boy insulted our maid," John said, talking rapidly. "And I insulted him back, and then we had a fight. It wasn't all his fault, and it wasn't all *mine.*"

Mr. Pearson shook his head and closed his eyes, then, leaning forward, said, "I'm writing to your father today—" John was about to interrupt, but Mr. Pearson raised his hand and went on, "It's not pleasant for me, but I have no choice, you see. Now, let's have no more talk about it. Just make sure you stay out of trouble."

"But, sir," John said.

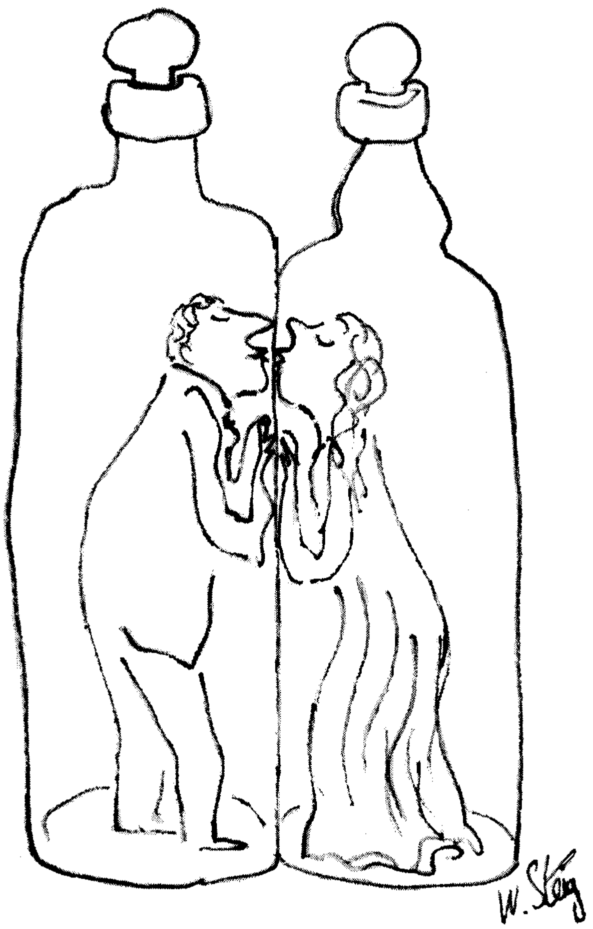
Mr. Pearson ignored him, and quickly wrote a note to Miss Dornholder telling her that John was on probation. "Take this to your teacher," he said, sliding the note across the desk.

John stayed where he was.

"Now, John, will you please get out of here?" Mr. Pearson said.

Out in the empty school hall, John was so angry he threw the note up in the air and yelled "Damn!" But when the note floated to the floor, he picked it up and put it in his pocket. He began to walk up the stairs, back to his classroom, then stopped and took a deep breath. He felt sick.

WHEN John came out that day, after serving his penalty time, the playground was empty but for Ewing and Hal. They'd been waiting over an hour, leaning against a chain fence. Their books were on the ground. Tall and thin, Ewing wore a leather aviator's cap with one of the flaps turned upward and a heavy black sweater over a blue one. The hood of his red parka turned up over his head, Hal stood with his hands in his front pouch pocket. He was of medium build. He had freckles, and his face was pink. Ewing was pale, with clear blue eyes. Like John, both boys wore knickers and colored socks.



They started the walk home. The day was still cloudy and cold. The route they followed was hilly, with sharp climbs and descents. It was quiet except for the barking of dogs. The trees were bare, and the thin branches on top were bent in the wind. They gave off a sighing, crackling sound. Briefly, the sun broke through the clouds, disappeared, then returned as the clouds began to break. Old wooden houses—white, green, red, and brown—became bright in the sunlight. The boys moved in single file, not talking because of the wind and cold. Soon they broke into a slow trot. After a while, they stopped to rest beside a white board fence. Beyond the fence was a field of tall, wild grass and a few dogwood trees, and then a stretch of lawn that formed an apronlike expanse in front of a large old wooden house.

They decided to climb the fence and take a shortcut home. They raced through the tall grass and across the lawn, past the house, to a small wire fence that separated the property from a little alley where there were garbage cans and a row of private garages. They climbed the fence to the alley and saw a ladder leaning against a garage. Without saying a word, Ewing threw his books on the roof of the garage and went up the ladder. John and Hal followed.

For a while, they ran around the roof, yelling and whooping, and then they picked up small stones from the roof surface and began to throw them at the garbage cans below. While they were in the middle of an accuracy contest—the winner to be the first thrower, using three stones in succession, to hit a garbage can twice and get the other stone into its open top—a heavyset man wearing a sports coat came running from the old wooden house. "Get the hell off there!" he said.

"We're not bothering anyone," John said, throwing a stone, which missed the can and struck a garage door across the alley.

"You are God-damned well bothering *me*. Now, get down from there or I'm coming up after you," the man said.

John grabbed the top rung of the ladder and tried to pull it up onto the roof, but the man quickly yanked it down.

"I'll break your neck! Now, get off there!" he said.

Holding their books against their chests, the boys climbed down from the roof. John was last. As he stepped down to the alley, the man grabbed him by the shoulders and began to shake him. "You smart little bastard!" he said.

"You let me go," John said. He shook himself free, dropping a book. He ran off a few steps, then picked up a rock and threw it at the side window of the garage. There was a crash of shattered glass. The boys continued running for a quarter of a mile before daring to look back.

On the following morning, the owner of the garage telephoned Mr. Pearson, informing him that a boy who had dropped a library book belonging to the school—"The Pathfinder," by James Fenimore Cooper, checked out on February 4th—had thrown a rock through his garage window. He demanded restitution.

John's identity was immediately traced. Pale and forlorn, he was called into Mr. Pearson's office.

After a brief interrogation, Mr. Pearson looked at him coldly. "John, you are no longer a student at this school," he said. "You will turn in your books at once, and then go right home."

Feeling sick, John left without a word, passing Miss Cavendish, who regarded him with stony silence.

For a brief time, he stood in the empty hallway outside the principal's office, feeling light and dizzy, and then he returned to his classroom. Without saying a word to anyone, without a glance at Ewing or Hal, he cleared the books out of his desk, then went into the cloakroom and picked up his coat, hat, and lunch. He went down to the library, in the basement, turned in his books, received a receipt, and left the school.

He didn't go home. He spent part of the day in the woods. Carrying his lunch, he walked for miles through the deep woods, following the foot and bridle paths, which he knew well, and then striking out along the creek.

The day was sunny and cold, but he could see rain clouds far off. At times, he would follow the creek, walking beside it through fallen leaves, or he would stand on a rock in the middle of the rushing water and try to see how far down the creek he could move, hopping from rock to rock. Once, he slipped, his leg going into the water up to the knee. He turned up the wet elastic of his knicker and removed his shoe and sock. He put the wet sock in the pocket of his coat, and then he dried his leg with leaves. He poured the water out of his shoe and then put it back on. It was very uncomfortable.

At about one o'clock, he became hungry, and he sat down on a fallen tree in a small, sunny clearing and opened his brown bag. Bessie had put in some fried chicken and a piece of cake and a half-pint bottle of milk. He ate slowly.

After finishing his lunch, he wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, then put the chicken bones, wax paper, and milk bottle into the bag. He took a pencil out of his pocket and wrote on the bag, "John Lionel, Feb. 6, 1940. Thrown out of school." He put the bag between two fallen logs and covered it with a flat stone to protect it from the rain. Someday I'll come back and find it, he thought. He was surprised how good he felt. It was wonderful to have the whole day to do exactly as he pleased. He laughed out loud, then suddenly stood up and threw a handful of leaves up in the air and stood under them as they came down. He found some perfect throwing stones and, climbing partway up a hill, threw them into the creek.

A little later, as he walked along a dirt path, his foot quite wet and cold, he became despondent. They would all be waiting for him at home, he thought. He wished he didn't have to go home, but there was nowhere else to go. He suddenly wished he could be on a horse out West on the prairie somewhere, riding to a friendly place. Bessie and Ewing and Hal would be waiting for him, along with some wonderful Indian friends they had made. They'd sit around a campfire and sing and tell stories. He con-

MORITURI

listen dearest if I tell you
in the late hours when the last train
bolts gently from the station
that I know (though with you and no one else I forget it)
that love is only the loveliest evasion
even as you drink me down you know it too
we lie there lying to each other
although no other falsehood taints our touches
and that long poem of kind power you are
answers all unborn questions
                                        only
your large hand shields my eyes
softly because you see and know I see it
the long hallway toward which I am going slowly
I have always known the thin light on its scars
the screams of a child being beaten
a man with peculiar smiles who disappears
and a door where perspective ends leading to nothing
but a universal moving of cold wind
                                                  was this
the air you felt one summer night
when you reached around me to wrap up my shoulders
with a desperate look
as though all winters
had suddenly perched like vultures on my skin?

—Barbara Bellow Watson

• •

"I hate to disturb you when you're working, Daddy, but could I have like two hundred dollars?"

tinued to think in this way. It made him very happy, until he realized he wasn't on any horse and, no matter what, he'd have to go home eventually and face the music. Becoming more despondent than ever, he tried not to think of his father.

At about a quarter after two in the afternoon, John came out of the woods and took a bus to the Smithsonian Institution, spending the rest of the day in the Indian Exhibition. He enjoyed it very much.

IT was dark when John arrived home. Tired and frightened, he entered the house through the kitchen door. Bessie was preparing a platter of vegetables when she saw him.

"Honey, where you *been*? They all eating."

John looked down at the floor.

"Where's your sock?" she said, looking at his leg, still covered with bits of leaves.

He pulled the sock out of his pocket and handed it to her. Looking concerned, she smiled at him. "Don't you worry none. I know whatever happen it ain't your fault," she said, giving him a quick hug. "Your daddy been home since two o'clock looking for you. The school telephoned him. He been *stalking* around. You know his temper. He say they thrown you out. He saying *plenty*. . . ." She patted John's face. "I going to give you a little food. Now, you go on up to your room, tippy-toe like, and I tell him that you home but ain't hungry. After you finishes eating, put the plate under the bed. Maybe he calm down some. Now, don't forget to clean yourself up. You know how he get about that."

She quickly put a roll, a slice of warm pot roast, and some potatoes on a plate and handed it to him. John went quietly out the door to the hall and upstairs to his room.

While he ate, he heard his father yelling in the dining room below. Bessie must have told him I'm home, John thought. He hurriedly ate the roll and a little more pot roast, then put the half-empty plate under his bed and ran to the bathroom and cleaned up. Then he returned to his room and sat on the edge of his bed and waited.

When his father came into the room, John couldn't look at him. His father grabbed him under his arms and pulled him to his feet.

"Where in the hell have you been?" he said.

John didn't say anything.

"I'm talking to you! Where were you?"

"In the woods," John said, barely audible.

"What do you mean, 'in the woods'?"

John looked at his father, then at the floor. His father's face was stricken with anger and disappointment.

"There's something wrong with you," his father said.

John nodded.

"Well?"

John didn't say anything.

"You're out!" his father said.

John took a deep breath and looked at the globe on his desk.

"How does it feel to get kicked out?"

John was afraid he was going to be beaten. If his father hit him, he would never speak to him again. If that's the way he wants it, then he can hit me, John thought.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself?" his father asked.

John took a deep breath. "Daddy, this boy called Bessie an old nigger, and then I called him something, and then—"

"Shut up! You broke this man's window. *That's* why they threw you out."

"But I was telling you about *probation*."

"I'm not interested in your excuses. I know how you cursed that boy," he said.

"But, Daddy—"

"Shut up. You just want to break windows and curse and act like a rowdy, is that it?"

"No!" John yelled.

His father slapped him and said, "You make me sick!"

John didn't say anything.

"Do you hear me? Answer me!"

"Oh, Daddy, I don't care!" John said.

His father slapped him hard in the face.

It stung worse than the first time. Fighting back the tears, he tried to pretend that his father wasn't even there. He was never going to speak to him again. He would die first. His face was burning, and it was hard to breathe. He was going to be very nonchalant. It was a word that he had learned from Ewing, and he kept thinking, Nonchalant, nonchalant. At the same time, he wondered if he was going to get whipped with the belt.

"I'm sick of you," his father said. "We're all sick of you." And then he left the room.

John sat down on the bed and put his face in his hands. Then he sat up straight and, making a fist, whirled and hit the bed as hard as he could. He removed a shoe and threw it against the wall. Then he slowly undressed, trying very hard to be nonchalant. He put on his pajamas and got into bed and turned off the lamp on his night table. He lay there in the dark, his face stinging with rage and sorrow. "Oh, damn it to hell. I don't care," he said. He broke momentarily into sobs, then stifled them. "I don't give a good damn," he said. He sat up quickly and hit the pillow, and then fell back down. Gradually, he dropped off to sleep.

About three in the morning, feeling warm and feverish, John woke up. It was raining. He could hear the rain on the windows. He got out of bed and looked out. The faint light from the street lamps lay softly on the trees. Puddles on the sidewalk were splashing from the rain. Here and there mist rose from the lawns. He sat down on a chair by the window. He didn't feel well. The room felt close and uncomfortable. Very warm and slightly numb, he got up from the chair and walked somewhat unsteadily out of the room. The house was dark. Holding on to the bannister, he moved slowly down the stairs and turned on a small lamp in the hall. It was quiet but for the ticking of the grandfather clock. He went into the kitchen, opened the back door, and then, wearing only his pajamas, stepped out into the back yard as though it were the most natural thing in the world. He walked slowly, feeling shock at the cold wetness on his bare feet. It was a cold, hard rain, and he was quickly soaked. He stood on the grass and closed his eyes. After a few minutes, he sat down, looking at the darkened houses. He began to shiver. His pajamas clung to his body.

After about fifteen minutes, feeling frightened, his teeth chattering, he decided to go inside. He went up the stairs, got out of his wet pajamas, took a towel from the linen closet, and frantically wiped himself dry. Then he put on his knickers and bathrobe and got back into bed. His lips were purple. He fell into a stuporous sleep and awoke a few hours later, coughing and shaking violently.

The doctor came in the morning. John had pneumonia. In the days that followed, he nearly died. When news of his illness reached his school, he was, as an incentive to his recovery—as an act of mercy—reinstated in good standing.

THE sunlight was streaming into the room. Bessie came in with his lunch—hot pea soup, a grilled-cheese sandwich, and a glass of orange juice. While she straightened out his bed, he sat on a chair and ate from the tray she had put on the small table. "You started your back work, honey?" Bessie asked.

"Oh, Bessie, you're so nice and brown!" John said, suddenly smiling.

"Now, that ain't nice."

"How's Hamp?" John asked.

"Aw, Hampton he ain't nothing. Don't talk to me about him," she said. "You done your back work? Your mama wants to know."

"I can't do it all in one morning," John said.

"You started?"

"No," John said, reaching out and grabbing her by the arm. "Thanks for the grilled cheese, Bessie."

She leaned against the closet door and put a hand over her eyes.

"Are you tired?" John asked.

"I guess so."

"Why don't you sit down?"

"If I sit down, I afraid I can't get up," she said. She took a deep breath, then sighed. "Honey, your mama working me to death."

John put down his sandwich and looked annoyed. "Bessie, tell her you're no slave."

Bessie laughed. "You want to get me killed?"

"Now, listen—"

He suddenly stopped talking. His mother, wearing a heavy tweed coat, walked briskly into the room.

She looked equivocally at John. "I'm going out for a while. Do you want anything?"

John shook his head.

"Do we need anything in the house, Bessie?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am," Bessie said.

"You always say no, and we always run out of things," John's mother said. "You're the most *disorganized* person."

"Yes, Ma'am," Bessie said.

John took a sip of orange juice and stared at the tabletop. His mother stood in the center of the room, setting one foot forward and slightly raising the toe of her high-heeled shoe. During a silence that lasted for almost half a minute, she appeared vaguely distraught, with a wary and persecuted look that, in their combined presence, had become natural to her. She said to Bessie, "I know you've been talking about me."

"Why, Miss Mary!" Bessie said.

"Oh, you be quiet. I knew you'd deny it."

Bessie began to edge slowly toward the door. His mother looked at her. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I got my work to do," Bessie said.

"Oh, now you're so anxious about your *work*. Now, you just stay put." She looked at John and patted a stray wisp of hair into place. "I heard you *both* talking. I was standing outside the door." She looked at Bessie. "So I work you to death."

"Oh, you listened," John said.

"I *overheard*," his mother said. She unbuttoned her coat and began to take it off. "Oh, will you help me, Bessie?" Bessie helped her off with her coat. "We're going to have it out right now."

She nervously touched her forehead, then clasped her hands in front of her. "Now, Bessie," she said, nodding in John's direction. "I want you to tell Abraham Lincoln over there something."

Bessie smiled, then looked down at the coat she was holding.

"Now, are you a slave?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Oh, yes, you are," John said.

"I'm talking to Bessie," his mother said. "Now, please be quiet." She glared at him. "Now, Bessie, who takes care of your doctor bills and lends you money—and never gets paid back?"

"Now, I going to pay you back," Bessie said, looking hurt.

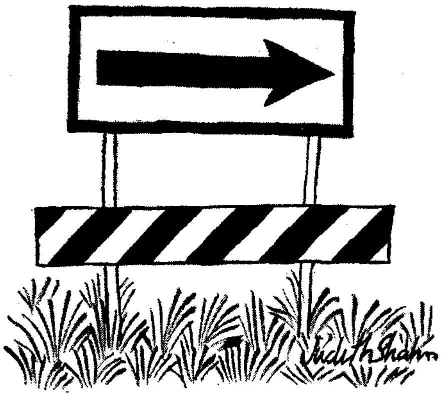
"Oh, be quiet. I'm not asking for the money," his mother said. "Now, can you *possibly* remember who sends you a turkey every Thanksgiving *and* Christmas?"

"You do, Miss Mary."

"Well, *thank* you," his mother said. She looked briefly at John, and then asked, "Now, Bessie, do you get low wages?"

Bessie looked down and smiled weakly.

"I'm talking to you, Bessie!"

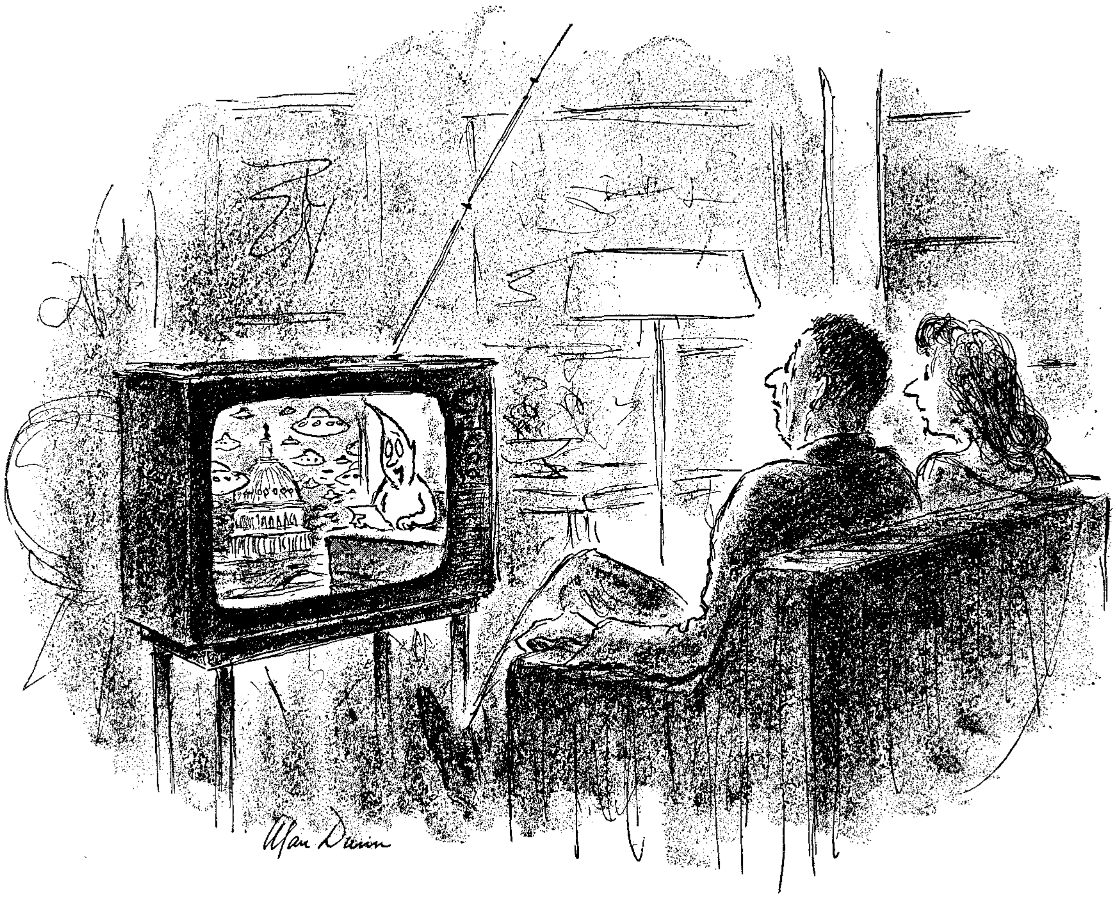


"They ain't low," Bessie said. "But they ain't high, either."

His mother, looking pained, unclasped her hands, then clasped them again. "Now, you listen to me. I bet there's not a maid in Washington who gets more. I was talking to Ewing's mother"—she glanced at John—"about their Martha. She's a friend of yours, Bessie, so you can ask her. Well, you get more than *she* gets, and do you know how long Martha's been in that family? *Forty* years. She came up with them from North Carolina, and she's just the *sweetest* person. She never complains, and she never acts surly or sulky like someone else I know—like this very *second*, Bessie. You should see the expression on your face."

Bessie sighed, briefly put a hand over her mouth, then looked down at the floor.

"She looks all right," John said, getting up from his chair. He sat down on the edge of the bed.



"This is Glub, sitting in for Tom Dunn on the 'Eleven O'Clock News,' and I wish to announce that there has been a rather sudden and sweeping change in your government."

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"You would take up for her. Naturally," his mother said. She smoothed her dress, then took a small handkerchief from its sleeve. "You take up for her and she takes up for you. It's wonderful." She dabbed her eyes. "So I'm not good to you, Bessie. Is that it?"

"Miss Mary, you're very good to me," Bessie said.

"Oh, say the truth!" John said.

"Now, John, honey," Bessie said. "Your mama's very good to me."

His mother touched her eyes lightly with her handkerchief, then looked at Bessie. "You used to show me such affection—such kindness and affection—"

"Now, Miss Mary, you know I love you," Bessie said, walking over and putting an arm around her and pulling her head gently to her shoulder. "You my sweet madam. You know I love you. I love this whole *family*."

His mother held Bessie's arm, then disengaged herself, wiping her eyes. "Well, just be nicer," she said. Then she looked somewhat wistfully at John. "You could *both* show me a little more kindness," she said.

"But, Bessie," John said, shaking his head, "how about your vacation? You know you want two weeks. How about your raise?"

Bessie half smiled, then looked at the floor.

His mother asked for her coat. Bessie held it for her. Buttoning her coat, she came over to John, who, feeling strangely unsettled by his mother's beauty and emotion and her talent for confusing what had seemed so clear, let himself be kissed.

When she left, John yawned and got into bed. He closed his eyes. In a few minutes, he was fast asleep. Bessie, who had left with his mother, came into his room and, finding him asleep, pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains.

She woke him two hours later. He felt wonderful—light and happy. She drew a bath for him. After he bathed, he got into fresh pajamas. Bessie made him put on his bathrobe, with a towel tucked in around his neck. She brought him a cup of tea with lemon.

While he was reading "Treasure Island," Ewing and Hal arrived. He heard them yelling in the street. There was a loud rapping at the front door; then he heard Bessie open it and say, "Well, if it ain't the James Boys."

They ran upstairs and into his room. John smiled widely but with a trace of shyness. It was a little strange to see them. They looked so different, John thought, and they seemed to have grown, particularly Ewing. John was so glad to see them that he could hardly talk.

He and Hal shook hands, and Ewing slapped him on the back.

"You look white as a sheet," Ewing said, unzipping his jacket.

"I'm all better," John said.

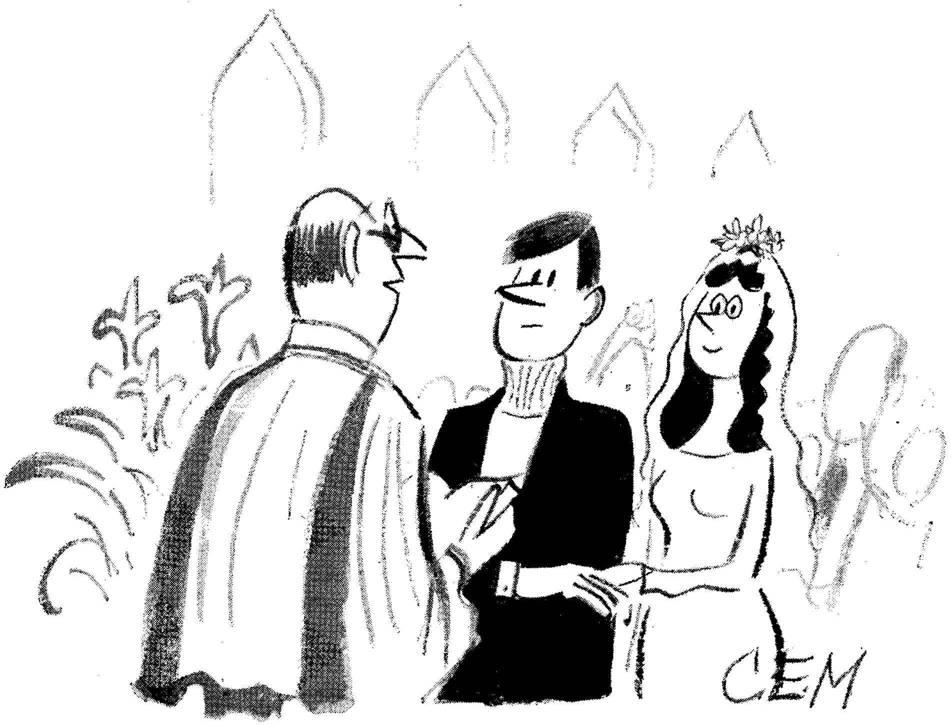
Hal pulled his red parka off over his head and sat down on a chair by the bed. Ewing tore off his leather aviator's cap and threw it on the desk. They all smiled back and forth, without saying much. Then, as Ewing took off his jacket, he said, "Say, Johnny, what animal has eyes and can't see and legs and can't walk, but can jump as high as the Washington Monument?"

John thought, and then said, "I don't know, Ewing. What?"

"A wooden horse," Ewing said, looking at Hal.

"But a wooden horse can't jump," John said.

"It can jump as high as the Wash-



"I now pronounce you turtleneck and wife."

• •

ington Monument, which can't jump, either," Ewing said.

"Oh Lord, Ewing, that's neat!" John said, smiling.

"Say," Ewing said. "Did you hear this joke? There was this elevator boy, and this lady said to him, 'Don't you get tired, son?,' and this boy said, 'Yes, Ma'am,' and she said, 'What makes you so tired? Is it going up?,' and he said, 'No, Ma'am,' and she said, 'Then is it going down?,' and he said, 'No, Ma'am.' 'Then what is it that makes you so tired?' she says, and this boy says, 'All the questions, Ma'am.' "

John laughed so hard that he began to cough. Hal slapped him on the back, and Ewing called Bessie, who had to bring John a glass of water. John then told Bessie the joke, and she said, smiling, "Honey, that's pretty good." Then she went back to work.

"Bessie's really neat," Ewing said.

Hal said everyone missed him at school, even Miss Dornholder.

"And Mr. Pearson misses you," Ewing said, smiling. "He misses seeing you in his office. I was sent there yesterday, and he *told* me."

John and Hal laughed.

"We met your mother, near the grocery store," Hal said.

"She's really pretty," Ewing said.

John nodded, then picked up his baseball glove and pounded the pocket.

"It won't be long now," he said.

"You said it," Ewing said. "We played catch on that warm day last week. Hal can throw a curve."

"I just learned all of a sudden," Hal said.

"Oh, that's great!" John said.

Ewing said that he had spoken to Ollie Parker, the coach of the Federal Vacuum Cleaner Peewee Team. "He's going to play you at third or short, Johnny, and me at second, and Hal's going to catch, and the Elbertson brothers are playing the outfield. We'll have a great team."

"They're measuring for uniforms in about two weeks," Hal said.

John felt extremely happy. Ollie had once told him that he had a lot of potential.

"I bet Washington makes the first division," Ewing said, putting on John's glove.

"Bucky Harris says he needs more pitching," Hal said.

"Well, we've got Travis," John said. "He'll just knock in more runs."

"He's great," Ewing said. "And so is Buddy Lewis."

"We always fold against the Yankees," Hal said.

"Not always," John said.

They played checkers—a round-robin tournament. Hal won. Ewing came in third. John was desolated when, playing for the championship of Northwest Washington, Hal forced him to jump, setting up a four-way jump by Hal's king. Seeing John was crushed, Hal said he'd take it over, but John shook his head. "Boy, was I *stupid!*" he said, looking morose. Ewing and Hal began to laugh, and then John began to laugh, too, and before long, without any further reason for merriment, they were hysterical.

Bessie heard a lot of laughing and screaming from the room. She served them milk and chocolate cake, and Ewing and Hal left about five-thirty.

AFTER dinner, Bessie stopped in John's room to say good night. "See you in the morning, honey. You take it slow and easy," she said, bending over his bed. He hugged her and then lay back.

"You better not be late," he said.

Bessie left. She was going home to her own children. He felt he loved her more than anyone he'd ever known. She was the kindest, most wonderful person in the world, and he was her "white child." Lying there, he couldn't ever remember being so happy in his whole life. He had no desire to use foul language. His mind was filled with pleasant impressions. He was getting better. He'd be out there soon with Ewing and Hal, playing third or short for Federal Vacuum Cleaner. He'd move like a big cat. He looked forward to the spring and summer afternoons. Feelings of love overwhelmed him.

Closing his eyes, he imagined meeting Freddy Rhodes in the street, and he said, "Hi, Rhodes, how are you doing?" His manner was friendly and nonchalant, not at all "extreme," and Rhodes was terribly surprised by his friendliness and became a new person.

John basked in a glow of redemption. Then it all seemed false. He knew he would fight Rhodes again. In his mind, the school playground came into view. He was on it, and he was fighting Freddy Rhodes. Freddy threw a hard punch, but John neatly ducked and threw a perfectly timed right to the jaw, and Rhodes went down to the ground.

An incredible gladness swept over John. "You had it coming, Freddy," he said, "but I don't hate you."

He felt wonderful all evening, and when his father stopped in for a little talk, John smiled with delight.

—JULIAN MAZOR

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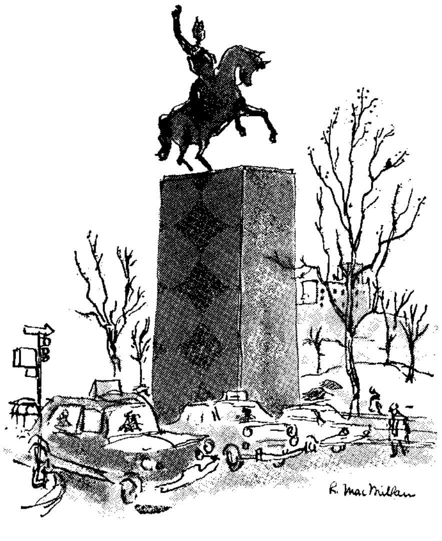
ANNALS OF FINANCE

IN DEFENSE OF STERLING—II

ON the evening of Tuesday, November 24, 1964, Alfred Hayes, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, arrived at his home, in New Canaan, Connecticut, at about six-thirty, exactly as usual; he had left the bank at his regular time and taken his usual 5:09 from Grand Central out of a combination of habit and principle—but with misgivings, inasmuch as the bank, and he with it, was in the thick of a crisis of worldwide proportions. Hayes, a tall, slim, soft-spoken man of fifty-four with keen eyes framed by owlish round spectacles, had a slightly schoolmasterish air and a reputation for unflappability. By so methodically going through familiar motions at such a time, he realized with amusement, he must seem to his colleagues to be living up to his reputation rather spectacularly. At his house, a former caretaker's cottage of circa 1840 that the Hayeses had bought and remodelled twelve years earlier, he was greeted, as usual, by his wife, a pretty and vivacious woman of Anglo-Italian descent named Vilma but always called Bebba, who loves to travel, has almost no interest in banking, and is the daughter of the late Metropolitan Opera baritone Thomas Chalmers. Since at that time of year it was completely dark when Hayes got home, he decided to forgo a favorite early-evening unwinding activity of his—walking to the top of a grassy slope beside the house which commands a fine view across the Sound to Long Island. Anyway, he was not really in a mood to unwind; instead, he felt keyed up, and decided he might as well stay that way overnight, since a car from the bank was scheduled to call at his door at four o'clock the next morning to take him to work.

During dinner, Hayes and his wife discussed subjects like the fact that their son, Tom, who was a senior at Harvard, would be arriving home the following day for his Thanksgiving recess. Afterward, Hayes settled down in an armchair to read for a while. In banking circles, he is thought of as a scholarly, intellectual type, and, indeed, he *is* scholarly and intellectual in comparison with most bankers; even so, his extra-banking reading tends to be not constant and all-embracing, as his wife's is, but sporadic, capricious, and intensive—everything about Napoleon for a while, perhaps, then a dry period, then a binge on, say, the Civil War. Just then, he was concentrating on the island of Corfu, where he and Mrs. Hayes were planning to spend some time. But before he had got very far into his latest Corfu book he was called to the telephone. The call was from the bank, on Liberty Street in downtown Manhattan, where the ranking member of the bank's foreign department, a vice-president named Charles A. Coombs, was spending the night, sleeping in one of several rooms that are maintained high up in the huge building's cavernous innards for such emergencies. There were new developments, which Coombs thought President Hayes ought to be kept abreast of.

The crisis that was keeping Coombs at the bank and would bring Hayes to it before dawn concerned the British pound sterling, which was—not for the last time—in desperate straits in the international money markets. Drastic action, which the Federal Reserve Bank not only would be intimately involved in but would actually join in initiating, was going to be taken by the government banks—or central banks, as they are more commonly called—of the non-Communist world's leading nations as soon as possible after the next morning's opening of the London and Continental financial markets, which would occur between 4 and 5 A.M. New York time. Britain was, in fact, face to face with bankruptcy, the reasons being that a huge deficit in its international accounts over the previous months had resulted in concomitant losses in the gold and dollar reserves held by the Bank of England; that worldwide fear lest the newly elected Labour Government decide, or be forced, to ease the situation by devaluing the pound from its dollar parity of about $2.80 to some substantially lower figure had caused a flood of selling of pounds by hedgers and speculators in the international money markets; that the Bank of England, fulfilling an international obligation to sustain the pound at a free-market price no lower than $2.78 by buying pounds with dollars, had been losing millions of dollars a day from its reserves, which now stood at about two billion dollars, their lowest point in many years; and that the previous day the rate of the drain on the British reserves had reached a million dollars a minute, which meant that unless things changed, Britain would be broke in less than a week. Nor was the concern in New York and the other Western financial centers just charitable and sentimental; if Britain were to be forced to avoid bankruptcy through devaluation, the move would upset the delicate balance of postwar monetary arrangements, would certainly result in the devaluation of other currencies, and might even help trigger a catastrophic world depression, such as the one that accompanied the devaluation of the pound in 1931.



The job that the Federal Reserve Bank faced the next day was that of mounting—or helping the Bank of England to mount—a rescue operation of unprecedented proportions. Britain had already taken strong measures independently to save its currency from devaluation and its resources from exhaustion; it had imposed such domestic austerity measures as broadly increased taxes and an emergency surcharge on imports, and only the previous day the Bank of England had startled—even shocked—the financial world by sharply raising its lending rate on a Monday, instead of on a Thursday as hallowed British precedent decreed. But all in vain. Now the remaining hope lay in amassing, in a matter of hours before it would be too late, an unheard-of sum in short-term dollar credits to Britain from the central banks of the world's rich nations. With such credits at its disposal, the Bank of England would presumably be able to buy up pounds so aggressively that the speculative attack could be absorbed, contained, and finally beaten back, giving Britain time to set its economic affairs in order. Just what the sum necessary for rescue should be was an open question, but earlier that day the monetary authorities of the United States and Britain had concluded that it would have to be at least two billion

"It is with the utmost sorrow I must tell you that without the ticket you may not receive your shirts."

• •

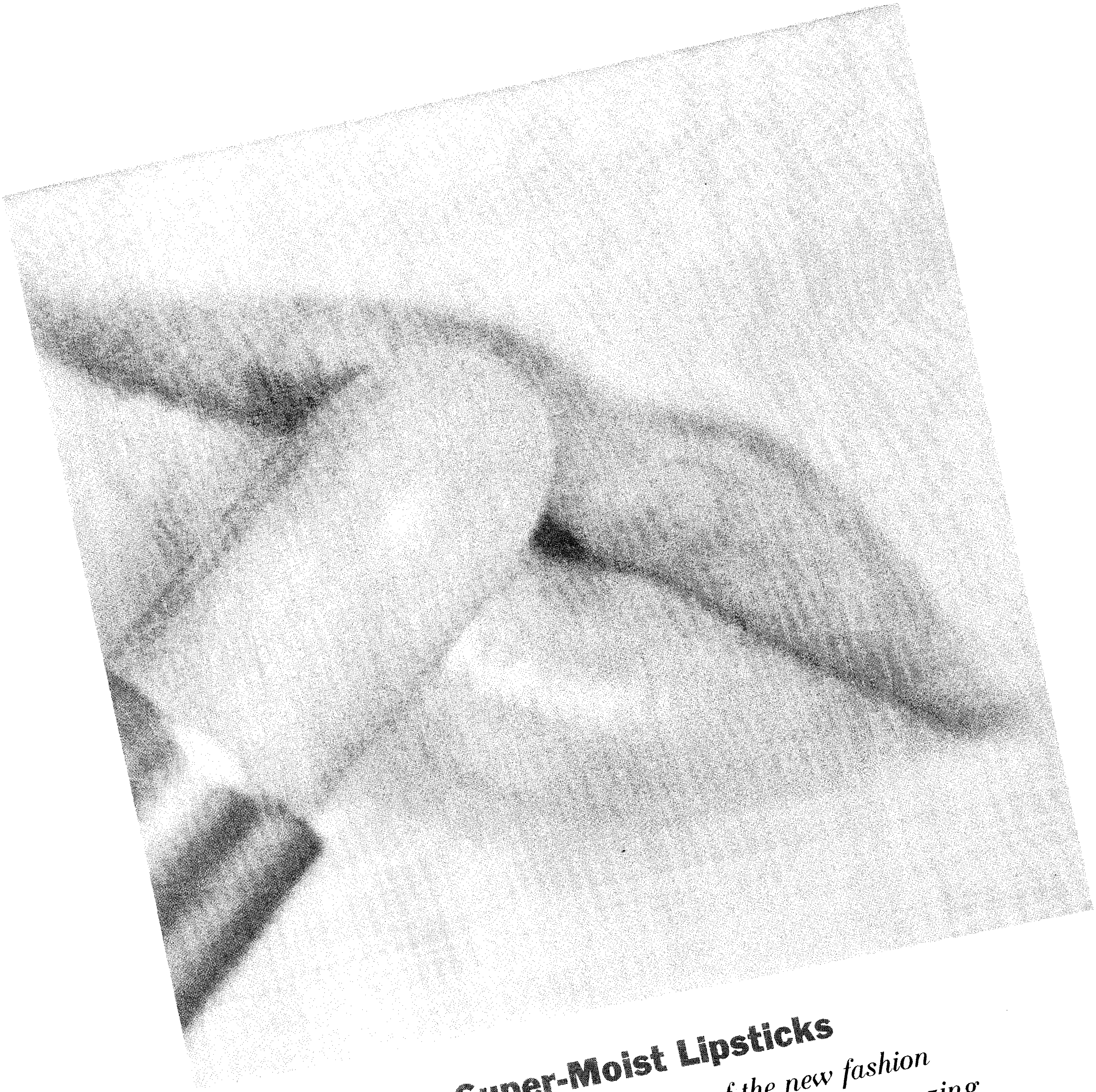
dollars, and perhaps even more. The United States, through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Treasury-owned Export-Import Bank, in Washington, had that day committed itself to one billion; the task that remained was to persuade the other leading central banks—habitually spoken of in the central-banking world as "the Continent," even though they include the Banks of Canada and Japan—to lend more than a billion in addition.

Nothing of the kind had ever been asked of the Continent before. In the centuries since central banking had arisen, along with industrial capitalism, the usual attitude of central banks toward each other had been *sauve qui peut*, when it had not been beggar-my-neighbor; international monetary coöperation had come into formal existence only in 1944, and a system of emergency credits, known among central bankers as the "swap network," for use in situations like this one had existed only since 1961. (Credits, of course, at the going rate of interest; not even central banks commit the ultimate banking heresy of lending money for nothing.) In September, 1964, the Continent had come through with its biggest collective emergency credit so far—half a billion dollars to the Bank of England for use in defending the pound, already embattled then. Now, with this half-billion loan still outstanding and the pound in far worse straits, the Continent was about to be called upon for more than twice that sum—perhaps five times that sum. Obviously, the spirit of coöperation, if not the quality of mercy, was about to be strained.

With such portentous matters churning around in his head, Hayes found it hard to keep his mind on Corfu. Besides, the prospect of the bank car's arrival at four o'clock made him feel that he should go to bed early. As he prepared to do so, Mrs. Hayes commented that since he would have to get up in the middle of the night, she supposed she ought to feel sorry for him but since he was obviously looking forward with keen anticipation to whatever it was that would get him up at that hour, she envied him instead.

DOWN on Liberty Street, Coombs slept fitfully until he was awakened by a clock radio in his room at about three-thirty New York time—that is to say, eight-thirty London time and nine-thirty farther east on the European Continent. A series of foreign-exchange crises involving Europe had so accustomed him to the time differential that he was inclined to think in terms of the European day, referring casually to 8 A.M. in New York as "lunchtime," and 9 A.M. as "midafternoon." So when he got up it was, in his terms, "morning," despite the stars that were shining over Liberty Street. Coombs got dressed, went to his office, on the tenth floor, where he had some breakfast provided by the bank's regular night kitchen staff, and began placing telephone calls to the various leading central banks of the non-Communist world. All the calls were put through by one telephone operator, who handles the Federal Reserve Bank's switchboard during off hours, and all of them were eligible for a special government-emergency priority that the bank's officers are entitled to claim, but on this occasion it did not have to be used, because at four-fifteen, when Coombs began his telephoning, the transatlantic circuits were almost entirely clear.

The calls were made essentially to lay the groundwork for what was to come. The morning news from the Bank of England, obtained in one of the first calls from Liberty Street, was that conditions were unchanged from the previous day: the speculative attack on the pound was continuing unabated, and the Bank of England was sustaining the pound's price at $2.7860



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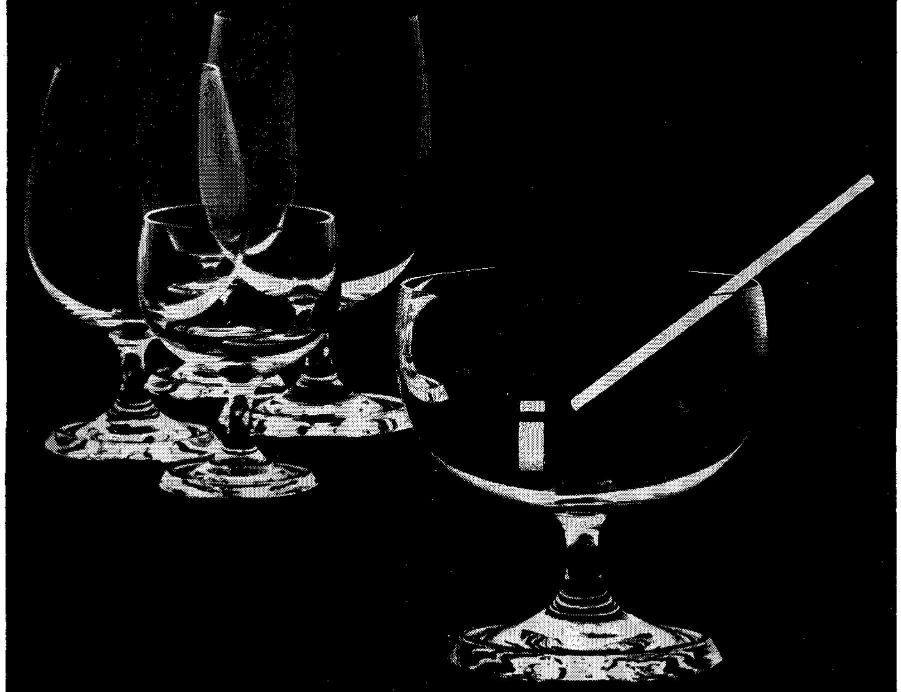

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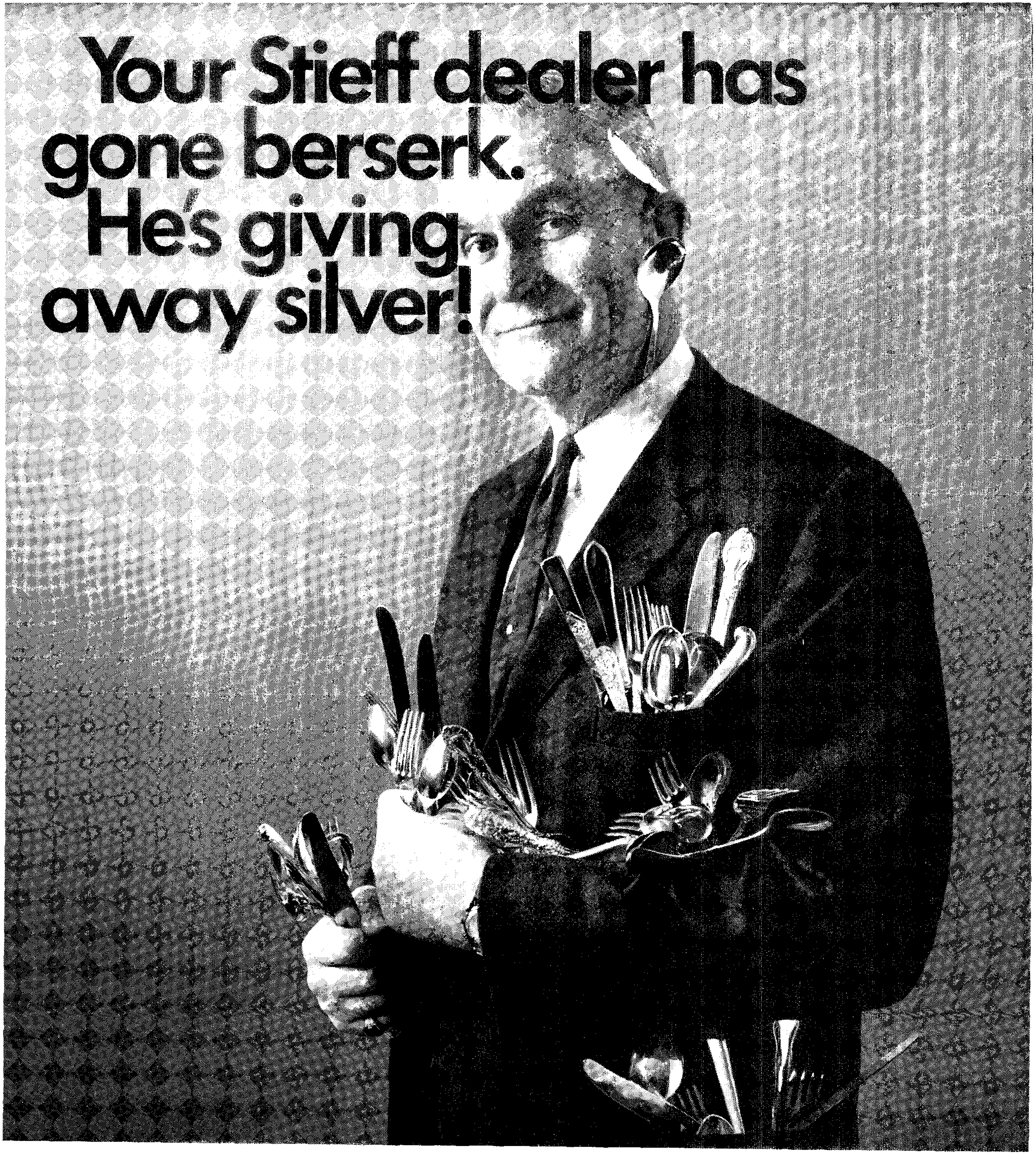
by throwing still more of its reserves on the market. (Under international rules, the Bank of England was pledged to maintain the free-market price of the pound between $2.78 and $2.82, and on the previous day, to give itself a slight margin of safety, it had settled on $2.7860, or $2.78⅗, as the price at which it would meet all offers.) Coombs had reason to believe that when the New York foreign-exchange market opened, some five hours later, vast additional quantities of pounds would be thrown on the market on this side of the Atlantic, and more British dollars and gold would have to be spent. He conveyed this alarming intelligence to his counterparts at such institutions as the Deutsche Bundesbank, in Frankfurt; the Banque de France, in Paris; the Banca d'Italia, in Rome; and the Bank of Japan, in Tokyo. (In the last case, the officers had to be reached at their homes, for the fourteen-hour time difference made it already past 6 P.M. in the Orient.) Then, coming to the crux of the matter, Coombs informed the representatives of the various banks that they were soon to be asked, in behalf of the Bank of England, for a loan far bigger than any they had ever been asked for before. "Without going into specific figures, I tried to make the point that it was a crisis of the first magnitude, which many of them still didn't realize," Coombs has said. An officer of the Bundesbank, who knew as much about the extent of the crisis as anyone outside London, Washington, and New York, has said that in Frankfurt they were "mentally prepared"—or "braced" might be a better word—for the huge touch that was about to be put on them, but that right up to the time of Coombs' call they had been hoping the speculative attack on the pound would subside of its own accord, and even after the call they had no idea how much they might be asked for. In any event, as soon as Coombs was off the wire the Bundesbank's governor called a board of managers' meeting, and, as things turned out, the meeting was to remain in session all day long.

Still, all this was preparatory. Actual requests, in specific amounts, had to be made by the head of one central bank of the head of another. At the time Coombs was making his softening-up calls, the head of the Federal Reserve Bank was in the bank's limousine, somewhere between New Canaan and Liberty Street, and the bank's limousine, in flagrant nonconformity with the James Bond style of high-level in-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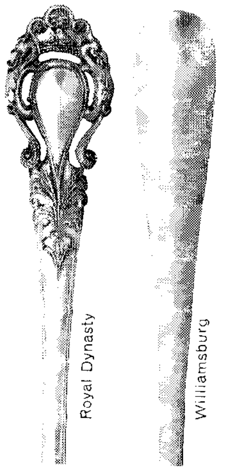

ternational dealings, was not equipped with a telephone.

HAYES, the man being awaited, had been president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York for a little over eight years, having been chosen for the job, to his own and almost everyone else's bewilderment, not from some position of comparable eminence or from the Federal Reserve's own ranks but from among the swarming legions of New York commercial-bank vice-presidents. Unorthodox as the appointment seemed at the time, in retrospect it seems providential. A study of Hayes' early life and youthful career gives the impression that everything was somehow intended to prepare him for dealing with this sort of international monetary crisis, just as the life of a writer or a painter sometimes seems to have consisted primarily of preparation for the execution of a single work of art. If Divine Providence, or perhaps its financial department, when the huge sterling crisis was imminent, had needed an assessment of Hayes' qualifications for coping with this task and had hired the celestial equivalent of an executive recruiter to report on him, the dossier might have read something like this:

"Born in Ithaca, New York, on July 4, 1910; grew up mostly in New York City. Father a professor of Constitutional law at Cornell, later a Manhattan investment counsellor; mother a former schoolteacher, enthusiastic suffragette, settlement-house worker, and political liberal. Both parents bird-watchers. Family atmosphere intellectual, freethinking, and public-spirited. Attended private schools in New York City and Massachusetts and was usually his school's top-ranking student. Then went to Harvard (freshman year only) *and* Yale (three years: mathematics major, Phi Beta Kappa in junior year, ineffectual oar on class crew, graduated 1930 as top B.A. of class). Studied at New College, Oxford, as Rhodes Scholar 1931-33; there became firm Anglophile, and wrote thesis on 'Federal Reserve Policy and the Working of the Gold Standard in the Years 1923-30,' although he had no thought of ever joining the Federal Reserve. Wishes now he had the thesis, in case it contains blinding youthful illuminations, but neither he nor New College can find it. Entered New York commercial banking in 1933, and rose slowly but steadily (1938 annual salary twenty-seven hundred dollars). Attained title (albeit feeble title) of assistant secretary at

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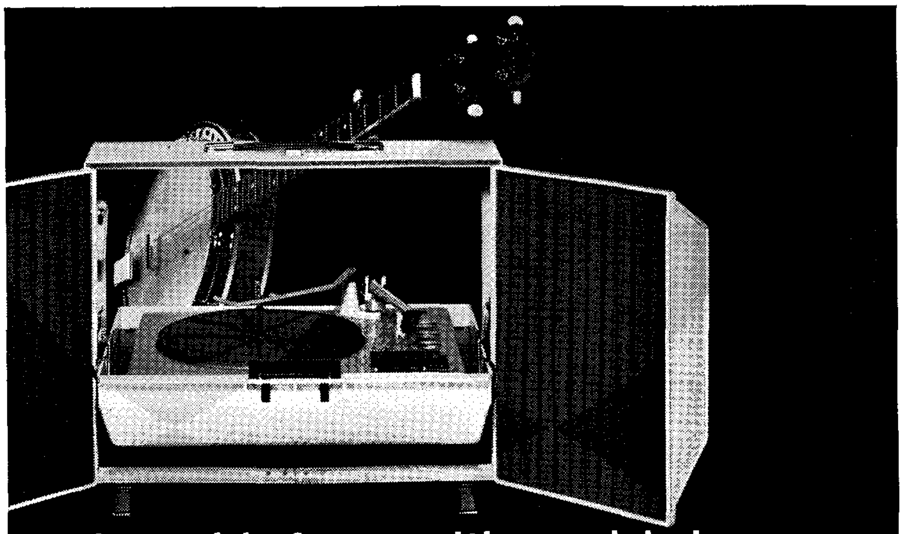
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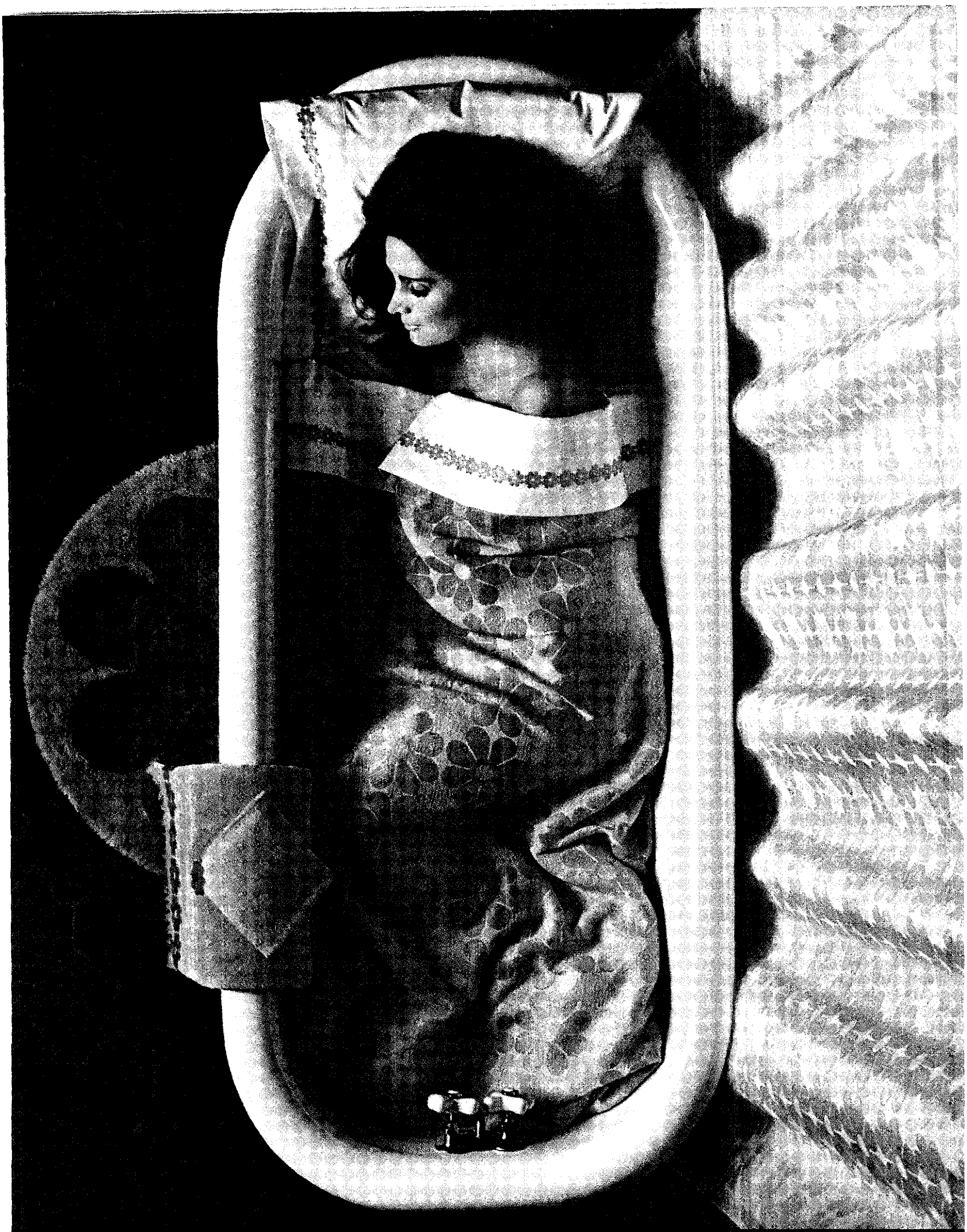

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New York Trust Company in 1942; after a Navy stint, in 1947 became an assistant vice-president and two years later head of New York Trust's foreign department despite total lack of previous experience in foreign banking. Apparently learned fast; astounded his colleagues and superiors, and gained reputation among them as foreign-exchange wizard by predicting precise amount of 1949 pound devaluation ($4.03 to $2.80) a few weeks before it occurred.

"Was appointed president of Federal Reserve Bank of New York in 1956, to his utter astonishment and that of New York banking community, most of which had never heard of this rather shy man. Reacted calmly by taking his family on a two-month vacation in Europe. The consensus now is that Federal Reserve Bank's directors had almost implausible prescience, or luck, in picking a foreign-exchange expert just when the dollar was weakening and international monetary cooperation becoming crucially important. Is liked by European central bankers, who call him Al (which often comes out sounding more like All). Earns seventy-five thousand dollars a year, making him the second-highest-paid federal official after the President of the United States, Federal Reserve Bank salaries being intended to be more or less competitive in banking terms rather than in government-employee terms. Is very tall and very thin. Tries to observe regular commuting hours and keep his private life sacrosanct, as a matter of principle; considers regular evening work at an office 'outrageous.' Complains that his son has a low opinion of business; attributes this to 'reverse snobbery'—but even then remains calm.

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And, indeed, Hayes readily fits the picture of a perfectly planned and perfectly tooled piece of machinery to perform a certain complex task, but there are other sides to him, and his character contains as many paradoxes as the next man's. Although hardly anyone in banking ever tries to describe Hayes without using the words "scholarly" and "intellectual," Hayes tends to think of himself as an indifferent scholar and intellectual but an effective man of action, and on the latter score the events of November 25, 1964, seem to bear him out. Although in some ways he is the complete banker—in conformity with H. G. Wells' notion of such a banker, he seems to "take money for

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granted as a terrier takes rats," and to be devoid of philosophical curiosity about it—he has a distinctly unbankerlike philosophical curiosity about almost everything else. And although casual acquaintances sometimes pronounce him dull, his close friends speak of a rare capacity for enjoyment and an inner serenity that seem to make him immune to the tensions and distractions that fragment the lives of so many of his contemporaries. Doubtless the inner serenity was put to a severe test as Hayes rode in the bank car toward Liberty Street. When he arrived at his desk at about five-thirty, Hayes' first act was to punch Coombs' button on his interoffice phone and get the foreign-department chief's latest appraisal of the situation. He learned that, as he had expected, the Bank of England's sickening dollar drain was continuing unabated. Worse than that, though; Coombs said his contacts with local bankers who were also on emergency early-morning vigil (men in the foreign departments of the huge commercial banks like the Chase Manhattan and the First National City) indicated that overnight there had accumulated a fantastic pile of orders to unload pounds on the New York market as soon as it opened. The Bank of England, already almost inundated, could expect a new tidal wave from New York to hit in four hours. The need for haste thus became even more urgent. Hayes and Coombs agreed that the project of putting together an international package of credits to Britain should be announced as soon as possible after the New York opening—perhaps as early as ten o'clock. So that the bank would have a single center for all its foreign communications, Hayes decided to forsake his own office—a spacious one with panelled walls and comfortable chairs grouped around a fireplace—and let Coombs' quarters, down the hall, which were much smaller and more austere but more efficiently arranged, serve as the command post. Once there, he picked up one of three telephones and asked the operator to get him Lord Cromer, then the governor of the Bank of England. When the connection was made, the two men—the key figures in the proposed rescue operation—reviewed their plans a final time, checking the sums they had tentatively decided to ask of each central bank and agreeing on who would call whom first.

In the eyes of some people, Hayes and Lord Cromer make an oddly assorted pair. George Rowland Stanley Baring, third Earl of Cromer, is half aristocrat and half banker. Son of a distinguished Lord Chamberlain, a scion of the famous London merchant bank of Baring Brothers, and a godson of King George V, the third Earl went to Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and spent twelve years as a managing director of his family's bank and then two years—from 1959 to 1961—as Britain's economic minister and chief representative of his country's Treasury in Washington. If Hayes had acquired his mastery of the arcana of international banking by patient study, Lord Cromer, who is no scholar, acquired his by heredity, instinct, or osmosis. If Hayes, despite his unusual physical stature, could easily be overlooked in a crowd, Lord Cromer, who is of average height but debonair and dashing, would cut a figure anywhere. If Hayes is inclined to be a bit hesitant about casual intimacies, Lord Cromer is known for his hearty manner, and has—doubtless unintentionally—both flattered and obscurely disappointed many American bankers who have been awed by his title by quickly encouraging them to call him Rowley. "Rowley is very self-confident and decisive," an American banker has said. "He's never afraid to barge in, because he's convinced of the reasonableness of his own position. But then he's a reasonable man. He's the kind of man who in a crisis would be able to grab the telephone and do something about it." This banker confesses that until November 25, 1964, he had not thought Hayes was that kind of man.

Beginning at about six o'clock that morning, Hayes did grab the phone, right along with Lord Cromer. One after another, the leading central bankers of the world—among them President Karl Blessing, of the Deutsche Bundesbank; Dr. Guido Carli, of the Bank of Italy; Governor Jacques Brunet, of the Bank of France; Dr. Walter Schwegler, of the Swiss National Bank; and Governor Per Åsbrink, of the Swedish Riksbank—picked up *their* phones and discovered, some of them with considerable surprise, the degree of gravity that the sterling crisis had reached in the past day, the fact that the United States had committed itself to a short-term loan of one billion dollars, and that they were being asked to dig deep into their own nations' reserves to help tide sterling over. Some first heard all this from Hayes, some from Lord Cromer; in either case, they heard it not from a casual or official

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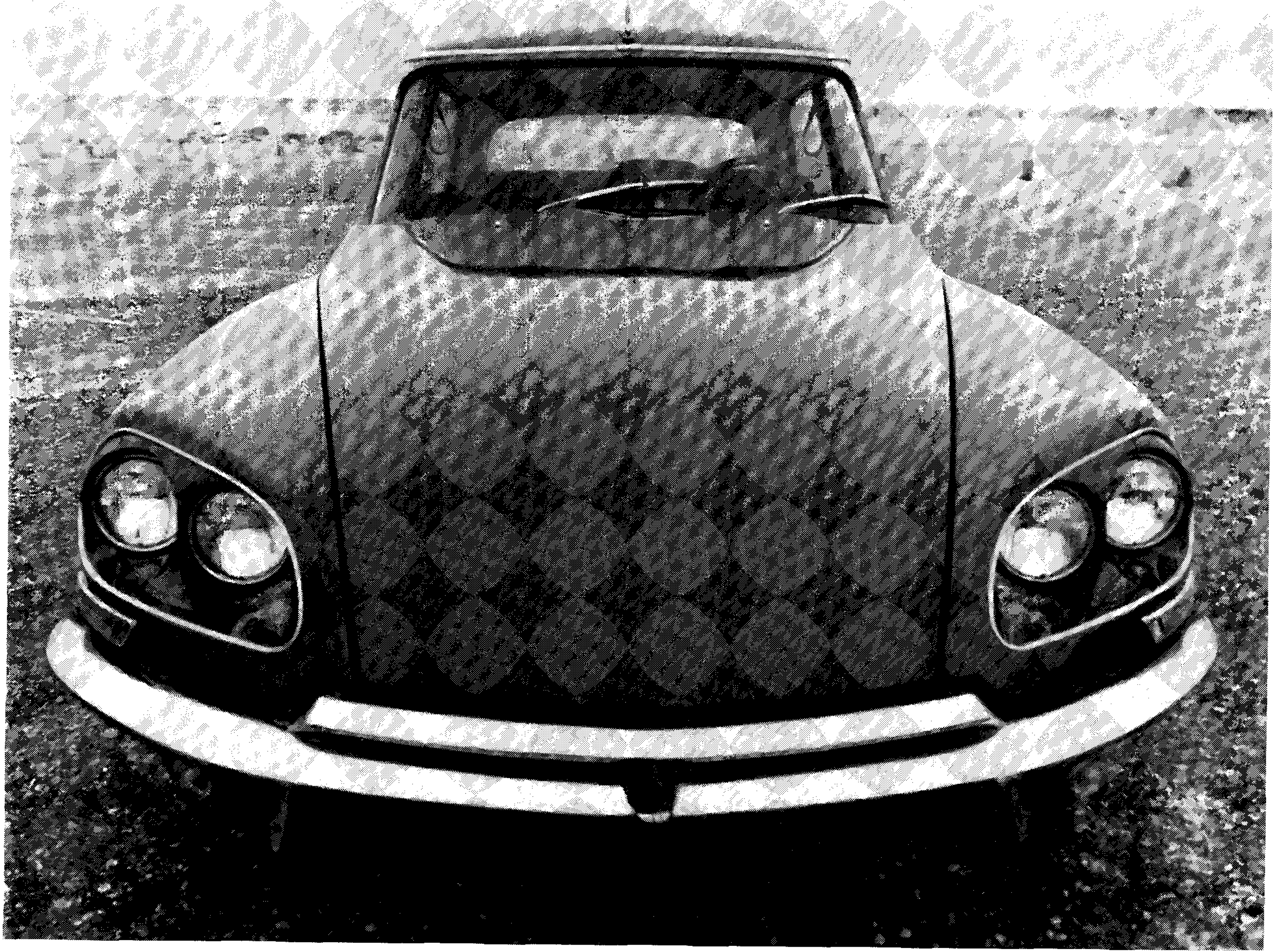

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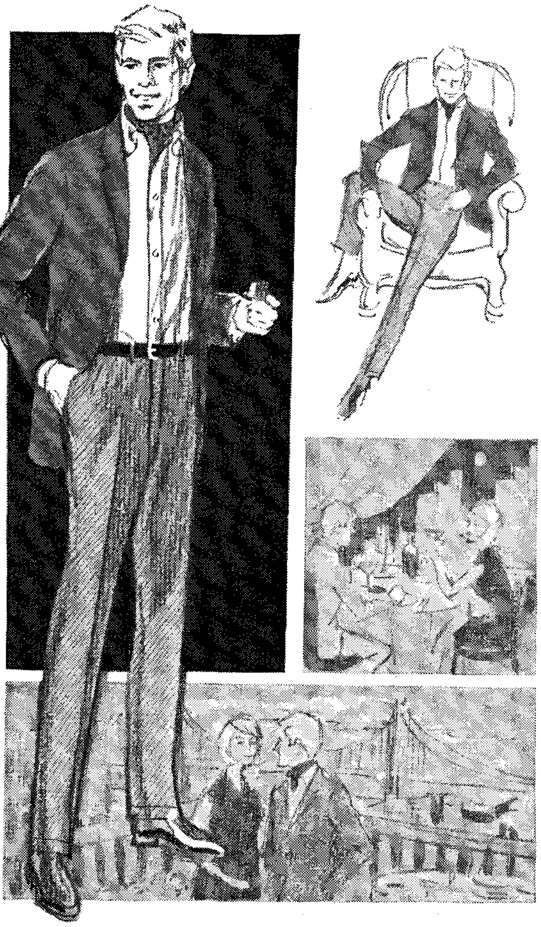

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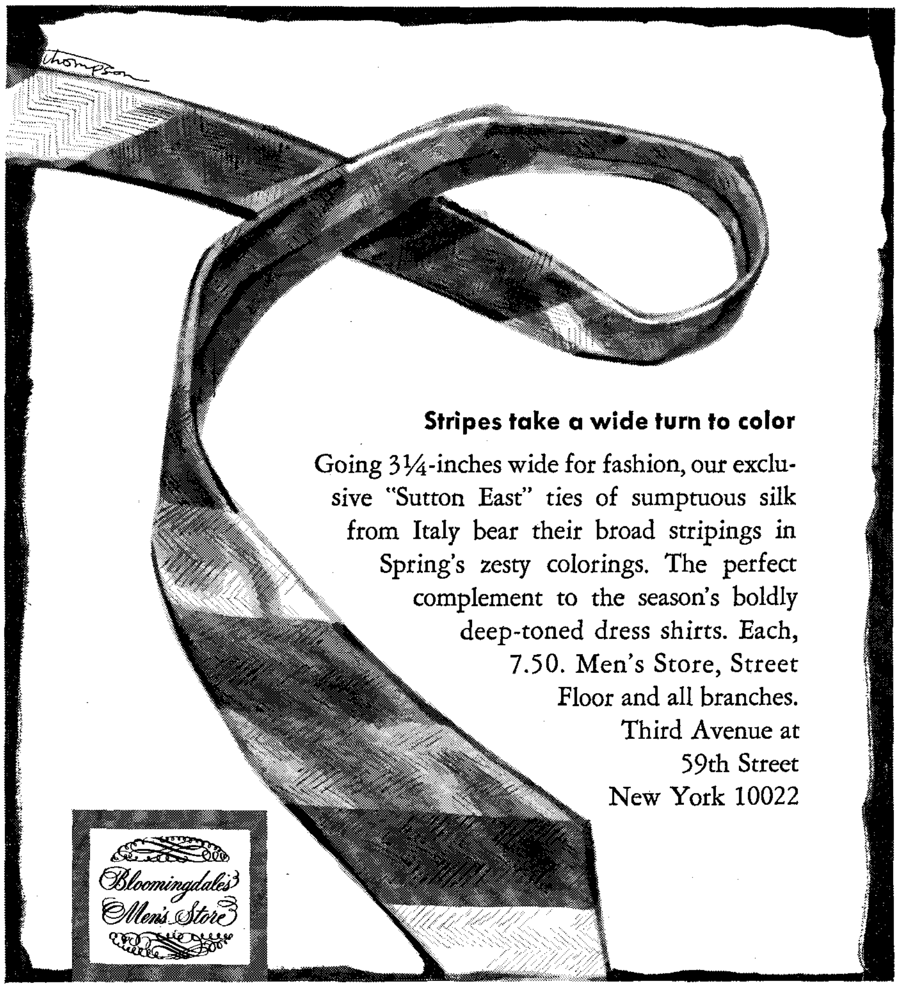

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acquaintance but from a fellow-member of a kind of esoteric fraternity, who was, in many instances, a good friend, since close and constant personal association among the leading central bankers is one of the bases of their recently developed ability to coöperate with a decision and dispatch that are usually impossible in international diplomacy. Hayes, whose position as representative of the one country that had already pledged a huge sum cast him almost automatically as the leader of the operation, was careful to make it clear in each of his calls that his part in the proceedings was to put the weight of the Federal Reserve behind a request that formally came from the Bank of England. "The pound's situation is critical, and I understand the Bank of England is requesting a credit line of two hundred and fifty million dollars from you," he would say, in his calm way, to one Continental central-bank governor or another. "I'm sure you understand that this is a situation where we all have to stand together." (He and Coombs always spoke English, in which, happily for the pound, almost all central bankers are completely at home. Despite the fact that he regularly takes French refresher lessons, Hayes remains a dub at languages and does not trust himself to carry on an important business conversation in anything but English.) In those cases in which he was on particularly close terms with his Continental counterpart, he spoke more informally, using a central-bankers' jargon in which the conventional numerical unit is a million dollars. Hayes would say smoothly in such cases, "Do you think you can come in for, say, a hundred and fifty?" Regardless of the degree of formality of the approach Hayes made, the first response, he says, was generally cageyness, not unmixed with shock. "Is it really as bad as all that, Al? We were still hoping that the pound would recover on its own" is the kind of thing he recalls having heard several times. When Hayes assured them that it was indeed as bad as all that, and that the pound would certainly not recover on its own, the usual response was something like "We'll have to see what we can do and then call you back." Some of the Continental central bankers have said that what impressed them most about Hayes' first call was not so much what he said as when he said it. Realizing that it was still well before dawn in New York, and knowing Hayes' addiction to what are commonly thought of as bankers' hours, these Europeans perceived that things must be grave the moment they

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heard his voice. As soon as Hayes had broken the ice at each Continental bank, Coombs would take over and get down to details with his counterparts.

The first round of calls left Hayes, Lord Cromer, and their associates on Liberty and Threadneedle Streets relatively hopeful. Not one bank had given them a flat no—not even, to their delight, the Bank of France, although French policy had already begun moving sharply away from coöperation with Britain and the United States in monetary matters, among others. Furthermore, several governors had surprised them by suggesting that their countries' subscriptions to the loan might actually be bigger than those suggested. With this encouragement, Hayes and Lord Cromer decided to raise their sights. They had originally been aiming for credits of two and a half billion dollars; now, on reconsideration, they saw that there was a chance for three billion. "We decided to up the ante a little here and there," Hayes says. "There was no way of knowing precisely what sum would be the least that would do the job of turning the tide. We knew we would be relying to a large extent on the psychological effect of our announcement—assuming we would be able to make the announcement. Three seemed to us a good, round figure."

But difficulties lay ahead, and the biggest difficulty, it became clear as the return calls from the various banks began to come in, was to get the thing done quickly. The hardest point to convey, Hayes and Coombs found, was that each passing minute meant a further loss of a million dollars or more to the British reserves, and that if normal channels were followed the loans would unquestionably come too late to avert devaluation of the pound. Some of the central banks were required by law to consult their governments before making a commitment and some were not, but even those that were not insisted on doing so, as a courtesy; this took time, especially since more than one Finance Minister, unaware that he was being sought to approve an enormous loan on an instant's notice, with little evidence of the necessity for it beyond the assurance of Lord Cromer and Hayes, was temporarily unavailable. (One happened to be engaged in debate in his country's parliament.) And even in cases where the Finance Minister was at hand, he was sometimes reluctant to act in such a shotgun way. Governments move more deliberately in money matters than central bankers do. Some of the Finance Ministers said,

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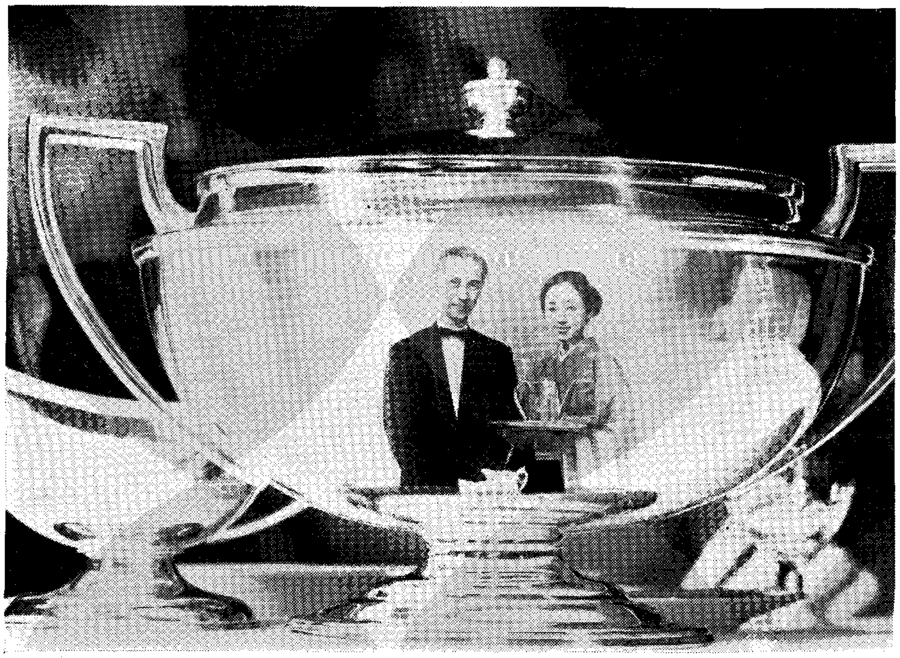

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in effect, that upon proper submission of a balance sheet of the Bank of England, along with a formal written application for the emergency credit, they would gladly consider the matter. Furthermore, some of the central banks themselves showed a maddening inclination to stand on ceremony. The foreign-exchange chief of one bank is said to have replied to the request by saying, "Well, isn't this convenient! We happen to have a board meeting scheduled for tomorrow. We'll take the matter up then, and afterward we'll get in touch with you." The reply of Coombs, who happened to be the man on the wire in New York, is not recorded in substance, but its manner is reported to have been uncharacteristically vehement. Even Hayes' celebrated imperturbability was shaken a time or two, or so those who were present have said; his tone remained as calm and even as ever, but its volume rose far above the usual level.

The problems that the Continental central banks faced in meeting the challenge are well exemplified by the situation at the richest and most powerful of them, the Deutsche Bundesbank. Its board of managers was already sitting in emergency session as a result of Coombs' early call when another New York call—this one from Hayes to President Blessing—gave the Bundesbank its first indication of exactly how much it was being asked to put up. The amounts the various central banks were asked for that morning have never been made public, but, on the basis of what *has* become known, it is reasonable to assume that the Bundesbank was asked for half a billion dollars—the highest quota of the lot, and certainly the largest sum that any central bank other than the Federal Reserve had ever been called upon to supply to another on a few hours' notice. Hard on the heels of Hayes' call conveying this jarring information, Blessing heard from Lord Cromer, in London, who confirmed everything that Hayes had said about the seriousness of the crisis and repeated the request. Wincing a bit, perhaps, the Bundesbank managers agreed in principle that the thing had to be done. But right there their problems began. Proper procedure must be adhered to, Blessing and his aides decided. Before taking any action, they must consult with their economic partners in the European Common Market and the Bank for International Settlements, and the key man to be consulted, since he was then serving as president of the Bank for Internation-

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al Settlements, was Dr. Marius W. Holtrop, governor of the Bank of the Netherlands, which, of course, was also being asked to contribute. A rush person-to-person call was put through from Frankfurt to Amsterdam. Dr. Holtrop, the Bundesbank managers were informed, wasn't in Amsterdam; by chance, he had taken a train that morning to The Hague to meet his country's Finance Minister for consultation on other matters. For the Bank of the Netherlands to make any such important commitment without the knowledge of its governor was out of the question, and, similarly, the Bank of Belgium, a nation whose monetary policies are linked inextricably with the Netherlands', was reluctant to act until Amsterdam had given its O.K. So for an hour or more, as millions of dollars continued to drain out of the Bank of England and the world monetary order stood in jeopardy, the whole rescue operation was hung up while Dr. Holtrop, crossing the Dutch lowlands by train, or perhaps already in The Hague and tied up in a traffic jam, could not be found.

ALL this, of course, meant agonizing frustration in New York. As morning began here at last, Hayes' and Coombs' campaign got a boost from Washington. The leading government monetary authorities—Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board William McChesney Martin, Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, and Under-Secretary for Monetary Affairs Robert Roosa—had all been intimately involved in the previous day's planning for the rescue, and part of the planning had been the decision to let the New York bank, as the Federal Reserve System's and the Treasury's normal operating arm in international monetary dealings, serve as campaign headquarters. So the members of the Washington contingent had slept at home and come to their offices at the normal hour. Now, having learned from Hayes of the difficulties that were developing, Martin, Dillon, and Roosa pitched in with transatlantic calls of their own to emphasize the extent of America's concern over the matter. But no number of calls from anywhere could hold back the clock—or, for that matter, find Dr. Holtrop—and Hayes and Coombs finally had to abandon their idea of having a credit bundle ready in time for an announcement to the world at or near 10 A.M. in New York. And there were other reasons, too, for a fading of the early hopes. As the New York markets opened, the extent of the alarm that had spread around the financial world overnight was only too clearly revealed. The bank's foreign-exchange trading desk, on the seventh floor, reported that the assault on the pound at the New York opening had been fully as terrifying as they had expected, and that the atmosphere in the local exchange market had reached a state not far from panic. From the bank's securities department came an alarming report that the market for United States government bonds was coming under the heaviest pressure in years, reflecting an ominous lack of confidence in the dollar on the part of bond traders. This intelligence served as a grim reminder to Hayes and Coombs of something they knew already—that a fall of the pound in relation to the dollar could quite possibly be followed, in a kind of chain reaction, by a forced devaluation of the dollar in relation to gold, which might cause monetary chaos everywhere. If Hayes and Coombs had been permitting themselves any moments of idle reverie in which to picture themselves simply as good Samaritans, this was just the news to bring them back to reality. And then word arrived that the wild tales flying around Wall Street showed signs of crystallizing into a single tale, demoralizingly credible because it was so specific. The British government, it was being said, would announce a sterling devaluation at around noon New York time. Here was something that could be authoritatively refuted, at least in respect to timing, since Britain would obviously not devalue while the credit negotiations were under way. Torn between the desire to quell a destructive rumor and the need to keep the negotiations secret until they were concluded, Hayes compromised. He had one of his associates call a few key Wall Street bankers and traders to say, as emphatically as possible, that the latest devaluation rumor was, to his firm knowledge, false. "Can you be more specific?" the associate was asked, and he replied, because there was nothing else he could reply, "No, I can't."

This unsupported word was something, but it was not enough; the foreign-exchange and bond markets were only momentarily reassured. There were times that morning, Hayes and Coombs now admit, when they put

A message to anyone who's been to Europe.

If you've fed the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, and looked down at Paris from the Eiffel Tower, if you've stared at the crowds on the Via Veneto, and watched the bulls charge in Madrid; in short, if you've seen Europe and are looking for a new place to write home about, let us make a suggestion:

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Stay on a houseboat in Kashmir and sip cocktails prepared by your own personal valet. Bargain for jewels and rugs with merchants who love to haggle. Flirt with par on lush, rolling golf courses.

Visit the caves of Ellora and Ajanta where a 2,000-year-old civilization—Buddhist, Hindu and Jain—has been immortalized in rock. (Bring a pair of comfortable shoes. The caves, filled with carvings and frescoes, stretch on for miles.)

Go see Madras, a colorful, bustling city that boasts, among other things, the finest silk emporiums in all of India. (Only a strong man can resist bringing back his wife a few of the bright, gaily-colored sarees Madras is famous for.)

Journey to the deep south. To Kerala, the fertile, palm-studded region so reminiscent of islands in the South Seas and the Caribbean. Loaf about on beautiful beaches. Explore mysterious inland waterways. Visit a wild life sanctuary abounding in elephants, tigers, and wild boars. (Also visit with some of the handsomest people in the world.)

Does the thought of such a trip intrigue you? We hope so. We hope you come and stay with us awhile. It would be our pleasure to have you.

For more information on what to do and see in India, see your travel agent, or write to: Government of India Tourist Office; New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

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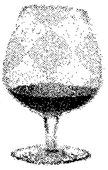
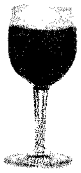
If it can be drunk, the chances are the Irish make it better. Irish ale and stout and Irish Whiskey and even the rich Irish cream are all justly famous.

And the talent travels.



One of France's all-time classic cognacs, for example, bears the fine old Irish name, "Hennessy," and not by chance.



And the label on a wonderfully soft and silken French red wine reads "Haut Brion," which is French for Gaelic: "O'Brian."

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down their telephones, looked at each other across the table in Coombs' office, and wordlessly exchanged the thought: It isn't going to be done in time. But—in the best tradition of melodrama, which sometimes seems to survive stubbornly in nature at a time when it is dead in art—just when things looked darkest, good news began to arrive. Dr. Holtrop had been tracked down in a restaurant in The Hague, where he was having lunch with the Netherlands' Minister of Finance, Dr. J. W. Witteveen; moreover, Dr. Holtrop had endorsed the rescue operation, and as for the matter of consulting his government, *that* was no problem, since the responsible representative of his government was sitting across the table from him. The chief obstacle was thus overcome, and after Dr. Holtrop had been reached the difficulties began narrowing down to annoyances like the necessity for continually apologizing to the Japanese for routing them out of bed as midnight arrived and passed in Tokyo. The tide had turned. Before noon in New York, Hayes and Coombs, and Lord Cromer and his deputies in London as well, knew that they had agreement in principle from ten Continental central banks—those in West Germany, Italy, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, Sweden, Austria, and Japan—and also from the Bank for International Settlements.

There remained the wait while each central bank went through the painfully slow process of completing whatever formalities were required to make its action legal and proper. The epitome of orderliness, the Bundesbank, could not act until it had obtained ratification from the members of its board of directors, most of whom were in provincial outposts scattered around Germany. The two leading Bundesbank deputies divided up the job of calling the absent directors and persuading them to go along—a job that was made more delicate by the fact that the absent directors were being asked to approve something that, in effect, the bank's home office had already undertaken to do. At midafternoon by Continental time, while the two deputies were busy at this exercise in double-talk, Frankfurt got a new call from London. It was Lord Cromer, no doubt sounding as exasperated as his situation permitted, and what he had to say was that the rate of British reserve loss had become so rapid that the pound could not survive another day. Formalities notwithstanding, it was a case of now or never. (The Bank of Eng-

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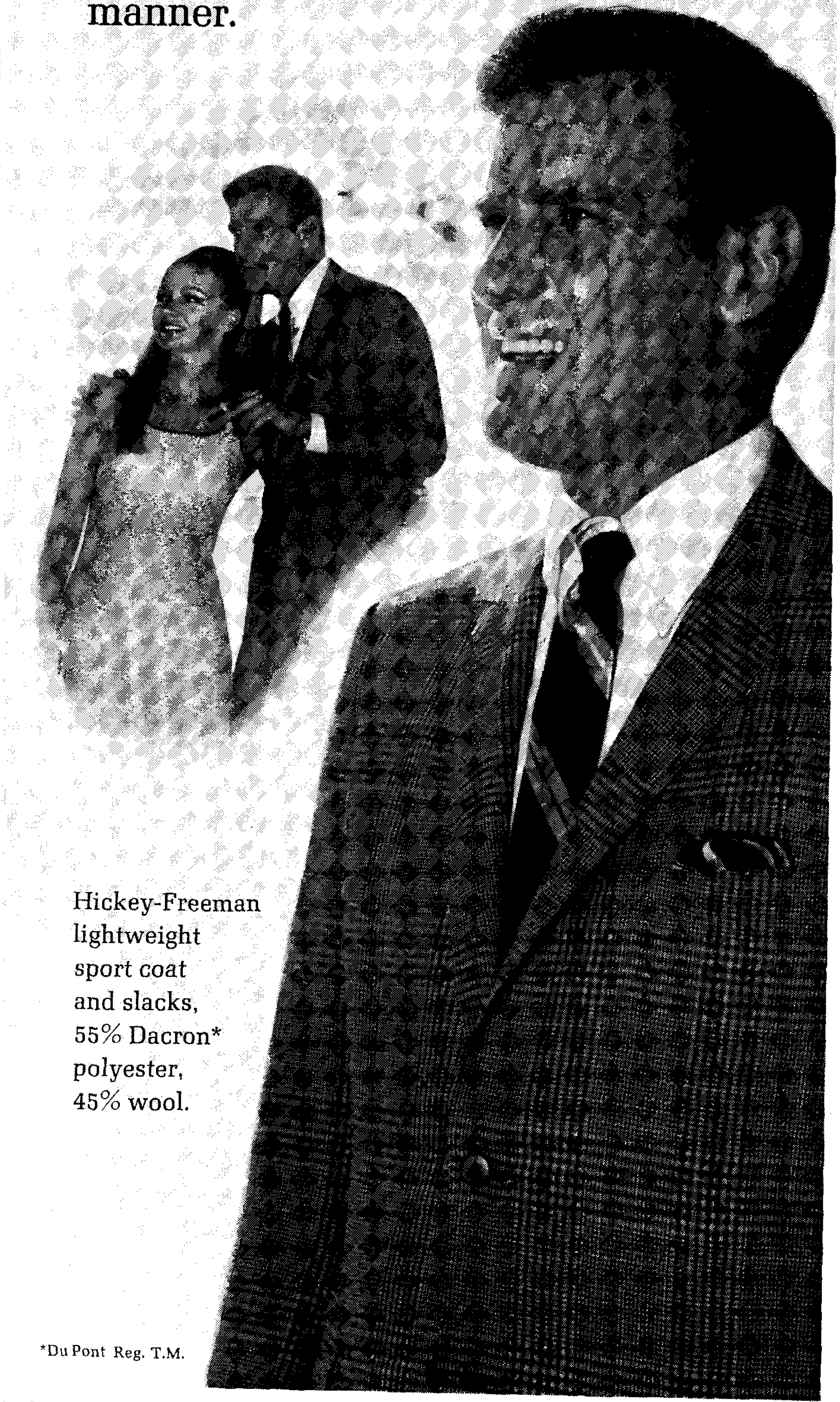

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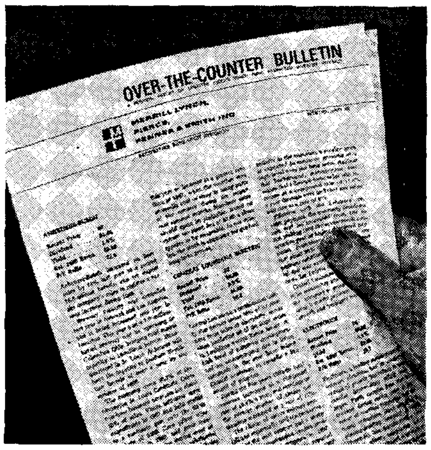

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Last year, as a group, the average of the 35 leading securities that comprise the over-the-counter industrial index did better than the Dow-Jones average of 30 N.Y.S.E. industrials. (In terms of price appreciation, if not yield.)

American Express nearly doubled. Tecumseh Products did double. So did Kaiser Steel and Automation Industries. In fact, about 800 of some 50,000 over-the-counter stocks had price increases exceeding 100 percent—as compared with fewer than 150 of the nearly 1,600 stocks on the N.Y.S.E.

However, to put the picture in its proper perspective, we hastily add that many of these stocks that doubled were very low-priced issues of a highly speculative character. Furthermore, a great many unlisted securities suffered *losses* last year, too.

Merrill Lynch makes an effort to reduce the risks for our customers. Our Research Department confines its suggestions for investment to a few hundred over-the-counter stocks that it considers of good quality. Also, as a matter of policy, we discourage all trading in chancy penny stocks—and *refuse* to open accounts for the sole purpose of buying them.

What happens when you place an order?

From an investor's point of view, the procedures for buying listed and unlisted securities may seem pretty much the same. But there are differences at the broker's end. Big differences. To try to get the best service and value for your investment dollars, you should understand them.

First, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he buys it at *public auction* on an exchange. You pay the price that prevails for any buyer at a given moment.

All over-the-counter trading, on the other hand, is done by *negotiating, bargaining* among dealers and brokers. There is no set price at any one time. Indeed, there are frequently wide differences in price *between* dealers.

Second, when you ask your broker to buy a *listed* stock, he virtually always acts as your *agent.* He executes your order for you, and charges you a *commission.*

But in the over-the-counter market many stockbrokers may wear *two* hats. That of an *agent* (broker). Or that of a principal, a *dealer.*

As an agent, your stockbroker scouts the available sources of the stock you want, negotiates the price, and charges you a *commission* for his efforts.

the-counter market: from Merrill Lynch

As a dealer, he sells the stock to you directly *out of his own inventory,* either at a profit or a loss, adding a *markup* above the prevailing market price.

Your stockbroker: the key

Obviously, as an *agent,* a broker must have facilities enough to be *able* to check a number of sources, be conscientious enough to *do* it—and be skilled in trying to negotiate the best price for you.

- Merrill Lynch has the most extensive over-the-counter facilities in the country. We have 65 experienced negotiators (traders) in our New York headquarters alone, plus others in over 20 major centers around the world. They have full use of our 310,000 miles of private wire.

- *Merrill Lynch's guarantee:* when acting as your agent, it is our policy always to check *at least three* competing dealer markets, if there are that many, to try to get the best price for you.

As a *dealer,* a stockbroker may assume more importance for investors.

The reason is simple. Tracking down stocks as an *agent* can take hours—or *days.* If prices are rising, you can end up paying more because of the delay.

But if your broker can put on a *dealer's* hat and buy from you or sell to you from his own inventory (called "making a market" in a security), he can often give you a quote and execute your order much more rapidly.

Thus, to a degree, the greater the *variety* of stocks and bonds in which your broker "makes a market," the better. And the *faster* he is able to handle your order, the better.

- Merrill Lynch makes a market in about 300 of the most active over-the-counter securities—more than any other brokerage firm dealing with the public.

- Merrill Lynch is the only brokerage firm able to give *instant, up-to-the-minute price quotes* on these 300 active securities. (We do it on a remarkable network of electronic quote machines—for which we had to *invent* our own set of over-the-counter stock symbols.)

- Moreover, on most of these securities, most of the time, your Merrill Lynch account executive can *execute* your order for any amount up to 100 shares *immediately* at the price quoted on his machine. (Which, in effect, makes us the only broker to "advertise" firm prices on up to 300 stocks—*and* be willing to back them with on-the-spot executions.)

It is for these reasons that many experienced investors say: *When you buy or sell over-the-counter, be sure to check Merrill Lynch.*

How much do brokers charge for over-the-counter transactions?

When acting as agents and charging *commissions,* brokers can ask varying amounts, depending on the size and complexity of the order, and on their own policies. Many brokers—including Merrill Lynch—charge the equivalent of a *minimum* N.Y.S.E. commission. Our commission on the purchase or sale of 100 shares of over-the-counter stock worth $1000: $17.

When acting as a dealer, a broker may set his *markup* at whatever he considers a fair and reasonable percentage. Most dealers trade among themselves at "wholesale" or "inside" prices, and with customers at "outside" prices.

Important: The National Association of Securities Dealers, regulatory organization for over-the-counter trading, issues daily reports of "inside" dealer prices for over 1500 securities. These reports are published in major newspapers throughout the country, and provide a reasonably accurate indication of prevailing markets.

However, over-the-counter investors must rely on their broker's integrity in quoting latest prices, and fairness in taking a reasonable markup.

For the securities in which we make a market, Merrill Lynch quotes the *same* prices to both dealers and our customers, adding to our customers' bills the equivalent of a minimum N.Y.S.E. commission—our standard retail charge.

How do you *know* what your broker is charging?

Aye, there's the rub. When acting as *agents* in over-the-counter transactions, most brokers show the commission they're charging. But, when acting as *dealers,* most brokerage firms lump the price of your securities and their own charge or markup into one total. That's the total you're billed. That's the total you pay.

Among the very few firms that break the total down into its two parts, we confess, not too sheepishly, is *us.* Our confirmation form now shows exactly how much you're paying for your securities, exactly how much you're paying to Merrill Lynch on your transaction. A nice touch, we think.

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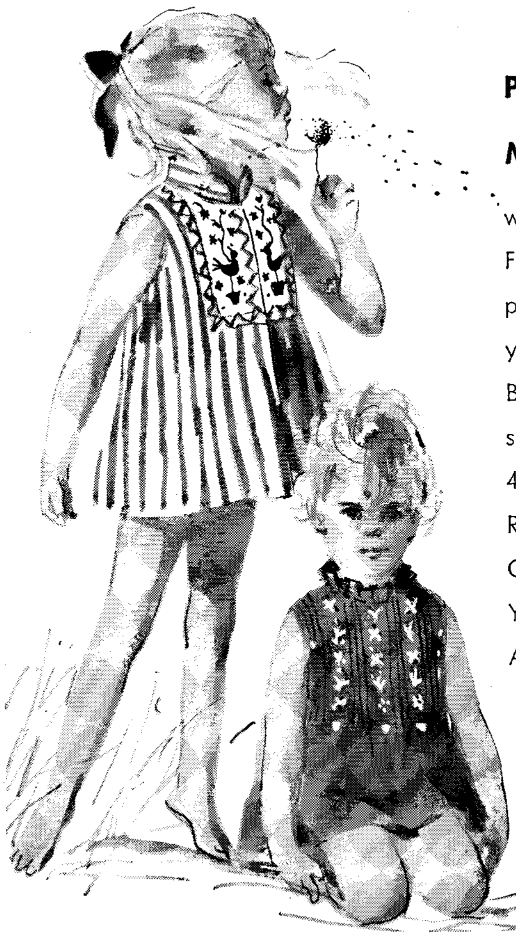
land's reserve loss that day has never been announced. The *Economist* later passed along a guess that it may have run to five hundred million dollars, or about a quarter of all that remained in Britain's reserve coffers.) After Lord Cromer's call, the Bundesbank deputies tempered their tact with brevity; they got unanimous approval from the directors, and shortly after five o'clock Frankfurt time they were ready to tell Lord Cromer and Hayes that the Bundesbank was in for the requested half-billion dollars.

Other central banks were coming in, or were already in. Canada and Italy put up two hundred million dollars each, and doubtless were glad to do it, inasmuch as their own currencies had been the beneficiaries of much smaller but otherwise similar international bail-out operations in 1962 and earlier in 1964, respectively. If a subsequent report in the London *Times* is to be accepted, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands, no one of which ever announced the amount of its participation, each contributed two hundred million dollars, too. Switzerland is known to have come through with a hundred and sixty million dollars and Sweden with a hundred million dollars, while Austria, Japan, and the Bank for International Settlements rounded out the bundle with still undisclosed amounts. By lunchtime in New York, it was all over but the shouting, and the last part of the task was to make the shouting as effective as possible to give it the fastest and most forcible impact on the market.

The task brought to the fore another Federal Reserve Bank man, its vice-president in charge of public information, Thomas Olaf Waage. Waage (his name rhymes with "saga") had been present and active in Coombs' office almost all morning, constantly on the phone as liaison man with Washington. A born-and-bred New Yorker, the son of a Norwegian-born local tug pilot and fishing-boat captain, Waage is a man of broad and unfeigned outside interests—among them opera, Shakespeare, Trollope, and his ancestral heritage, sailing—and one consuming passion, which is striving to convey not only the facts but also the drama, suspense, and excitement of central banking to a skeptical and often glassy-eyed public. In short, a banker who is a hopeless romantic. So now he was overjoyed when Hayes assigned to him the job of preparing a news release that would inform the world, as emphatically as possible, about the rescue operation. While Hayes and



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Coombs struggled to tie up the loose ends of their package, Waage was busy coördinating timing with his counterparts at the Federal Reserve Board and the Treasury Department in Washington, which would share in the issuing of the American announcement, and at the Bank of England, which, Hayes and Lord Cromer had agreed, would issue a simultaneous announcement of its own. "Two o'clock in the afternoon New York time was the hour we agreed upon for the announcements, when it began to look as if we'd have something to announce by that time," Waage recalls. "That was too late to catch the Continental and London markets that day, of course, but it left the whole afternoon ahead until the New York markets closed, at around five, and if the sterling market could be dramatically reversed here before closing time, chances were the recovery would continue on the Continent and in London next day, when the American markets would be closed for Thanksgiving. As for the amount of the combined credit we were planning to announce, it still stood at three billion dollars. But I remember that a last-minute snag of a particularly embarrassing sort developed. Very late in the game, when we thought the whole package was in hand, Charlie Coombs and I counted up what had been pledged, just to make sure, and we got only two billion eight hundred and fifty million. Apparently, we'd mislaid a hundred and fifty million dollars somewhere. That's just what we'd done—we'd miscalculated. So it was all right."

SCHOOL
SLOW

The package was assembled in time to meet the new schedule, and statements from the Federal Reserve, the Treasury, and the Bank of England duly went out to the news media simultaneously, at 2 P.M. in New York and 7 P.M. in London. As a result of Waage's influence, the American version, though it fell somewhat short of the mood of, say, the last scene of "Die Meistersinger," was nevertheless exceptionally stirring as bank utterances go, speaking with a certain subdued flamboyance of the unprecedented nature of the sum involved and of how the central banks had "moved quickly to mobilize a massive counterattack on speculative selling of the pound." The London release had a different kind of distinction, achieving something of the quintessential Britishness that seems to be reserved for moments of high crisis. It read simply, "The Bank of England have made arrangements under which $3,000M. are made available for the support of sterling."

APPARENTLY, the secrecy of the operation had been successfully preserved and the announcement struck the New York foreign-exchange market all of a heap, because the reaction was as swift and as electric as anyone could have wished. Speculators against the pound decided instantly and with no hesitation that their game was up. Immediately after the announcement, the Federal Reserve Bank put in a bid for pounds at $2.7868—a figure slightly above the level at which the pound had been forcibly maintained all day by the Bank of England. So great was the rush of speculators to get free of their speculative positions by buying pounds that the Federal Reserve Bank found very few pounds for sale at that price. Around two-fifteen, there were a strange and heartening few minutes in which no sterling was available in New York at *any* price. Pounds were eventually offered for sale again at a higher price, and were immediately gobbled up, and thus the price went on climbing all afternoon, to a closing of just above $2.79.

Triumph! The pound was out of immediate danger; the thing had worked. Tributes to the success of the operation began to pour in from everywhere. Even the magisterial *Economist* was to declare shortly, "Whatever other networks break down, it seems, the central bankers [have an] astonishing capacity for instant results. And if theirs is not the most desirable possible mechanism, geared always to short-term support of the status quo, it happens to be the only working one."

So, with the pound riding reasonably high again, the Federal Reserve Bank shut up for Thanksgiving, and the bankers went home. Coombs recalls having drunk a Martini unaccustomedly fast. Hayes, home in New Canaan, found that his son, Tom, had arrived from Harvard. Both his wife and his son noticed that he seemed to be in an unusual state of excitement, and when they asked about it he replied that he had just been through the most completely satisfying day of his entire working career. Pressed for details, he gave them a condensed and simplified account of the rescue operation, keeping constantly in mind the fact that his audience consisted of a wife who had

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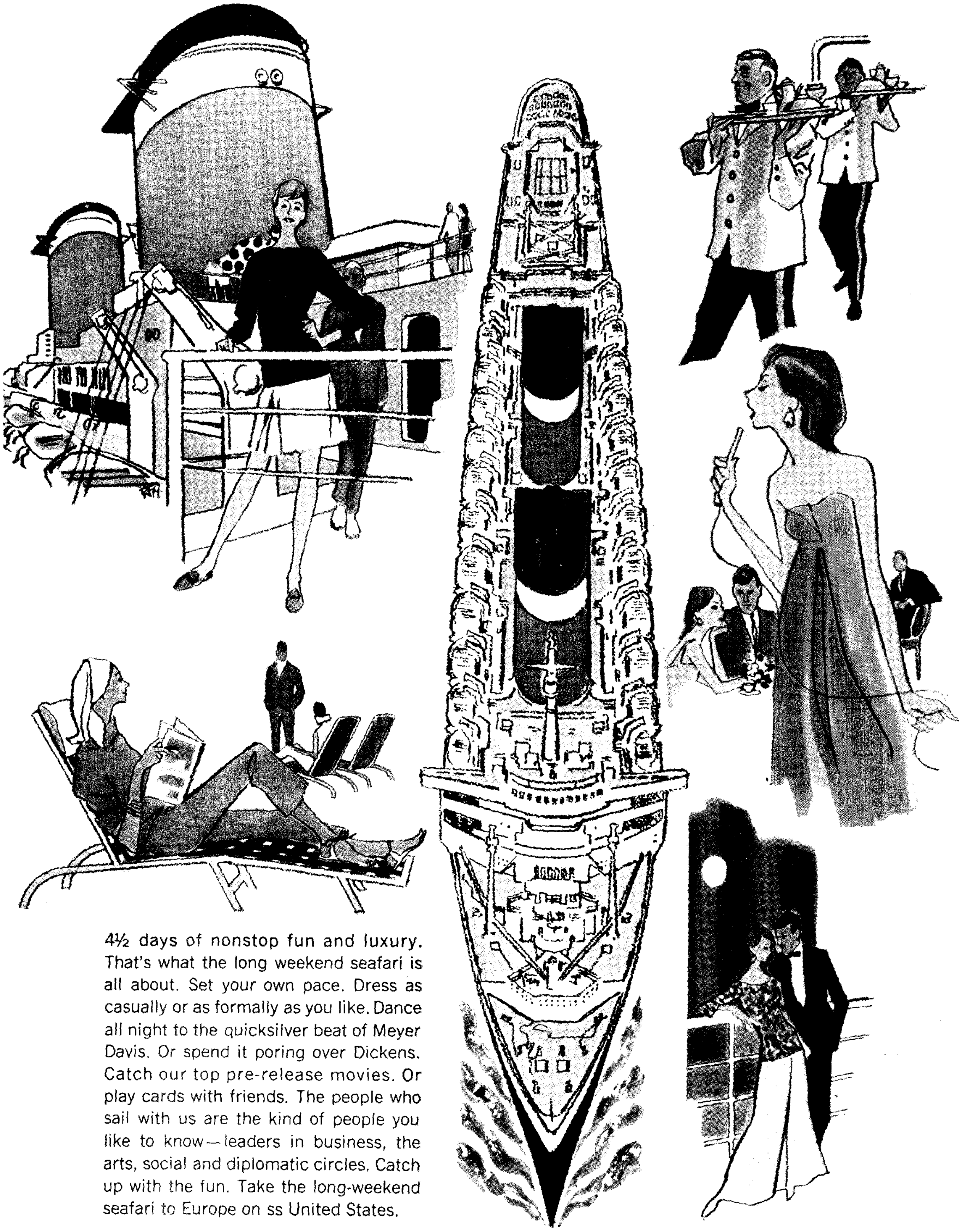

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no interest in banking and a son who had a low opinion of business. The reaction he got when his recital was concluded was of a sort that might warm the heart of any earnest explicator of banking derring-do to the unsympathetic layman. "It was a little confusing at first," Mrs. Hayes has said, "but before you were finished you had us on the edge of our chairs."

Waage, home in Douglaston, told *his* wife of the day's events in *his* characteristic way. "It was St. Crispin's Day," he exclaimed as he burst through his doorway, "and I was with Harry!"

HAVING first become interested in the pound and its perils at the time of the 1964 crisis, I found myself hooked by the subject. Ever since, I've followed its ups and downs in the American and British press, and at intervals I've gone down to the Federal Reserve Bank to renew my acquaintance with its officers and see what additional enlightenment I could garner. The whole three-year experience has been a resounding vindication of Waage's thesis that central banking can be suspenseful.

The pound wouldn't stay saved. A month after the big 1964 crisis, the speculators resumed their assaults, and by the end of that year the Bank of England had used up more than half a billion of its new three-billion-dollar credit. Nor did the coming of the new year bring surcease. In 1965, after a relatively buoyant January, the pound came under pressure again in February. The November credit had been for a term of three months; now, as the term ran out, the nations that had made it decided to extend it for another three months, so that Britain would have more time to put its economy in order. But late in March the British economy was still shaky, the pound was back below $2.79, and the Bank of England was back in the market. In April, Britain announced a tougher budget, and a rally followed, but the rally proved to be short-lived. By early summer, the Bank of England had drawn, and committed to the battle against the speculators, more than a third of the whole three billion. Heartened, the speculators pressed their attack. Late in June, high British officials let it be known that they now considered the sterling crisis over, but they were whistling in the dark; in July the pound sank again, despite further belt-tightening in the British domestic economy. By the end of July, the world foreign-exchange market had become convinced that a new crisis was shap-

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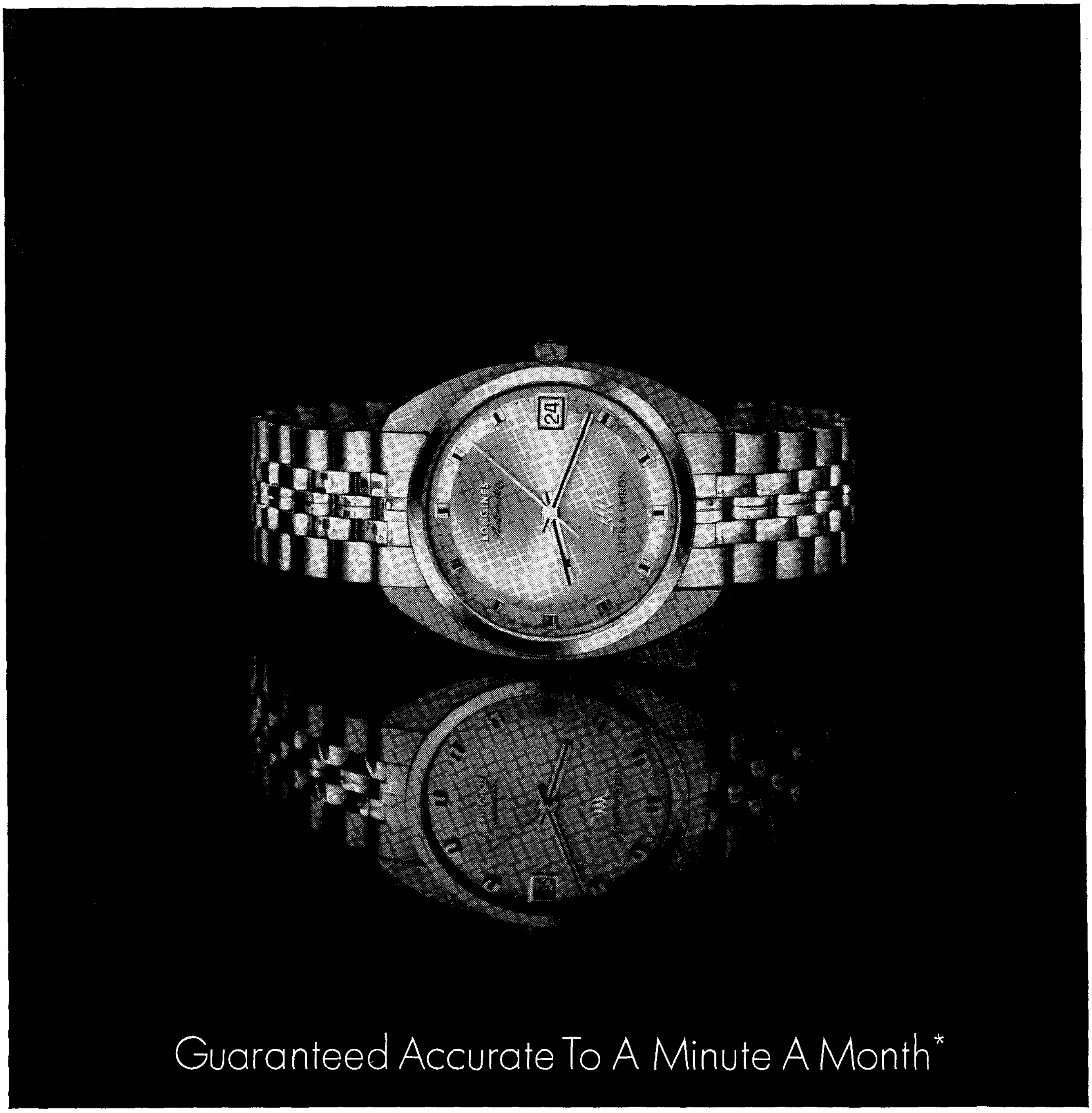
ing up. By late August, the crisis had arrived, and in some ways it was a more dangerous one than that of the previous November. The trouble was the market seemed to believe that the central banks were tired of pouring money into the battle and would now let sterling fall, regardless of the consequences. About that time, I telephoned a leading local foreign-exchange man I know to ask him what he thought of the situation, and he replied, "To my knowledge, the New York market is one hundred per cent convinced that devaluation of sterling is coming this fall—and I don't mean ninety-five per cent, I mean one hundred per cent." Then, on September 11th, I read in the papers that the same group of central banks, this time with the exception of France, had come through with another last-minute rescue package, the amount not being announced at the time—it was subsequently reported to have been around one billion—and over the next few days I watched the market price of the pound rise, little by little, until by the end of the month it was above $2.80 for the first time in sixteen months.

The central banks had done it again, and somewhat later I went down to the Federal Reserve Bank to learn the details. It was Coombs I saw, and I found him in a sanguine and extraordinarily talkative mood. "This year's operation was entirely different from last year's," he told me. "It was an aggressive move on our part, rather than a last-ditch-defensive one. You see, early this September we came to the conclusion that the pound was grossly oversold—that is, the amount of speculation against it was way out of proportion to what was justified by the economic facts. Actually, during the first eight months of the year, British exports had risen more than five per cent over the corresponding period in 1964, and Britain's 1964 balance-of-payments deficit seemed likely to be cut in half in 1965. Very promising economic progress, and the bearish speculators seemed not to have taken account of it. They had gone right on selling the pound short, on the basis of technical market factors. They were the ones who were in an exposed position now. We decided the time was ripe for an official counterattack."

The counterattack, Coombs went on to explain, was plotted in leisurely fashion this time—not on the telephone but face to face, over the weekend of September 5th in Basel, Switzerland, where the leading central-bank officers customarily gather once a month, os-



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tensibly to attend meetings of the Bank for International Settlements but often, in practice, to exchange information and gossip and to enjoy good food and wine, and, occasionally, to cook up deals like this one. The Federal Reserve Bank was represented by Coombs, who goes to Basel every month, and also by Hayes, who cut short his long-planned vacation on Corfu to be there. The coup was planned with military precision. It was decided not to announce the amount of the credit package this time, in order to further confuse and disconcert the enemy, the speculators. The place chosen for the launching was the trading room of the Federal Reserve Bank, and the hour chosen was 9 A.M. New York time—early enough for London and the Continent to be still conducting business—on September 10th. At zero hour, the Bank of England fired a preliminary salvo by announcing that new central-bank arrangements would shortly enable "appropriate action" to be taken in the exchange markets. After allowing fifteen minutes for the import of this demurely menacing message to sink in, the Federal Reserve Bank struck. Using, with British concurrence, the new bundle of international credit as its ammunition, it simultaneously placed with all the major banks operating in the New York exchange market bids for sterling totalling nearly thirty million dollars, at the then prevailing rate of $2.7918. Under this pressure, the market immediately moved upward, and the Federal Reserve Bank pursued the movement, raising its bid price step by step. At $2.7934, the bank temporarily ceased operations—partly to see what the market would do on its own, partly just to confuse things. The market held steady, showing that at that level there were now as many independent buyers of sterling as there were sellers, and that the bears—speculators—were losing their nerve. But the bank was far from satisfied; returning vigorously to the market, it bid the price on up to $2.7945 in the course of the day. And then the snowball began to roll by itself—with the results I had read about in my newspapers. "It was a successful bear squeeze," Coombs told me with a certain grim relish, which was easy to sympathize with; I found myself musing that for a banker to rout his opponents, to smite them hip and thigh and drive them to cover, and not for personal profit but, rather, for the public good, must be a source of rare, unalloyed satisfaction.

I later learned from another banker just how painfully the bears had been squeezed. Margins of credit on currency speculation being what they are—for example, to commit a million dollars against the pound a speculator might need to put up only thirty or forty thousand dollars in cash—most dealers had made commitments running into the tens of millions. When a dealer's commitment was ten million pounds, or twenty-eight million dollars, each change of one-hundredth of a cent in the price of the pound meant a change of a thousand dollars in the value of his account. Between the $2.7918 on September 10th, then, and the $2.8010 that the pound reached on September 29th, such a dealer on the short side of the pound would have lost ninety-two thousand dollars—enough, one might suppose, to make him think twice before selling sterling short again.

An extended period of calm followed. The air of impending crisis that had hung over the exchanges during most of the preceding year disappeared, and for more than six months the world sterling market was sunnier than it had been at any time in recent years. "The battle for the pound sterling is now ended," high British officials (anonymous, and wisely so) announced in November, on the first anniversary of the 1964 rescue. Now, the officials said, "we're fighting the battle for the economy." Apparently, they were winning that battle, too, because when Britain's balance-of-payments position for 1965 was finally calculated, it showed that the deficit had been not merely halved, according to predictions, but *more* than halved. And meanwhile the pound's strength enabled the Bank of England not merely to pay off all its short-term debts to other central banks but also to accumulate in the open market, in exchange for its newly desirable pounds, more than a billion fresh dollars to add to its precious reserves. Thus, between September, 1965, and March, 1966, those reserves rose from two billion six hundred million dollars to three billion six hundred million—a fairly safe figure. And then the pound breezed nicely through a national election campaign—always a stormy time for any currency, because of the uncertainty it engenders. When I saw Coombs in the spring of 1966, he seemed as cocky and blasé about ster-

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For this kind of person there is a certain kind of camera, the kind that does all the thinking for him. Film is loaded in the form of a cartridge, a button is pressed...and that's all; total non-involvement.

Now don't misunderstand us, we are not criticizing either the person or the camera. They both will probably be very happy with each other...But, there is another kind of person. The kind who buys a fine automobile, not just to get from point A to point B, but also for the great pleasure he gets from actually driving it. For this kind of person there is also a certain kind of camera...the Hasselblad... A camera that doesn't do all the thinking for you.

The Hasselblad is a camera for the kind of person who buys a piece of mechanical equipment, not just to perform a particular function, but also for other, almost intangible, reasons. For the feel, the look, the touch, sometimes even the smell of it. Certainly he could give you very sound, logical reasons for buying it and probably spending much more money than he would pay for the simpler, non-involving "push-button" model, but none of these would be the real reasons.

The real reason is very simple—he fell in love with it. Many men (and a very few lucky women) fall in love with a beautiful machine. To these men, there is something about a piece of equipment that not only looks, but feels good and performs its function better, because it's designed and built better than anything else in the world

And that's what the Hasselblad is. The best designed and built camera in the world.

Many people have bought a Hasselblad after just holding one in their hands for a couple of minutes. They seem to know instinctively that it will take great photographs. And, if even further proof is needed, not only has a Hasselblad been carried on every NASA space flight, but more top professional photographers use Hasselblad than any other camera in the world.

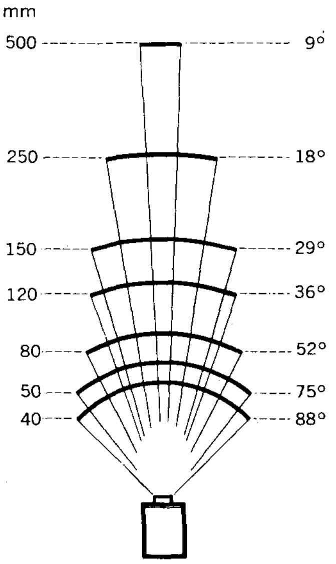
The basic Hasselblad camera is really just part of a completely integrated and interchangeable system of camera bodies, film magazines, lenses and accessories.

The film format used in the Hasselblad System is 2¼″ square. This has been described as the "ideal" format, and with good reason. It's big enough to give you pictures of superb quality and definition, and yet small enough to allow the design and physical shape of the camera to be as compact as it is.

The Hasselblad uses the single lens reflex viewing system. The beauty of this method is that you see the object you are going to photograph on a large 2¼″ square ground glass viewing screen, as you look through the actual lens that will take the picture, so you always know exactly how your finished picture will turn out.

There are three bodies in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and constructed to perform its own particular function better than any other camera of its type.

Firstly, the 500C. This could almost be called the "workhorse" of the Hasselblad System. It is the standard body in the System and takes all the lenses and magazines that are available for the Hasselblad. No single camera has been used and praised more by the top professional and amateur photographers than the 500C. The other two bodies are more "special purpose" cameras. The 500EL, which is an electrically driven camera allowing for rapid exposures and remote control, and the Superwide C wide angle camera. No other camera using the 2¼″ square format has as wide an angle of view as the Superwide C. On its introduction, this camera was hailed as a breakthrough in camera design. There are seven lenses in the Hasselblad System, all by Carl Zeiss, makers of superb quality optical glass for generations. The lenses range from a 40mm wide angle, to a 500mm telephoto. Every lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter with provision for flash and strobe synchronization at all 10 shutter speeds, from 1/500 of a second to 1 second.



Interchangeable Lenses. This diagram illustrates the focal length (l.) and the angle of view (r.) of the seven lenses available in the Hasselblad System.

One of the most striking features of the Hasselblad System is the interchangeable film magazines, each one of superb design and construction. The beauty of these magazines is that with just one camera body, a photographer can shoot pictures in black and white. Then, before finishing the roll, change to a magazine loaded with color, shoot a few color shots, then go back to black and white film. One magazine even allows you to make 70 exposures on one roll of film. Hasselblad was the first camera system to offer the advantage of interchangeable magazines.

There are many many accessories in the Hasselblad System, each one designed and built to the same extreme standards of quality and craftsmanship that Hasselblad has become famous for.

Shown below are just a few items in the System.

Like all good things in life, the Hasselblad is expensive, but if you're the kind of person we have been talking about (and you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't) then, who knows, with this kind of camera, perhaps you could live on love alone.

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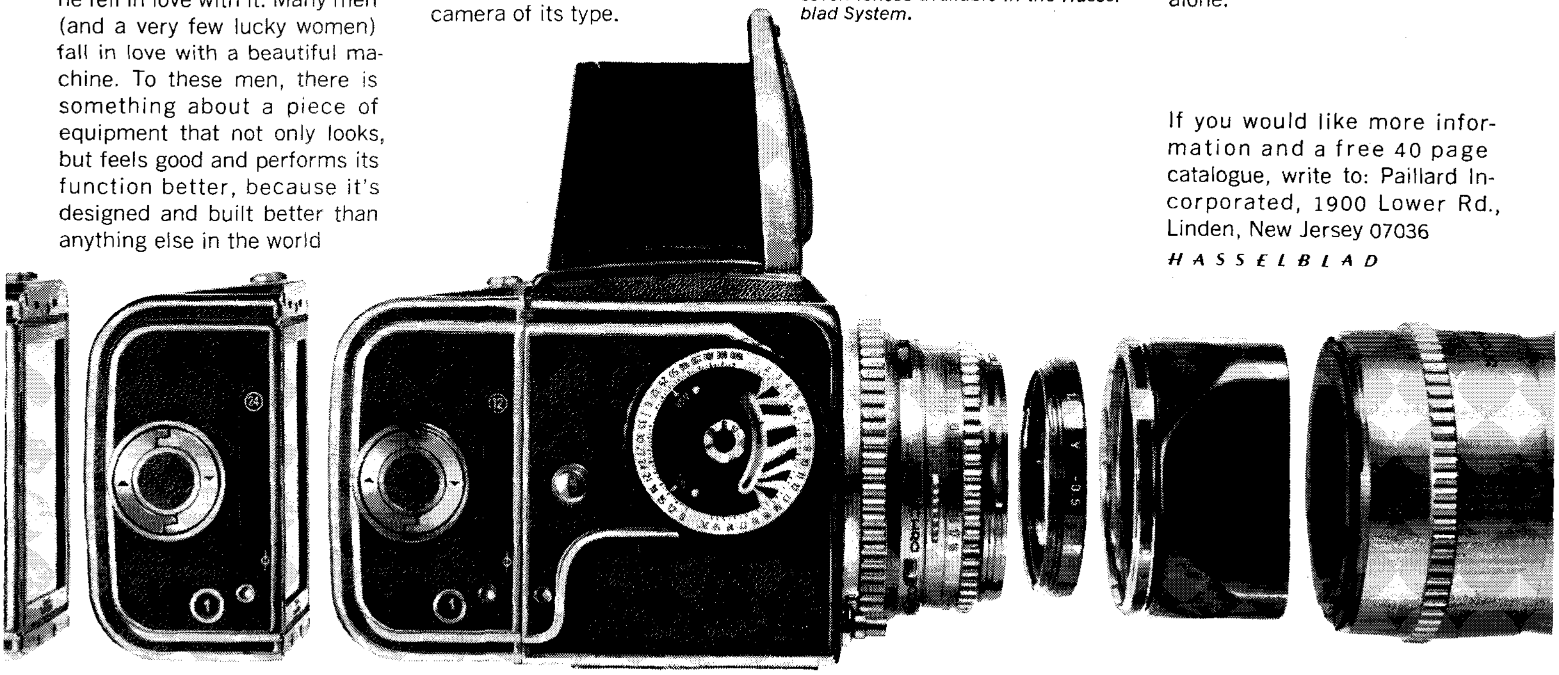

ling as an old-time New York Yankee rooter about his team.

I had all but concluded that following the fortunes of the pound was no longer any fun when a new crisis exploded. A seamen's strike contributed to a recurrence of Britain's trade deficit, and in early June of 1966 the quotation was back below $2.79 and the Bank of England was reported to be back in the market spending its reserves on the defense. On June 13th, with something of the insouciance of veteran firemen responding to a routine call, back came the central banks with a new bundle of short-term credits. But these helped only temporarily, and toward the end of July, in an effort to get at the root of the pound's troubles by curing the deficit once and for all, Prime Minister Wilson imposed on the British people the most stringent set of economic restraints ever applied in his country in peacetime—high taxes, a merciless squeeze on credit, a freeze on wages and prices, a cut in government welfare spending, and a limit of a hundred and forty dollars on the annual amount that each Briton could spend on travel abroad. The Federal Reserve, Coombs told me later, helped by moving into the sterling market immediately after the British announcement of the austerity program, and the pound reacted satisfactorily to this prodding. In September, for good measure, the Federal Reserve increased its swap line, or permanent revolving credit, with the Bank of England from seven hundred and fifty million to one billion three hundred and fifty million dollars. I saw Waage in September, and he spoke warmly of all the dollars that the Bank of England was again accumulating. "Sterling crises have become a bore," the *Economist* remarked at about this time, with the most reassuring sort of British phlegm.

Calm again—and again for just a little more than six months. In April of 1967, Britain was free of short-term debt and had ample reserves. But within a month or so came the first of a series of heartbreaking setbacks. Two consequences of the brief Arab-Israeli war—a huge flow of Arab funds out of sterling into other currencies, and the closing of the Suez Canal, one of Britain's main trade arteries—brought on a new crisis almost overnight. In June, the Bank of England (under new leadership now, for in 1966 Lord Cromer had been succeeded as governor by Sir Leslie O'Brien) had to draw heavily on its swap line with the Federal Reserve, and in July the Brit-

there she is again...
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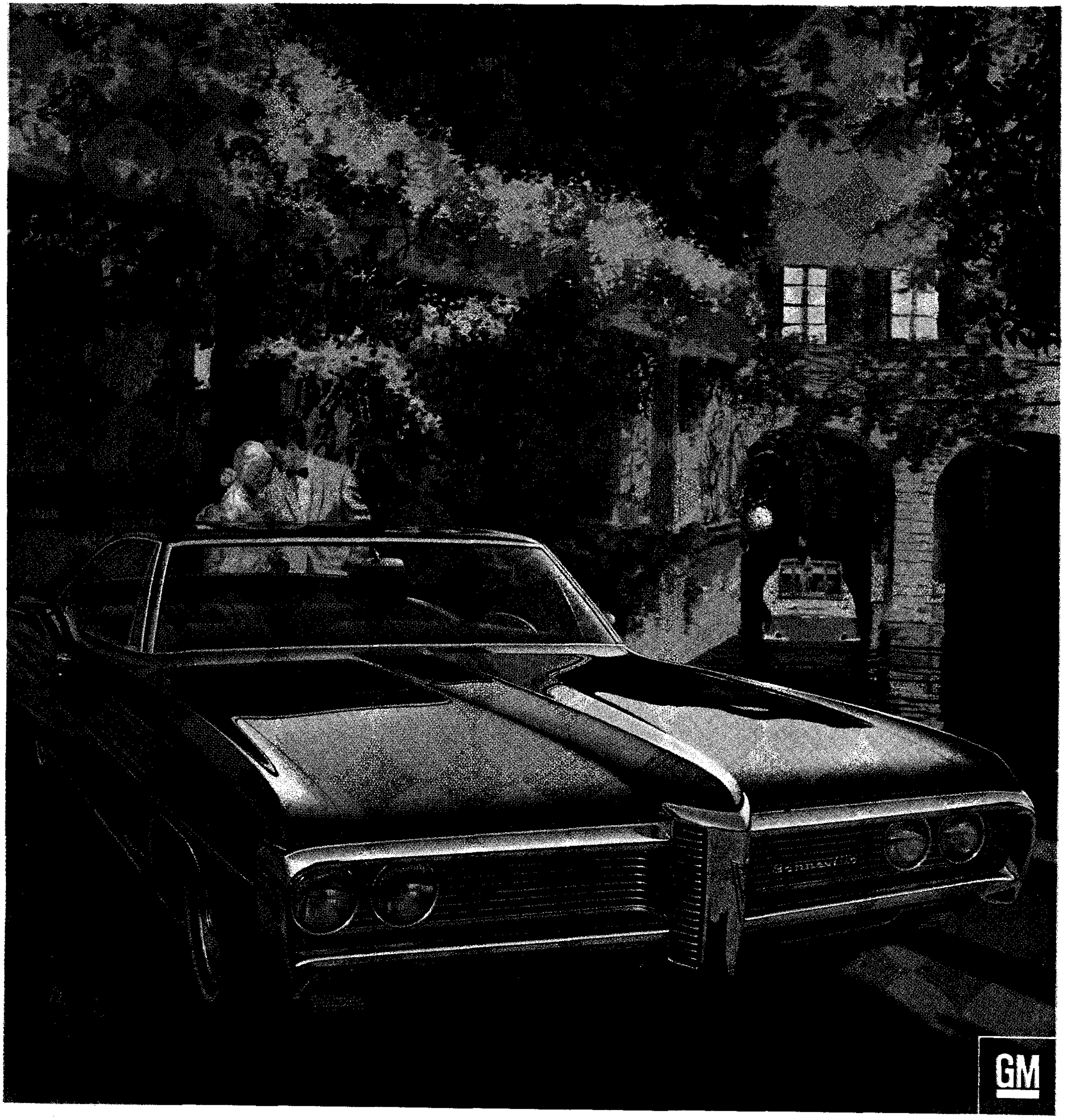
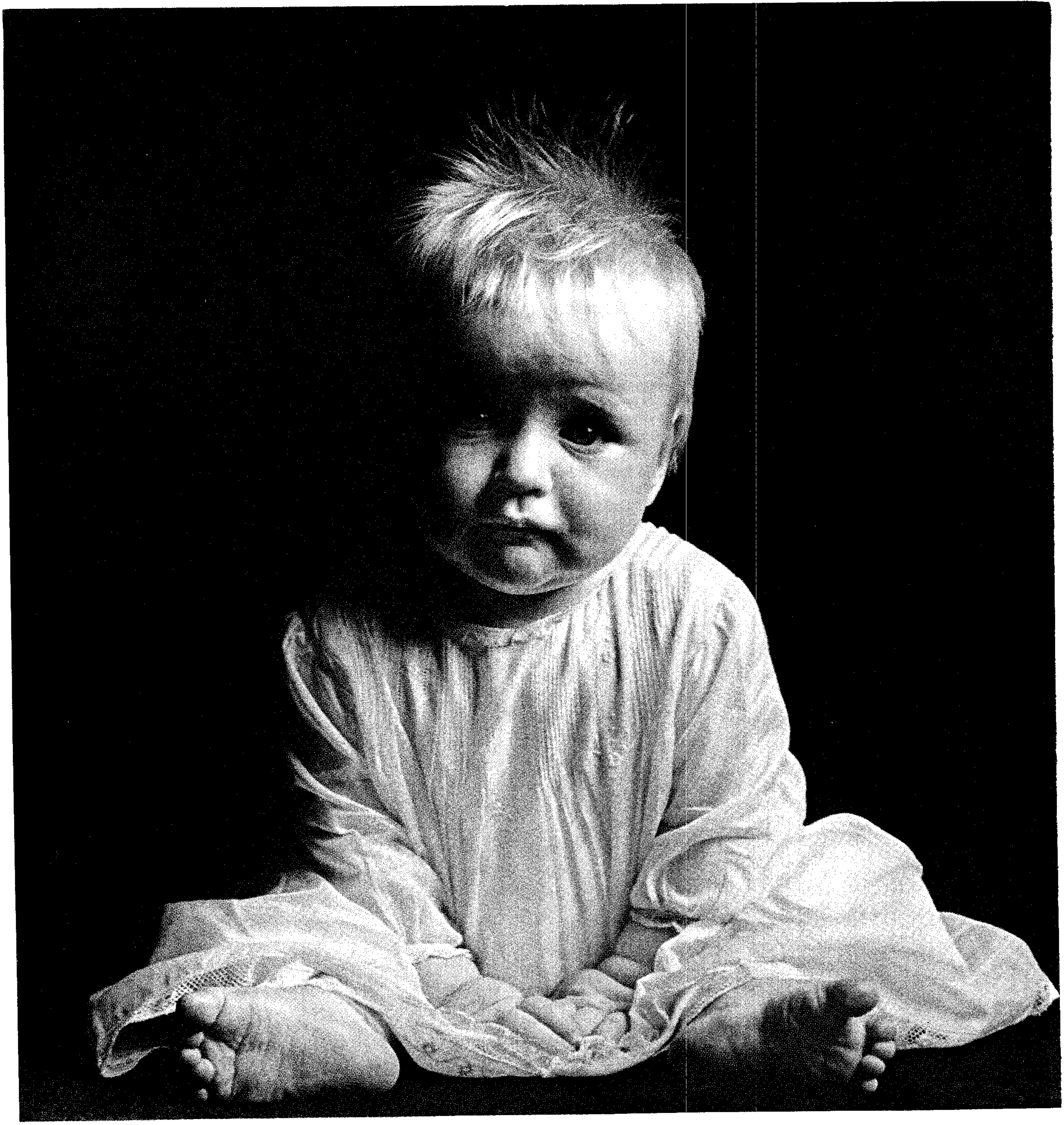


MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Wide-Track 1968 Pontiacs



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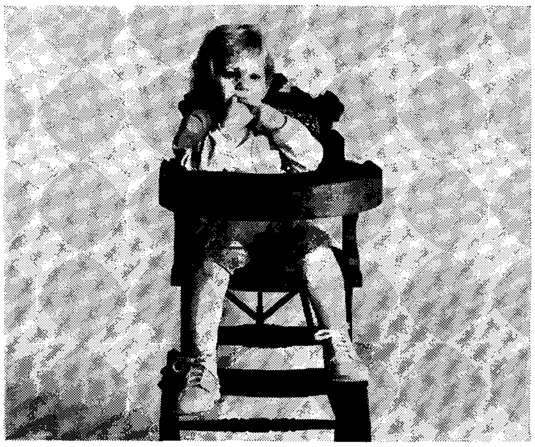
ish government found itself forced to renew the painful economic restraints of the previous year; even so, in September the pound slipped down to $2.7830, its lowest point since the 1964 crisis. I called my foreign-exchange expert to ask why the Bank of England—which in November, 1964, had set its last-line trench at $2.7860, and which, according to its latest statement, now had on hand reserves amounting to more than two and a half billion dollars—was letting the price slide so dangerously near the absolute bottom (short of devaluation) of $2.78. "Well, the situation isn't quite as desperate as the figure suggests," he replied. "The speculative pressure so far isn't anything like as strong as it was in 1964. And the fundamental economic position this year—up to now, at least—is much better. Despite the Middle East war, the austerity program has taken hold. For the first eight months of 1967, Britain's international payments have been nearly in balance. The Bank of England is evidently hoping that this period of weakness of the pound will pass without its intervention."

At about that time, however, I became aware of a disturbing portent in the air—the apparent abandonment by the British of what had been a long-standing taboo of theirs. For years before 1964, and even in the extremity of that November, no member of the government had dreamed of publicly using the word "devaluation," and the newspapers used it in a gingerly way, if at all. Like other taboos, this one seemed to be based on a combination of practical logic (talk about devaluation could easily start a speculative stampede and thereby bring it on) and superstition. But now I found devaluation being freely and frequently discussed in the British press, and, in several respected journals, actually advocated. Nor was that all. Prime Minister Wilson, it is true, continued to follow a careful path around the word, even in the very act of pledging, as he did over and over, that his government would abstain from the deed; there would be "no change in existing policy" as to "overseas monetary matters," he said, delicately, on one occasion. On July 24th, though, Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan spoke openly in the House of Commons about devaluation, complaining that advocacy of it as a national policy had become fashionable, declaring that such a policy would represent a breach of faith with other nations and their people, and also pledging that his government would



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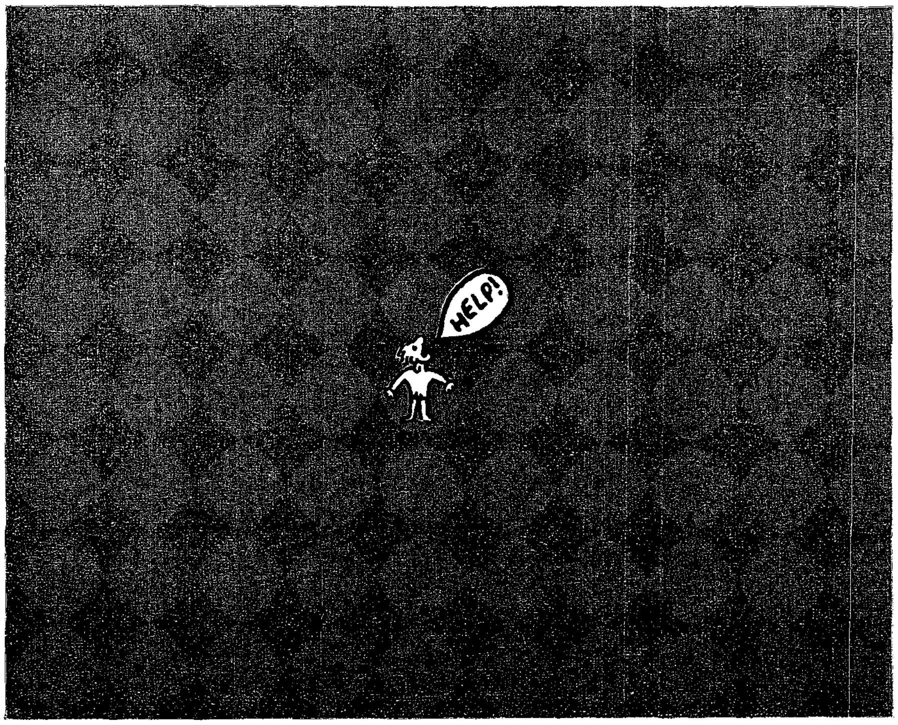

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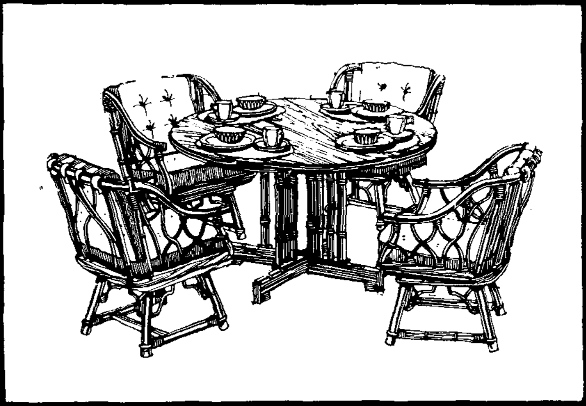

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never resort to it. His sentiments were familiar and reassuring; his straightforward expression of them was just the opposite.

All through the autumn, I had a feeling that Britain was being overtaken by a fiendish concatenation of cruel mischances, some specifically damaging to the pound and others merely crushing to British morale. The previous spring, oil from a wrecked, and wretched, tanker had defiled the beaches of Cornwall; now an epidemic was destroying tens, and ultimately hundreds, of thousands of head of cattle. The economic straitjacket that Britain had worn for more than a year had swelled unemployment to the highest level in years and made the Labour Government the most unpopular government in the postwar era. (Six months later, in a poll sponsored by the *Sunday Times*, Britons would vote Wilson the fourth most villainous man of the century, after Hitler, de Gaulle, and Stalin, in that order.) A dock strike in London and Liverpool that began in mid-September and was to drag on for more than two months decreased still further the already hobbled export trade, and put an abrupt end to Britain's remaining hope of ending the year with its international accounts in balance. Early in November, 1967, the pound stood at $2.7822, its lowest point in a decade. And then things went downhill fast. On the evening of Monday the thirteenth, Wilson took the occasion of his annual appearance at the Lord Mayor of London's banquet—the very platform he had used for a fiery commitment to the defense of sterling in the crisis three years earlier—to implore the country and the world to disregard, as distorted by temporary factors, his nation's latest foreign-trade statistics, which would be released the next day. On Tuesday the fourteenth, Britain's foreign-trade figures, duly released, showed an October deficit of over a hundred million pounds—the worst ever reported. The Cabinet met at lunch on Thursday the sixteenth, and that afternoon, in the House of Commons, Chancellor Callaghan, upon being asked to confirm or deny rumors of an enormous new central-bank credit that would be contingent upon still further unemployment-breeding austerity measures, replied with heat, and with what was later called a lack of discretion, "The Government will take what decisions are appropriate in the light of our understanding of the needs of the British economy, and no one else's. And that, at this stage, does not include the crea-

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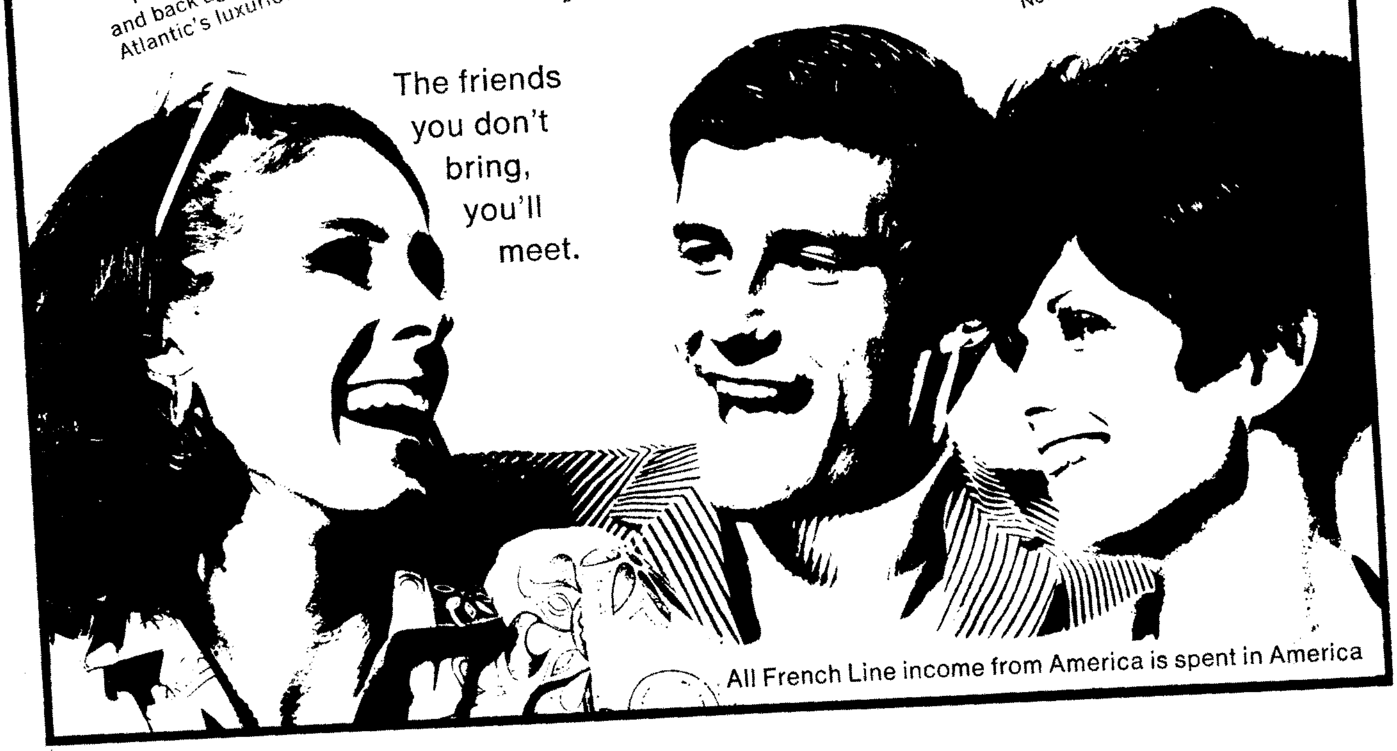
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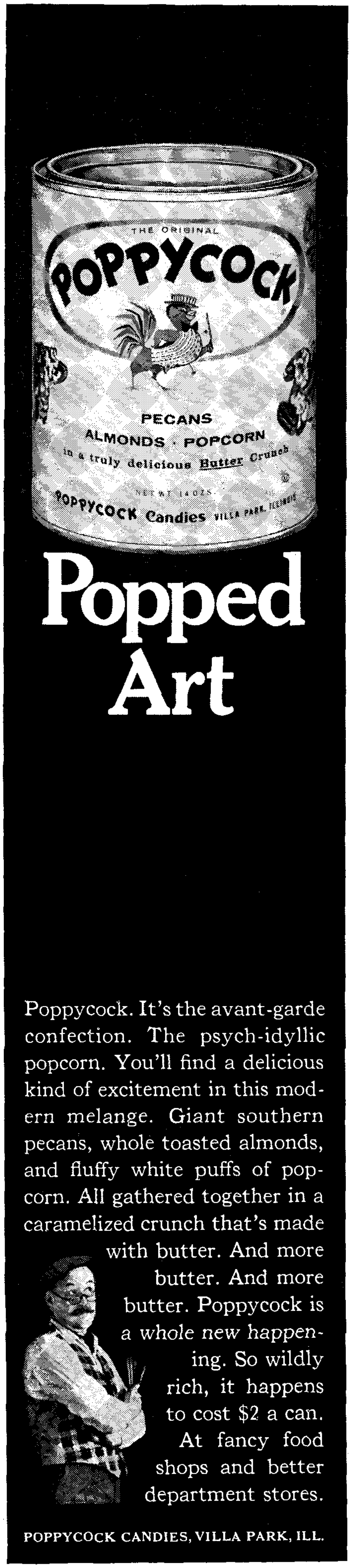

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tion of any additional unemployment." With one accord, the exchange markets decided that the decision to devalue had been taken and that Callaghan had inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. Friday the seventeenth was the wildest day in the history of the exchange markets, and the blackest in the thousand-year history of sterling. In holding it at $2.7825—the price decided on this time as the last-line trench—the Bank of England spent a quantity of reserve dollars that it may never see fit to reveal; Wall Street commercial bankers who have reason to know have estimated the amount at somewhere around a billion dollars, which would mean a continuous, daylong reserve drain of over two million per minute. Doubtless the British reserves dropped below the two-billion-dollar mark, and perhaps far below it. Late on a Saturday—November 18th—full of confused alarms, Britain announced its capitulation. I heard about it from Waage, who telephoned me that afternoon at five-thirty New York time. "As of an hour ago, the pound was devalued to two dollars and forty cents, and the British bank rate went to eight per cent," he said. His voice was shaking a little.

ON Saturday night, bearing in mind that scarcely anything but a major war upsets world financial arrangements more than devaluation of a major currency, I went down to the capital of world finance, Wall Street, to look around. A nasty wind was whipping papers through empty streets, and there was the usual rather intimidating off-hours stillness in that part-time city. There was something unusual, though: the presence of rows of lighted windows in the otherwise dark buildings—for the most part, one lighted row per building. Some of the rows I could identify as the foreign departments of the big banks. The heavy doors of the banks were locked and barred; foreign-department men evidently ring to gain entrance on weekends, or use invisible side or rear entrances. Turning up my coat collar, I headed up Nassau Street toward Liberty to take a look at the Federal Reserve Bank. I found it lighted not in a single line but—more hospitably, somehow—in an irregular pattern over its entire Florentine façade, yet it, too, presented to the street a formidably closed front door. As I looked at it, a gust of wind brought an incongruous burst of organ music—perhaps from Trinity Church, a few blocks away—and I realized that in ten or fifteen minutes I hadn't seen anyone. The scene seemed to me to epitomize one of the two faces of central banking—the cold and hostile face, suggesting men in arrogant secrecy making decisions that affect all the rest of us but that we can neither influence nor even comprehend, rather than the more congenial face of elegant and learned men of affairs beneficently saving faltering currencies over their truffles and wine at Basel. This was not the night for the latter face.

On Sunday afternoon, Waage held a press conference in a room on the tenth floor of the bank, and I attended it, along with a dozen other reporters, mostly regulars on the Federal Reserve beat. Waage discoursed generally on the devaluation, parrying questions he didn't want to answer, sometimes by replying to them, like the teacher he once was, with questions of his own. It was still far too early, he said, to tell how great the danger was that the devaluation might lead to "another 1931." Almost any prediction, he said, would be a matter of trying to outguess millions of people and thousands of banks around the world. The next few days would tell the story. Waage seemed stimulated rather than depressed; his attitude was clearly one of apprehension but also of resolution. On the way out, I asked him whether he had been up all night. "No, last evening I went to 'The Birthday Party,' and I must say Pinter's world makes more sense than mine does, these days," he replied.

The outlines of what had happened Thursday and Friday began to emerge during the next few days. Most of the rumors that had been abroad turned out to have been more or less true. Britain *had* been negotiating for another huge credit to forestall devaluation—a credit of the order of magnitude of the three-billion-dollar 1964 package, with the United States again planning to provide the largest share. Whether Britain had devalued from choice or necessity remained debatable. Wilson, in explaining the devaluation to his people in a television address, said that "it would have been possible to ride out this present tide of foreign speculation against the pound by borrowing from central banks and governments," but that such action this time would have been "irresponsible," because "our creditors abroad might well insist on guarantees about this or that aspect of our national policies;" he did not say explicitly that they had done so. In any event, the British Cabinet had—with

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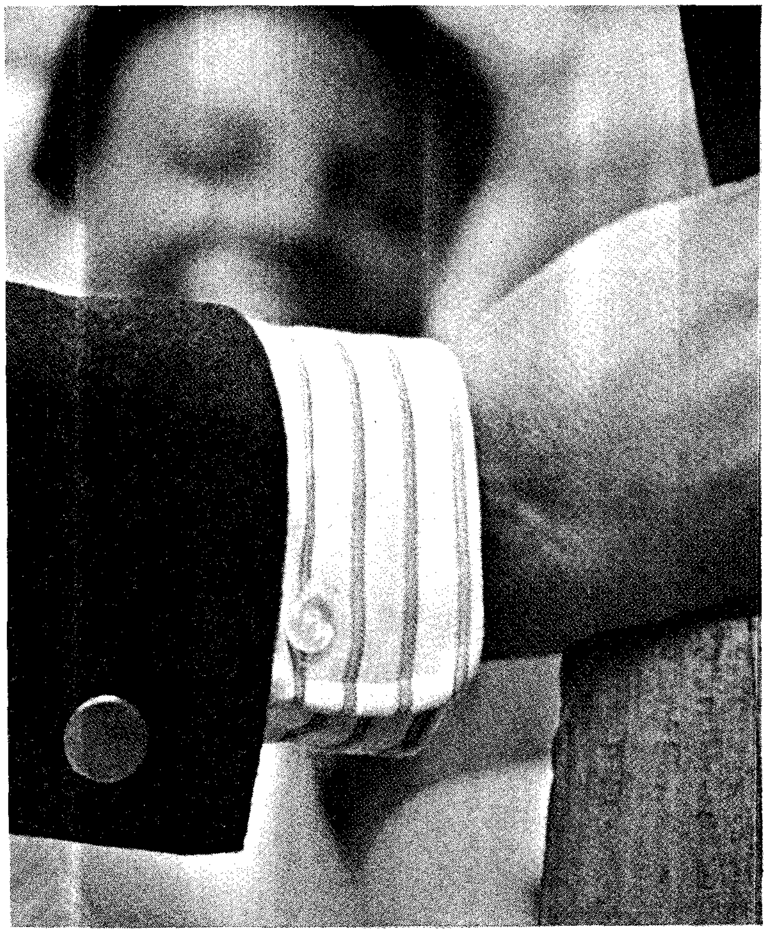

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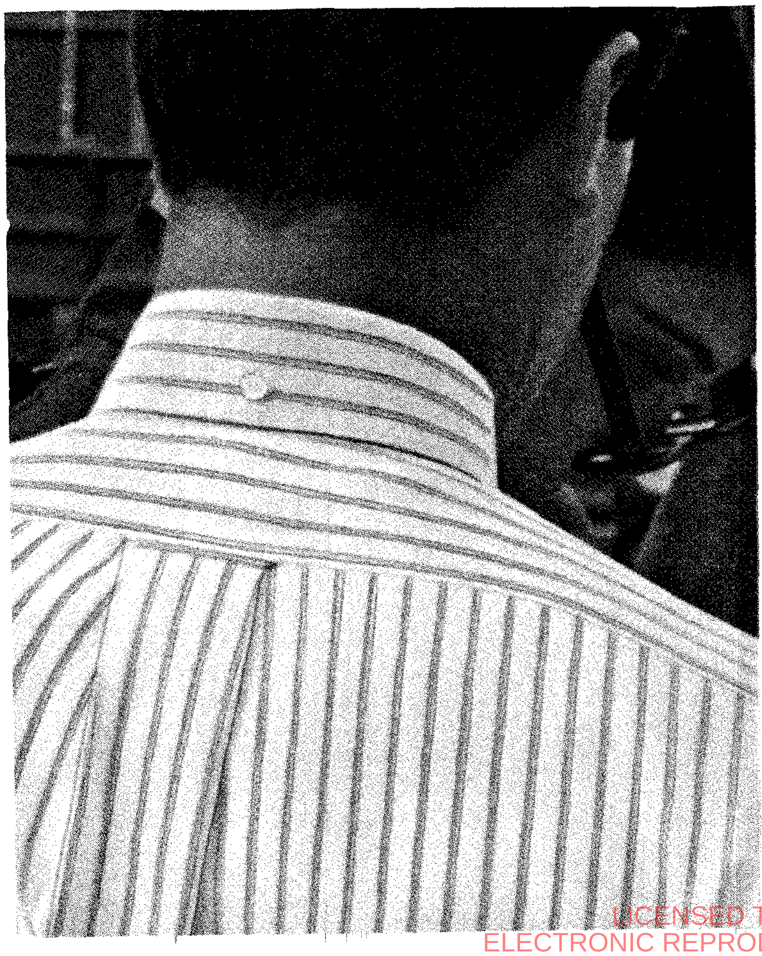

what grim reluctance may be imagined—decided in principle on devaluation as early as the previous weekend, and then determined the exact amount of the devaluation at its Thursday-noon meeting. At that time, the Cabinet had also resolved to help insure the effectiveness of the devaluation by imposing new austerity measures on the nation, among them higher corporate taxes, a cutback in defense spending, and the highest bank rate in fifty years. As for the two-day delay in putting the devaluation into effect, which had been so costly to British reserves, officials now explained that the time had been necessary for conferences with the other leading monetary powers. Such conferences were required by international monetary rules before a devaluation, and, besides, Britain had urgently needed assurances from its leading competitors in world trade that they did not plan to vitiate the effect of the British devaluation with matching devaluations of their own. Some light was now shed, too, on the sources of the panic selling of pounds on Friday. By no means all of it had been wanton speculation by the famous—although invisible, and some say nonexistent—gnomes of Zurich. On the contrary, much of it had been a form of self-protection, called hedging, by large international corporations, many of them American, that made short sales of sterling equivalent to what they were due to be paid in sterling weeks or months later. The evidence of this was supplied by the corporations themselves, some of them being quick to assure their stockholders that through their foresight they had contrived to lose little or nothing on the devaluation. International Telephone & Telegraph, for example, announced on Sunday that the devaluation would not affect its 1967 earnings, because "management anticipated the possibility of devaluation for some time." International Harvester and Texas Instruments reported that they had protected themselves by making what amounted to short sales of sterling. The Singer Company said it might even have accidentally made a profit on the deal. Other American companies let it be known that they had come out all right, but declined to elaborate, on the ground that if they revealed the methods they had used they might be accused of taking advantage of Britain in its extremity. "Let's just say we were smart" was the way a spokesman for one company put it. And perhaps that, if lacking in grace and elegance, was fair enough. In the jungle

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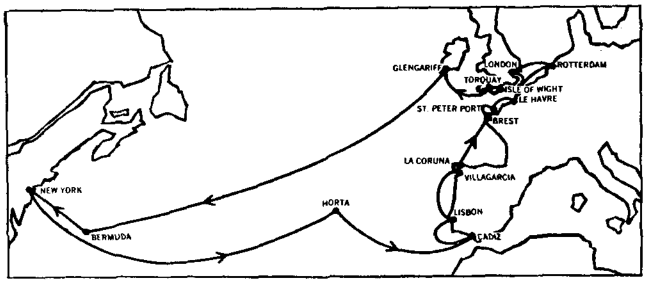

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of international business, hedging on a weak foreign currency is considered a wholly legitimate use of claws for self-defense. Selling short for speculative purposes enjoys less respectability, and it is interesting to note that the ranks of those who speculated against sterling on Friday, and talked about it afterward, included some who were far from Zurich. A group of professional men in Youngstown, Ohio—veteran stock-market players, but never before international-currency plungers—decided on Friday that sterling was about to be devalued, and sold short seventy thousand pounds, netting a profit of almost twenty-five thousand dollars over the weekend. The pounds sold had, of course, ultimately been bought with dollars by the Bank of England, thus adding a minuscule drop to Britain's reserve loss. Reading about the little coup in the *Wall Street Journal*, to which the group's broker had reported it, presumably with pride, I hoped the apprentice gnomes of Youngstown had at least grasped the implications of what they were doing.

So much for Sunday and moral speculation. On Monday, the financial world, or most of it, went back to work, and the devaluation began to be put to its test. The test consisted of two questions. Question One: Would the devaluation accomplish its purpose for Britain—that is, stimulate exports and reduce imports sufficiently to cure the international deficit and put an end to speculation against the pound? Question Two: Would it, as in 1931, be followed by a string of competitive devaluations of other currencies, leading ultimately to a devaluation of the dollar in relation to gold, worldwide monetary chaos, and perhaps a world depression? I watched the answers beginning to take shape.

On Monday, the banks and exchanges in London remained firmly closed, by government order, and all but a few traders elsewhere avoided taking positions in sterling in the Bank of England's absence from the market, so the answer to the question of the pound's strength or weakness at its new valuation was postponed. On Threadneedle and Throgmorton Streets, crowds of brokers, jobbers, and clerks milled around and talked excitedly—but made no trades—in a city where the Union Jack was flying from all flagstaffs because it happened to be the Queen's wedding anniversary. The New York stock market opened sharply lower, then recovered. (There was no really rational explanation for the initial drop; securities men pointed out

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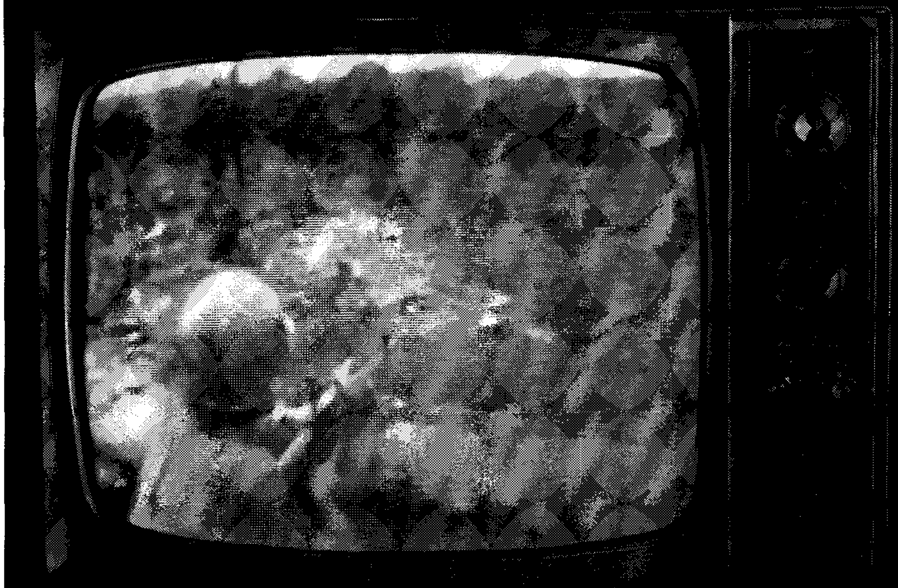

American television newsmen make this war a disturbing part of every viewer's day. Hawks and doves, parents and students, legislators and generals—all feel the impact of this steady stream of news reports, analysis and in-depth special programs. And, as a result, our society has never been better prepared to make its decisions. Not only about the war but also about race relations, the economy and politics.

This month, television will also follow man to the bottom of the sea in search of food, minerals and energy. Re-examine Senator Joseph McCarthy's rise and confrontation with Attorney Joseph Welch. Present two great American novels in contemporary relevance. Here is a list to guide the selective viewer.

Home Country, U.S.A. American Profile: Chet Huntley reports on America's strength in its grass roots. Friday, Apr. 5 (10-11 pm).

The Confrontation—McCarthy-Army Hearings. Re-examines the McCarthy era. Friday, Apr. 5 (10-11 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Africa and I. Sunday, Apr. 7 (4-5 pm); What Color is the Wind? Apr. 14 (4:30-5:30 pm); A Collage of Today. Apr. 21 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Academy Awards. Bob Hope hosts Hollywood's 40th Oscar presentation. Monday, Apr. 8 (10 pm to concl.).

The Great American Novel. *Babbitt* and *The Grapes of Wrath* presented to evoke contemporary relevance. Tuesday, Apr. 9 (10-11 pm).

The Comedy of Ernie Kovacs. Highlights of programs by the late comedian. Tuesday, Apr. 9 (10-11 pm).

The American Alcoholic. The social implications of alcoholism. Friday, Apr. 12 (10-11 pm).

Duke Ellington's Easter Music. Concert of Ellington's sacred music at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Sunday, Apr. 14 (10-11 am).

Bell Telephone Hour. Going to Bethlehem. Sunday, Apr. 14 (6:30-7:30 pm); Jazz: The Intimate Art. Friday, Apr. 26 (10-11 pm).

The Life Cycle of the Sea Turtle; One-Man Submarines. The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau. Monday, Apr. 15 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Lonely Dorymen: Portugal's Men of the Sea. National Geographic film. Tuesday, Apr. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Weapons of Gordon Parks. Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner. A close-up of the photographer, artist and writer. Tuesday, Apr. 16 (10-10:30 pm).

Our Time in Hell. Lee Marvin narrates documentary of Marine Corps during World War II. Wednesday, Apr. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Enormous Egg. NBC Children's Theatre: the story of a pet dinosaur. Thursday, Apr. 18 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Man and Sea. Tomorrow's World: explorations under the oceans for food, energy, minerals. Friday, Apr. 19 (10-11 pm).

Broadway '68—The Tony Awards. 22nd annual presentation of awards. Sunday, Apr. 21 (10-11:30 pm).

The Hungry American. Examination of what it is like to be one of four million impoverished Americans. Tuesday, Apr. 23 (10-11 pm).

Trial Lawyer. Five leading trial lawyers discuss their profession. Tuesday, Apr. 30 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ABC's Wide World of Sports/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/Directions/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/The War This Week/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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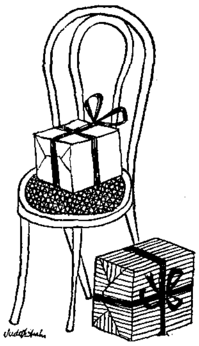
that devaluation just generally sounds depressing.) By nightfall on Monday, it had been announced that eleven other currencies—those of Spain, Denmark, Israel, Hong Kong, Malta, Guyana, Malawi, Jamaica, Fiji, Bermuda, and Ireland—were also being devalued. That wasn't so bad, because the disruptive effect of a currency devaluation is in direct proportion to the importance of that currency in world trade, and none of those currencies were of great importance. The most ominous move was Denmark's, because Denmark might easily be followed by its close economic allies Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands, and that *would* be pretty serious. Egypt, which was an instant loser of thirty-eight million dollars on pounds held in its reserves at the time of devaluation, held firm, and so did Kuwait, which lost eighteen million.

On Tuesday, the markets everywhere were going full blast. The Bank of England, back in business, set the new trading limits of the pound at a floor of $2.38 and a ceiling of $2.42, whereupon the pound went straight to the ceiling, like a balloon slipped from a child's hand, and stayed there all day; indeed, for obscure reasons inapplicable to balloons, it spent much of the day slightly above the ceiling. Now, instead of paying dollars for pounds, the Bank of England was supplying pounds for dollars, and thereby beginning the process of rebuilding its reserves. I called Waage to share what I thought would be his jubilation, but found him taking it all calmly. The pound's strength, he said, was "technical"—that is, it was caused by the previous week's short sellers' buying pounds back to cash in their profits—and the first objective test of the new pound would not come until Friday. Seven more small governments announced devaluations during the day. In Malaysia, which had devalued its old sterling-backed pound but not its new dollar, based on gold, and which continued to keep both currencies in circulation, the injustice of the situation led to riots, and over the next two weeks more than twenty-seven people were killed in them—the first casualties of devaluation. Apart from this painful reminder that the counters in the engrossing game of international finance are people's livelihoods, and even their lives, so far so good.



But on Wednesday the twenty-second a less localized portent of trouble appeared. The speculative attack that had so long battered and at last crushed the pound now turned, as everyone had feared it might, on the dollar. As the one nation that is committed to sell gold in any quantity to the central bank of any other nation at the fixed price of thirty-five dollars an ounce, the United States is the keystone of the world monetary arch, and the gold in its Treasury—which on that Wednesday amounted to not quite thirteen billion dollars' worth—is the foundation. Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board Martin had said repeatedly that the United States would under any condition continue to sell it on demand, if necessary down to the last bar. Despite this pledge, and despite President Johnson's reiteration of it immediately after Britain's devaluation, speculators now began buying gold with dollars in huge quantities, expressing the same sort of skepticism toward official assurances that was shown at about the same time by New Yorkers who took to accumulating and hoarding subway tokens. Gold was suddenly in unusual demand in Paris, Zurich, and other financial centers, and most particularly in London, the world's leading gold market, where people immediately began to talk about the London Gold Rush. The day's orders for gold, which some authorities estimated at over fifty million dollars' worth, seemed to come in from everywhere—except, presumably, from citizens of the United States or Britain, who are forbidden by law to buy or own monetary gold. And who was to sell the stuff to these invisible multitudes so suddenly repossessed by the age-old lust for it? Not the United States Treasury, which, through the Federal Reserve, sells gold only to central banks, and not other central banks, which do not promise to sell it at all. To fill this vacuum, still another coöperative international group, the London gold pool, had been established in 1961. Provided by its members—the United States, Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, West Germany, Belgium, and, originally, France—with gold ingots in quantities that might dazzle a Croesus (fifty-nine per cent of the total coming from the United States), the pool was intended to quell money panics by supplying gold to non-governmental buyers in any quantity demanded, at a price effectively the same as the Federal Reserve's, and thereby to protect

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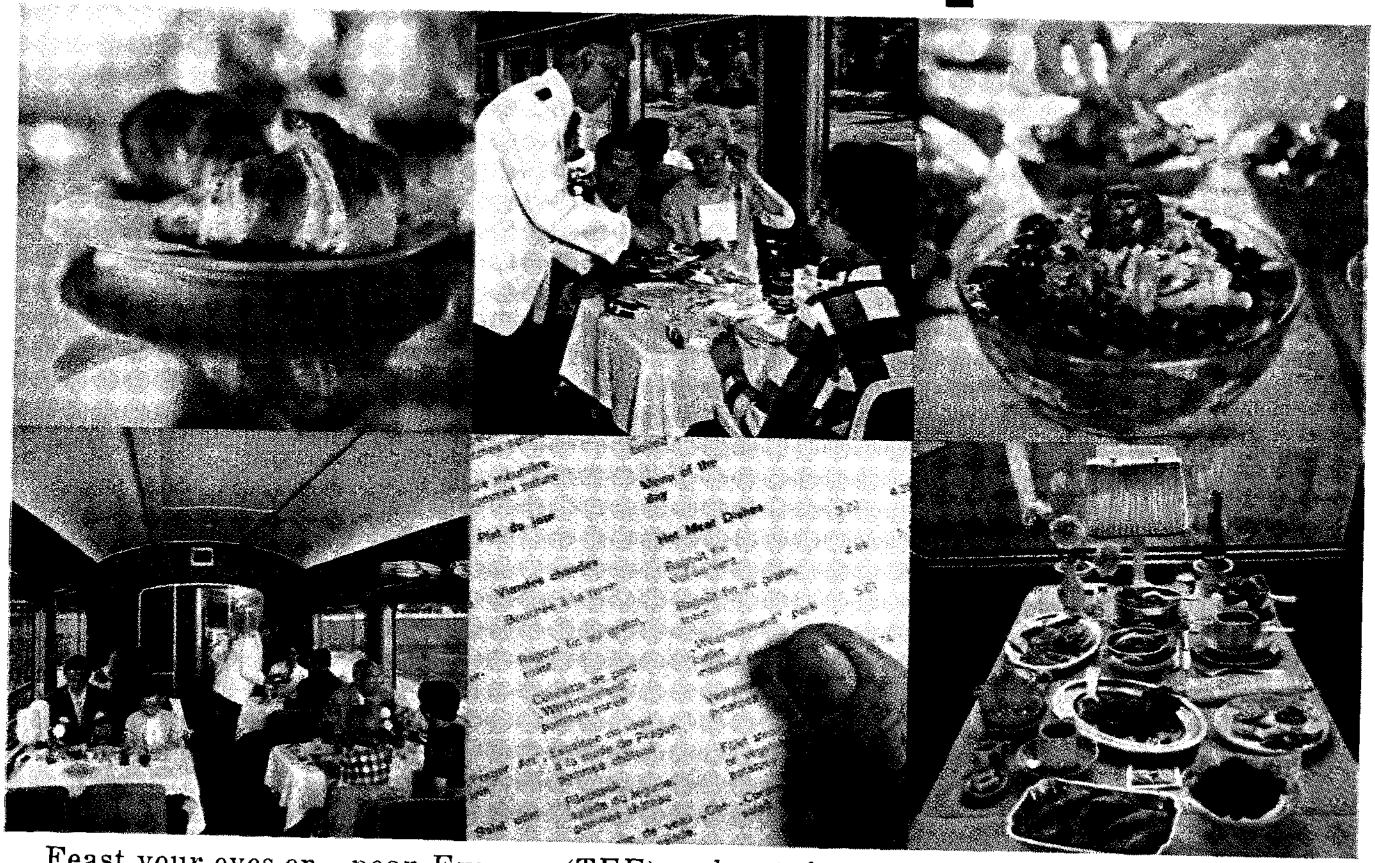

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the stability of the dollar and the system.

And that is what the pool did on Wednesday. Thursday, though, was much worse, with the gold-buying frenzy in both Paris and London breaking even the records set during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, and many people, high British and American officials among them, became convinced of something they had suspected from the first—that the gold rush was part of a plot by General de Gaulle and France to humble first the pound and now the dollar. The evidence, to be sure, was all circumstantial, but it was persuasive. De Gaulle and his Ministers had long been on record as wishing to relegate the pound and the dollar to international roles far smaller than their current ones. A suspicious amount of the gold buying, even in London, was traceable to France. On Monday evening, thirty-six hours before the start of the gold rush, France's government had let slip, through a press leak, that it intended to withdraw from the gold pool (according to subsequent information, France hadn't contributed anything to the pool since the previous June anyhow), and the French government was also accused of having had a hand in spreading false rumors that Belgium and Italy were about to withdraw, too. And now it was coming out, bit by bit, that in the days just before the devaluation France had been by far the most reluctant nation to join in another credit package to rescue sterling, and that, for good measure, France had withheld until the very last minute its assurance that it would maintain its own exchange rate if Britain devalued. All in all, there was a good case for the allegation that de Gaulle & Co. had been playing a mischievous part, and, whether it was true or not, I couldn't help feeling that the accusations against them were adding a good deal of spice to the devaluation crisis.

ON Friday, in London, the pound spent the whole day tight up against its ceiling, and thus came through its first really significant post-devaluation test with colors flying. Only a few small governments had announced devaluations since Monday, and it was now evident that Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands were going to hold firm. But on the dollar front things looked worse than ever. Friday's gold buying in London and Paris had far exceeded the previous day's record, and estimates were that gold sales in all markets over the pre-

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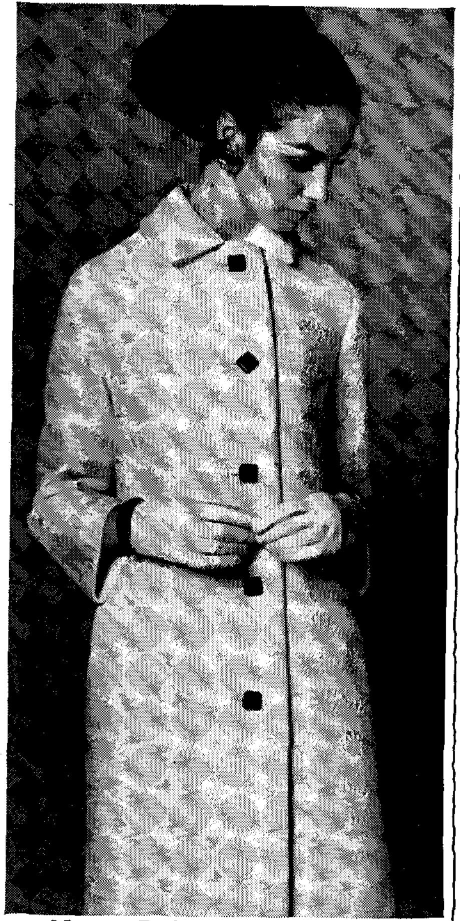

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ceding three days added up to something not far under the billion-dollar mark; there was near pandemonium all day in Johannesburg as speculators scrambled to get their hands on shares in gold-mining companies; and all over Europe people were trading in dollars not only for gold but for other currencies as well. If the dollar was hardly in the position that the pound had occupied a week earlier, at least there were uncomfortable parallels. Subsequently, it was reported that in the first days after devaluation the Federal Reserve, so accustomed to lending support to other currencies, had been forced to *borrow* various foreign currencies, amounting to almost two billion dollars' worth, in order to defend its own.

Late Friday, having attended a conference at which Waage was in an unaccustomed mood of nervous jocularity that made me nervous, too, I left the Federal Reserve Bank half believing that devaluation of the dollar was going to be announced over the weekend. Nothing of the sort happened; on the contrary, the worst was temporarily over. On Sunday, it was announced that central-bank representatives of the gold-pool countries, Hayes and Coombs among them, had met in Frankfurt and formally agreed to continue maintaining the dollar at its present gold-exchange rate with their combined resources. This seemed to remove any doubt that the dollar was backed not only by the United States' thirteen-billion-dollar gold hoard but also by the additional fourteen billion dollars' worth of gold in the coffers of Belgium, Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and West Germany. The speculators were apparently impressed. On Monday, gold buying was much lower in London and Zurich, continuing at a record pace only in Paris—and this in spite of a sulphurous press audience granted that day by de Gaulle himself, who, along with bemusing opinions on various other matters, hazarded the view that the trend of events was toward the decline of the dollar's international importance. On Tuesday, gold sales dropped sharply everywhere, even in Paris. "A good day today," Waage told me on the phone that afternoon. "A better day tomorrow, we hope." On Wednesday, the gold markets were back to normal, but, as a result of the week's doings, the Treasury had lost some four hundred and fifty tons of gold—almost half a billion dollars' worth—in fulfilling its obligations to the gold pool and meeting the demands of foreign central banks.

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EVE.				I		I		II		I		II		I
MAT.	5	I	6	II	7	I	8	II	9	I	10	II	11	I
EVE.		II		I		II		I		II		I		II
MAT	12	II	13	I	14	II	15	I	16	II	17	I	18	II
EVE		I		II		I		II		I		II		I
MAT.	19	I	20	II	21	I	22	II	23	I	24	II	25	I
EVE.		II		I		II		I		II		I		II
MAT.	26	II	27	I	28	II	29	I	30	II	31	I		
EVE.		I		II		I		II		I		II		

JUNE

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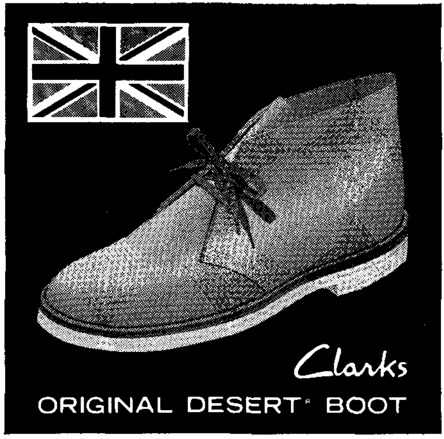

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thing was quiet. But it was only a trough between succeeding shock waves. From December 8th to 18th, there came a new spell of wild speculation against the dollar, leaching another four hundred tons or so of gold out of the pool; this, like the previous wave, was eventually calmed by reiterations on the part of the United States and its gold-pool partners of their determination to maintain the status quo. By the end of the year, the Treasury had lost almost a billion dollars' worth of gold since Britain's devaluation, reducing its gold stock to below the twelve-billion-dollar mark for the first time since 1937. President Johnson's balance-of-payments program, announced January 1st and based chiefly on restrictions on American bank lending and industrial investments abroad, helped keep speculation down for two months. But the gold rush was not to be quelled so simply. All pledges notwithstanding, it had powerful economic and psychological forces behind it. In a larger sense, it was an expression of an age-old tendency to distrust all paper currencies in times of crisis, but more specifically it was the long-feared sequel to sterling devaluation, and—perhaps most specifically of all—it was a vote of no confidence in the determination of the United States to keep its economic affairs in order, with particular reference to a level of civilian consumption beyond the dreams of avarice at a time when ever-increasing billions were being sent abroad to support a war with no end in sight. The money in which the world was supposed to be putting its trust looked to the gold speculators like that of the most reckless and improvident spendthrift.

When they returned to the attack, on February 29th—choosing that day for no assignable reason except that a single United States senator, Jacob Javits, had just remarked, with either deadly seriousness or casual indiscretion, that he thought his country might do well to suspend temporarily all gold payments to foreign countries—it was with such ferocity that the situation quickly got out of hand. On March 1st, the gold pool dispensed an estimated forty to fifty tons in London (as against three or four tons on a normal day); on March 5th and 6th, forty tons per day; on March 8th, over seventy-five tons; and on March 13th, a total that could not be accurately estimated but ran well over one hundred tons. Meanwhile, the pound, which could probably not escape a further devaluation if the dollar were to be

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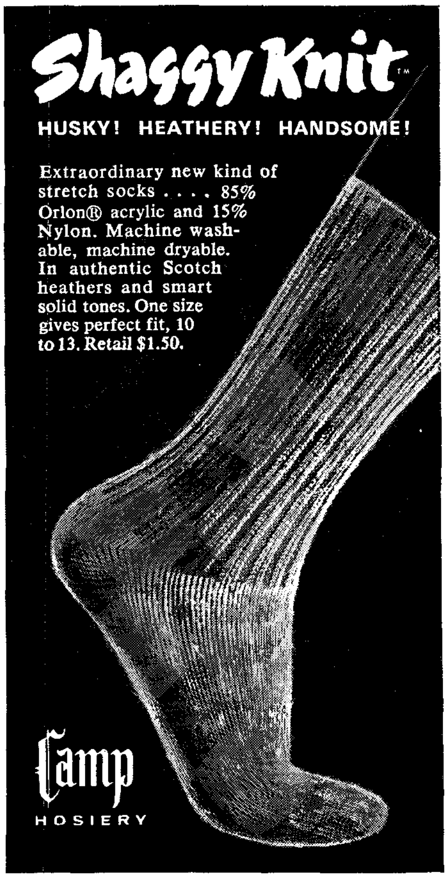

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Flexible film pleased photographers more than plates, so Eastman made film and the film made more photographers. Cellulose nitrate film was hazardous, so the company switched over eventually to cellulose acetate. To make cellulose acetate efficiently we needed to make a lot of it, so what we didn't need for film, we put into fibers for textiles. The textile experts and customers thus acquired broadened us from cellulosics to fully synthetic fibers. Of these, VEREL Modacrylic Fiber has won tremendous favor for draperies. Draperies greatly affect heat- and light-exchange.

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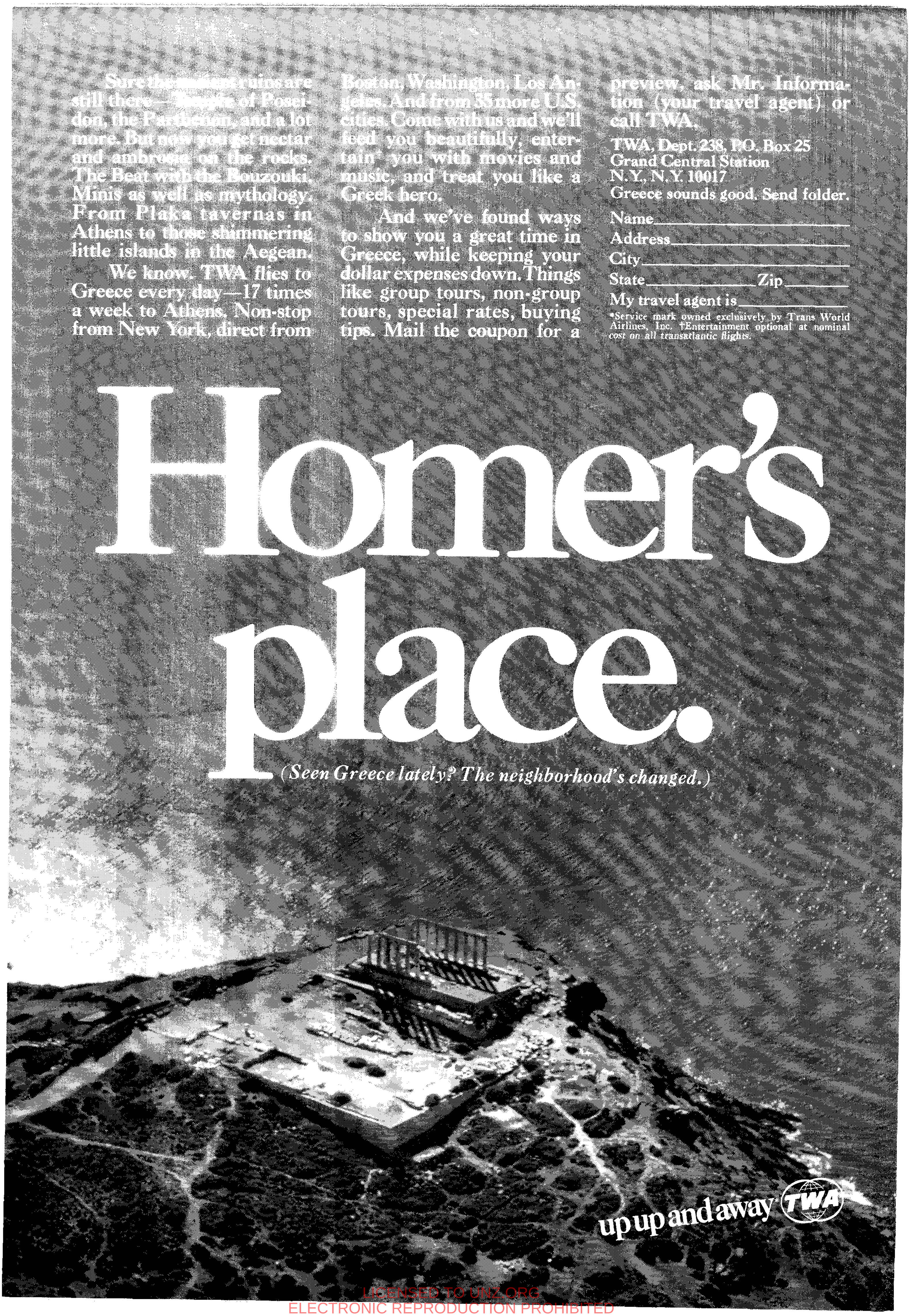
devalued in relation to gold, slipped below its par of $2.40 for the first time. Still another reiteration of the now-familiar pledges, this time from the central-bankers' club at Basel on March 10th, seemed to have no effect at all. The market was in the classic state of chaos, distrustful of every public assurance and at the mercy of every passing rumor. A leading Swiss banker grimly called the situation "the most dangerous since 1931." A member of the Basel club, tempering desperation with charity, said that the gold speculators apparently didn't realize their actions were imperilling the world's money. The New York *Times*, in an editorial, said, "It is quite clear that the international payments system . . . is eroding."

On Thursday, March 14th, panic was added to chaos. London gold dealers, in describing the day's action, used the un-British words "stampede," "catastrophe," and "nightmare." The exact volume of gold sold that day was unannounced, as usual—probably it could not have been precisely counted, in any case—but everyone agreed that it had been an all-time record; most estimates put the total at around two hundred tons, or two hundred and twenty million dollars' worth, while the *Wall Street Journal* put it twice that high. If the former estimate was right, during the trading day the United States Treasury had paid out through its share of the gold pool alone one million dollars in gold every three minutes and forty-two seconds; if the *Journal* figure was right (as a subsequent Treasury announcement made it appear to be), a million every *one* minute and *fifty-one* seconds. Clearly, this wouldn't do. Like Britain in 1964, at this rate the United States would have a bare cupboard in a matter of days. That afternoon, the Federal Reserve System raised its discount rate from four and a half to five per cent—a defensive measure so timid and inadequate that one New York banker compared it to a popgun, and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the System's foreign-exchange arm, was moved to protest by refusing to go along with the token raise. Late in the day in New York, and toward midnight in London, the United States asked Britain to keep the gold market closed the next day, Friday, to prevent further catastrophe and clear the way to the weekend, when face-to-face international consultations could be held. The bewildered American public, largely unaware of the gold pool's existence, probably first sensed the general shape of things when it learned on Friday morning that Queen Elizabeth II had met with her Ministers on the crisis between midnight and 1 A.M.

On Friday, a day of nervous waiting, the London markets were closed, and so were foreign-exchange desks nearly everywhere else, but gold shot up to a big premium in the Paris market—a sort of black market, from the American standpoint—and in New York sterling, unsupported by the firmly locked Bank of England, briefly fell below its official bottom price of $2.38 before rallying. Over the weekend, the central bankers of the gold-pool nations (the United States, Britain, West Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the Netherlands, and Belgium, with France still conspicuously missing and, indeed, uninvited this time) met in Washington, with Coombs participating for the Federal Reserve along with Chairman Martin. After two full days of rigidly secret discussions, they announced their decisions late on Sunday afternoon. The thirty-five-dollar-an-ounce official monetary price of gold would be kept for use in all dealings among central banks; the gold pool would be disbanded, and the central banks would supply no more gold to the London market, where privately traded gold would be allowed to find its own price; sanctions would be taken against any central bank seeking to profit from the price differential between the central-bank price and the free-market price; and the London gold market would remain closed for a couple of weeks, until the dust settled. During the first few market days under the new arrangements, the pound rallied strongly, and the free-market price of gold settled at between two and five dollars above the central-bank price—a differential considerably smaller than many had expected.

The crisis had passed, or *that* crisis had. The dollar had escaped devaluation, and the international monetary mechanism was intact. Nor was the solution a particularly radical one; after all, gold had been on a two-price basis in 1960, before the gold pool had been formed. But the present solution was a temporary, stopgap one, and the curtain was not down on the drama yet. Like Hamlet's ghost, the pound, which had started the action, was offstage now. The principal actors onstage last week were the Federal Reserve and the United States Treasury, doing what



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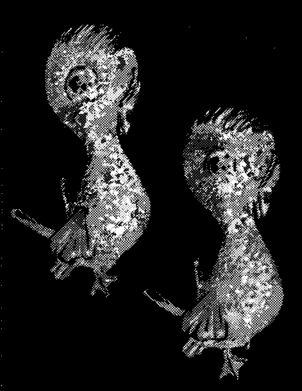
the taste that sets the trends

they could in a technical way to keep things on an even keel; the Congress, complacent with prosperity, preoccupied with coming elections, and therefore resistant to higher taxes and other uncomfortable retrenching measures (on the very afternoon of the London panic, the Senate Finance Committee had voted down an income-tax surcharge); and, finally, the President, calling for "a program of national austerity" to defend the dollar, yet at the same time reportedly weighing the notion of a huge increase in the Vietnam force, which would be to the national balance-of-payments problem what high-octane gasoline would be to a fire. Ultimately, it appeared, the nation had just three possible economic courses: to somehow end the Vietnam war, root of the payments problem and therefore heart of the matter; to adopt a full wartime economy, with sky-high taxes, wage and price controls, and perhaps rationing; or to face forced devaluation of the dollar and perhaps a depression-breeding world monetary mess.

As the last act was beginning to unfold—after the sterling devaluation but before the recent gold panic—I went down to Liberty Street and saw Coombs and Hayes. I found Coombs looking bone-tired but not sounding disheartened about three years spent largely in a losing cause. "I don't see the fight for the pound as all having been in vain," he said. "We gained those three years, and during that time the British put through a lot of internal measures to strengthen themselves. If they'd been forced to devalue in 1964, there's a good chance that wage-and-price inflation would have eaten up any benefit they derived and put them back in the same old box. Also, over those three years there have been further gains in international monetary coöperation. Goodness knows what would have happened to the whole system with a devaluation in 1964. Without that three-year international effort—that rearguard action, you might say—sterling might have collapsed in much greater disorder, with far more damaging repercussions than we've seen even now. Remember that, after all, our effort and the effort of the other central banks wasn't to hold up sterling for its own sake. It was to hold it up for the sake of preserving the system. And the system has survived."

Hayes, on the surface, seemed exactly as he had when I last saw him, a year and a half earlier—as placid and unruffled as if he had been spending all that time studying up on Corfu. I



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asked him whether he was still living up to his principle of keeping bankers' hours, and he replied, smiling very slightly, that the principle had long since yielded to expediency—that, as a time consumer, the 1967 sterling crisis had made the 1964 crisis seem like child's play, and that the subsequent dollar crisis was turning out to be more of the same. A side benefit of the whole three-and-a-half-year affair, he said, was that its frequently excruciating melodrama had contributed something to Mrs. Hayes' interest in banking, and even something, if not so much, to the position of business in Tom's scale of values.

When Hayes spoke of the devaluation, however, I saw that his placidity was a mask. "Oh, I was disappointed, all right," he said quietly. "After all, we worked like the devil to prevent it. And we nearly did. In my opinion, Britain could have got enough assistance from abroad to hold the rate. It could have been done without France. Britain chose to devalue. I think there's a good chance that the devaluation will eventually be a success. And the gain for international coöperation is beyond question. Charlie Coombs and I could feel that at Frankfurt in November, at the gold-pool meeting—a sense everyone there had that now is the time to lock arms. But still . . ." Hayes paused, and when he spoke again his voice was full of such quiet force that I saw the devaluation through his eyes—not as just a severe professional reverse but as an ideal lost and an idol fallen. He said, "That day in November, here at the bank, when a courier brought me the top-secret British document informing us of the decision to devalue, I felt physically sick. Sterling would not be the same. It would never again command the same amount of faith around the world."

—JOHN BROOKS

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

Still, it is quite clear that whatever the feelings between the Kennedys and McCarthy, they are much better than the three bears towards Lyndon Johnson.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Specially that littlest bear—he can't *stand* Johnson.

•

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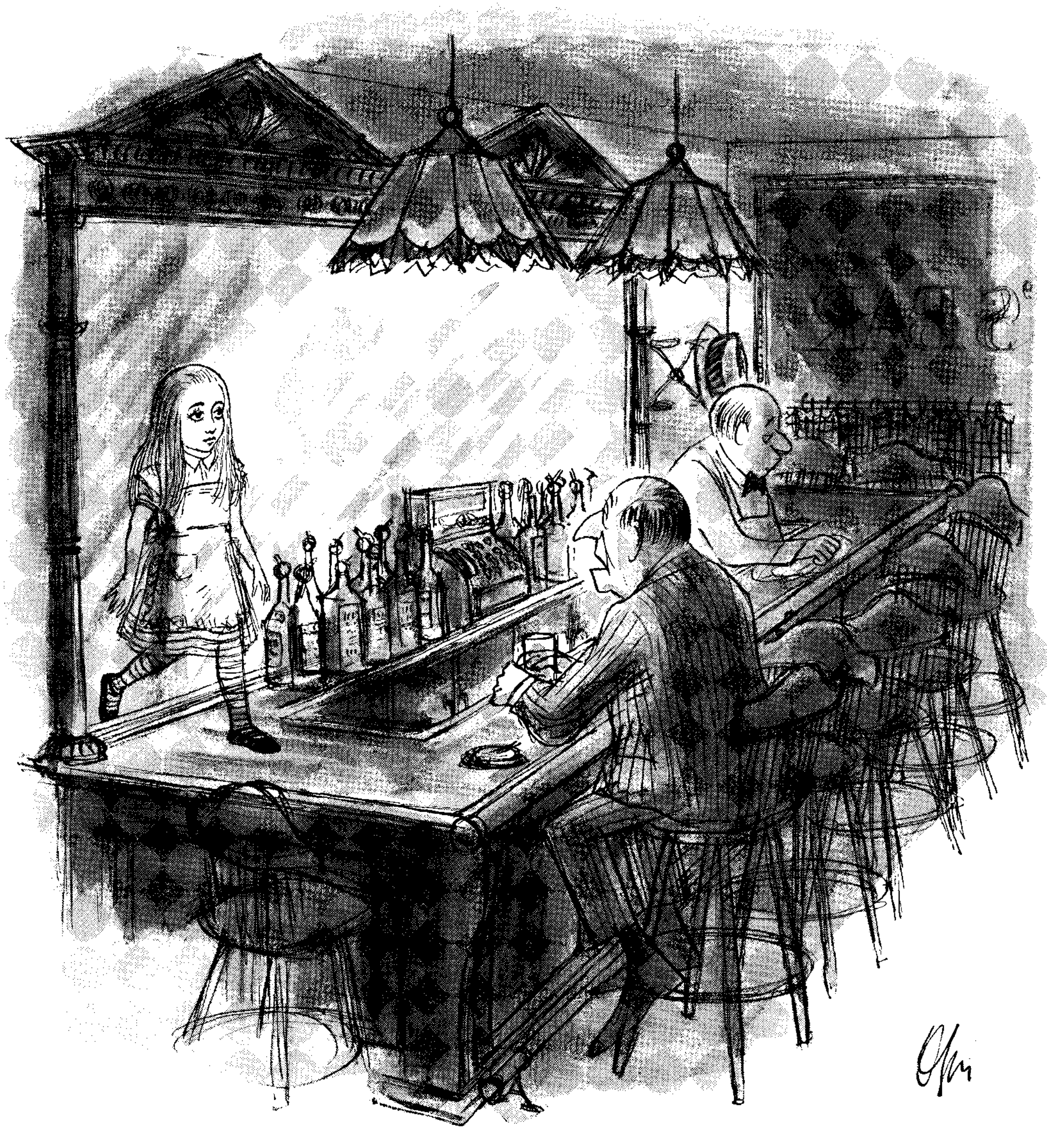
THE THEATRE

IMAGE BREAKERS

JOE ORTON'S "Loot," at the Biltmore, is a very funny knockabout farce that, in the oddest and most winning fashion, manages to combine the earthy impertinences of Brendan Behan's unbridled stagecraft (which used to find room, on occasion, for Behan himself, in mirthful mufti) with the high-toned airs of Edwardian drawing-room comedy. The play is by intention as harum-scarum in plot as it is hoity-toity in diction, and one is constantly being tricked into laughter by the bold chances its author takes in the course of setting the conventional world on its head, or, more accurately, its ear. Nothing is sacred to Mr. Orton, least of all those middle-class institutions that he evidently sees as having long ago consented to profane themselves—the Church, the law, the family, and so on—but the weapons that he employs against them are much less dangerous than they seem at first glance; his grotesque sight gags and pretentious dialogue are like so many erratic pinwheels and Roman candles, some of which go off prematurely and a few of which fail to go off at all, and they are incapable of inflicting permanent injury upon their famously thick-skinned victims. Though it is plain that Mr. Orton takes a dark view of mankind, his mood is an invincibly merry one, and the clown in him continuously outwits the scold.

Gibbon said of Corsica that its condition was easier to deplore than describe, but for sheer perverse complexity I doubt if Corsica at its worst could ever have been a patch on the plot of "Loot." It is characteristic of the play's inspired dramaturgic schizophrenia that a well-wrapped lady corpse is hurried about the stage all evening long, from coffin to wardrobe to bed to wardrobe to coffin, while eloquent protestations of grief pour unnoticed from the corpse's bereaved husband and no less eloquent confessions of guilt pour unnoticed from the pretty young nurse who has recently murdered her; at the same time, a Scotland Yard inspector, ignoring the conspicuous homicide at hand, is eager to identify the miscreants who have just robbed a nearby bank of twenty thousand pounds. Since Mr. Orton's energy and powers of assimilation are unflagging, the resolution of these mingled difficulties produces a work that lies somewhere between "Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . ." and "Topkapi." Mighty peculiar country round there, and well worth our spending a couple of idle hours in.

The cast of "Loot" hurls itself with abandon into an assortment of bizarre roles. George Rose plays the oafish Inspector Truscott of Scotland Yard, who lowers his roaring, Bull-of-Bashan voice only once throughout the play: when he is offered a bribe by the criminals he has captured, we see him mouthing with unexpected delicacy the critical words "How much?" Carole Shelley is the pretty nurse who turns out to have acquired the knack of attaching herself to elderly patients and then doing away with them. Liam Redmond is admirable as the quavering Irish relict of the murdered woman; on being shown her glass eye—I assure you, "Loot" is a play that has everything—he imperturbably identifies it as a marble. The son of the family is played by Kenneth Cranham, and the son's friend and partner in crime by James Hunter; their dextrous juggling of the corpse is beyond praise. "Loot" was di-



"No more for me, Joe."

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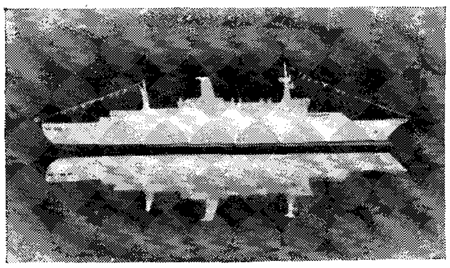

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rected by Derek Goldby, and the suitably hideous scenery is by William Ritman.

It is sad to think that "Loot" is the last play we shall have from Mr. Orton, who, having just written this comedy about murder, was himself murdered, under particularly horrible circumstances, in the summer of 1967.

THE APA Repertory Company has revived "The Cherry Orchard" at the Lyceum in a translation by Eva Le Gallienne, who also directed it. The Lyceum is an interesting theatre for such a revival; its coarsely opulent baroque interior dates back to 1903, when the dying Chekhov was busy writing "The Cherry Orchard," and one feels appropriate intimations of sadness for times past even before the rich, wine-dark Lyceum curtain rises on the opening scene—the nursery of Mme. Ranevskaya's moldering house in the depths of the Russian countryside. James Tilton has provided some old-fashioned, highly realistic sets, and the costumes, by Nancy Potts, display a similar fidelity to the time and place of the play; perhaps the acting is a little too insistently old-fashioned as well. The gush and flutter of the initial family reunion in the nursery set my teeth on edge, and I had the uneasy impression as the evening progressed that the cast, in their well-meant diligence, had thought harder about the celebrated author's intentions for them than about the actual words they were to utter. Only Richard Easton, as Trofimov, seemed unself-consciously at home inside his role. Uta Hagen was so wan a Mme. Ranevskaya that it was difficult to believe in the impetuous ardor she had been capable of back in her beloved France. Donald Moffat lacked the underlying fierceness that I look for in Lopahin (and in his American cousins, the Snopeses of Mississippi), and Nancy Walker was totally at sea in the role of a governess; of the rest, let me at least offer the respect of mention to Pamela Payton-Wright as Anya, Richard Woods as Gaev, Sydney Walker as Semyonov-Pishtchik, Betty Miller as Varya, and Clayton Corzatte as Firs, Gaev's devoted valet. I envy Mr. Corzatte—who would *not* leap at the chance to play a doddering eighty-seven-year-old valet? It is a hard role to bungle.—BRENDAN GILL

•

The actual bidding at Newmarket was done by a Californian wearing a psychedelic tie named Albert Yank.—*Business Week.*

Everyone to his own whimsey.

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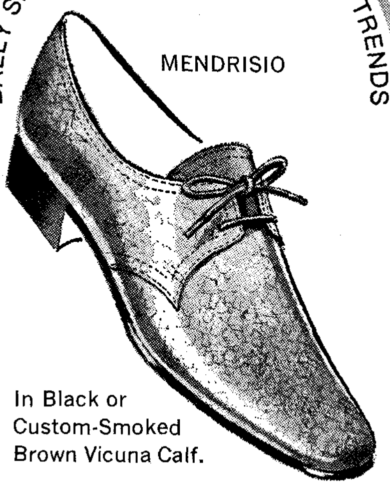

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U.S. JOURNAL: CLOVIS

NO, SIR, I CAN'T GO

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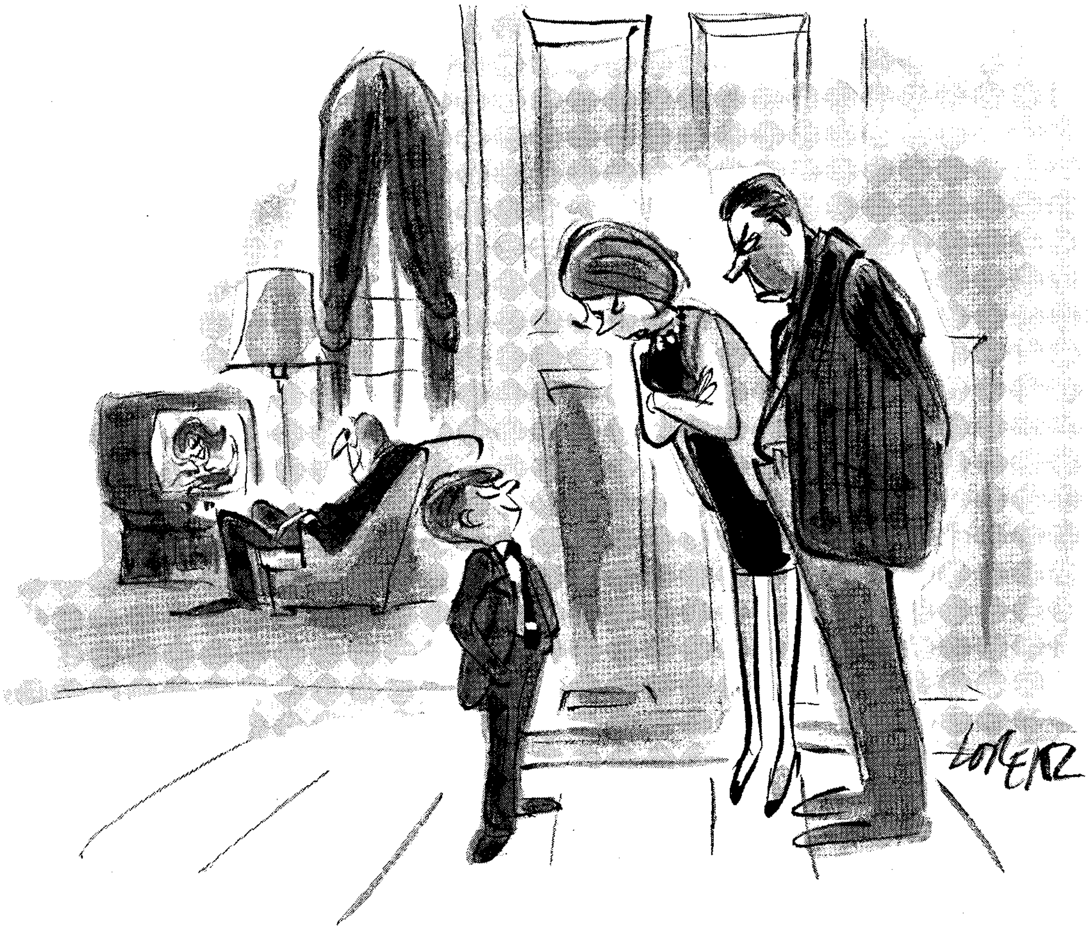
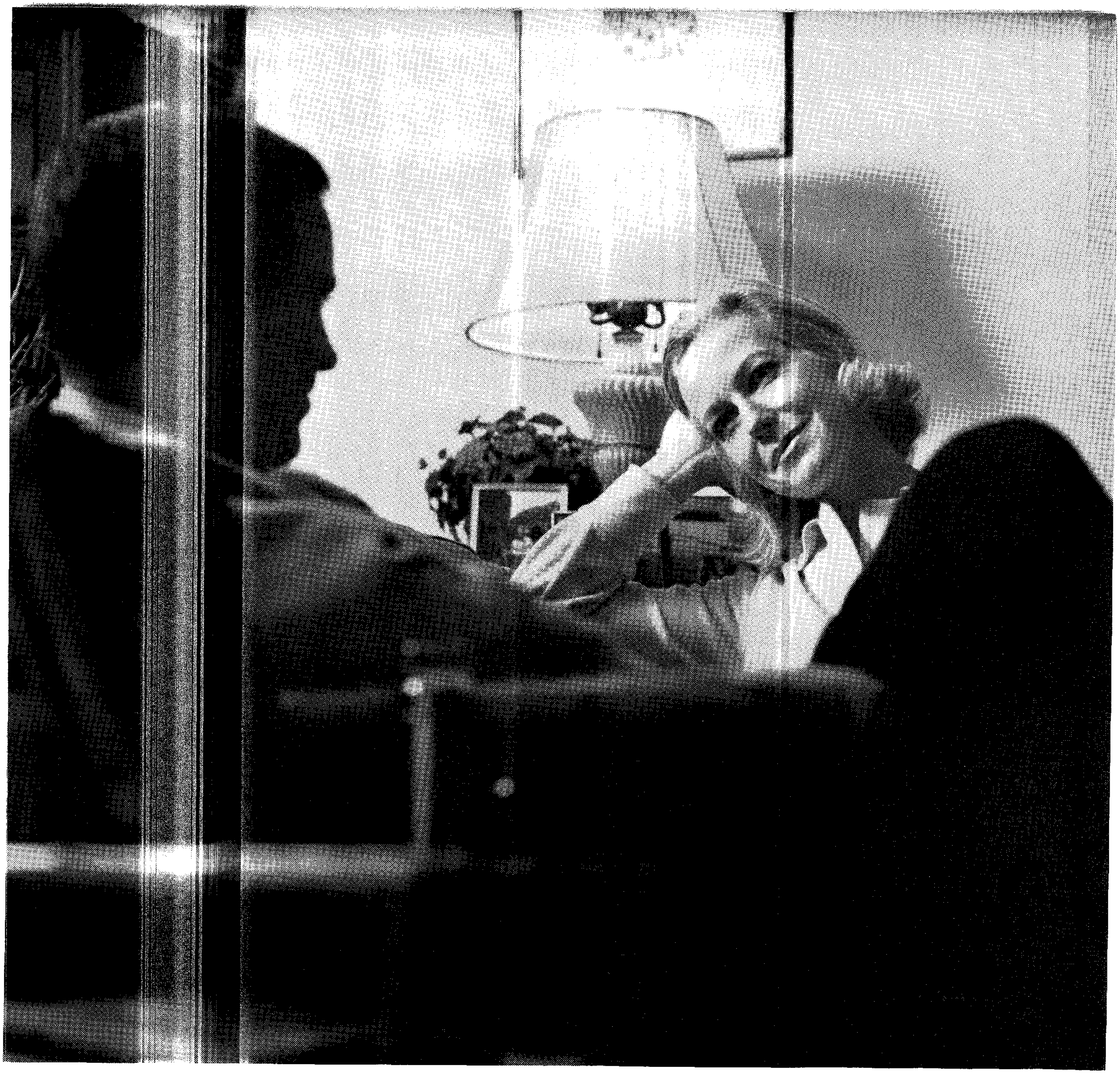
THE class of 1955 entered college during a war that was questioned by practically nobody—certainly not by the members of the class of 1955, who were, by and large, not in the habit of questioning anything—and graduated at a time when it was taken for granted that the United States would have to maintain a large military force to defend itself and other people from overt aggression. Taking R.O.T.C. was considered sensible; the most widely voiced concern about being commissioned in the Air Force was that any area flat and desolate enough to be an ideal place for an airbase was likely to be less than an ideal place to live. Nobody talked about the damage bombs could do to women and children. Speeches about aggression did not include the possibility that the United States could ever be considered the aggressor. The leading student in the Air Force R.O.T.C. program at Washington State University in 1955 was a young man from Wenatchee, Washington, named Dale Noyd. He accepted the regular (as opposed to reserve) commission offered by the Air Force to Distinguished Military Graduates, learned to fly a jet fighter, and eventually spent three years in England as a member of a NATO fighter squadron. He won commendation for landing a badly crippled plane instead of bailing out; his efficiency reports glowed with praise for his intelligence and his perfectionism. He remained in the Air Force after his first five-year commitment was over—a patriotic, articulate, extraordinarily conscientious young man who believed that flying a jet for NATO had served "a useful deterrent purpose." His military career ended this month, at an airbase in flat, desolate land not far from the Texas state line, by the verdict of a general court-martial.

Both Dale Noyd and the country had changed a lot since the fifties. At the close of his tour in England, in 1960, Noyd applied for a program under which he could attend graduate school in psychology as an Air Force officer. Noyd, as the phrase went in the decade before college graduates began to say there was nothing worth doing, wasn't sure what he really wanted to do. When the early decisions to increase American military advisers in Vietnam were being made in Washington, Noyd was at the University of Michigan, working hard in his courses, having long discussions about world affairs with other graduate students in the Psychology Department's coffee lounge, developing an intense interest in writers like Tillich and Camus. After 1963, when Noyd began teaching psychology at the Air Force Academy, he followed the debate about the American presence in Vietnam with a political awareness greatly broadened by his years at Michigan—and the American presence changed from military advisers to supporting combat troops to chief participants.

By going to school at Air Force expense, Noyd had incurred a service commitment until June, 1969, and he was almost certain to be reassigned as a fighter pilot before then. Late in 1966, stating that he could not participate in a war he considered immoral, he asked that he be allowed to resign his commission or that he be classified as a conscientious objector and assigned to duties that did not conflict with his conscience. He applied as a humanist—eligible for consideration as a conscientious objector under the Supreme Court decision that the religion required does not have to include a belief in the God recognized by conventional faiths. His application was turned down, on the ground that a non-pacifist who objected only to a particular war could not qualify as a conscientious objector. Before the application became public, Noyd and his lawyers tried to persuade Air Force officials that they could avoid an embarrassing test case by simply sending Noyd anywhere to perform any duties that did not contribute directly to the war in Vietnam; it remains a matter of conjecture why Captain Noyd is not at this moment a base housing officer in Thule, Greenland. Instead, he was transferred to Cannon; the federal courts eventually decided they did not have jurisdiction to hear an appeal of the Air Force ruling until Noyd had been through the military courts;



"Just how big a piece of the pie do you think we'll get if you keep calling your Grandpa a silly old goat?"



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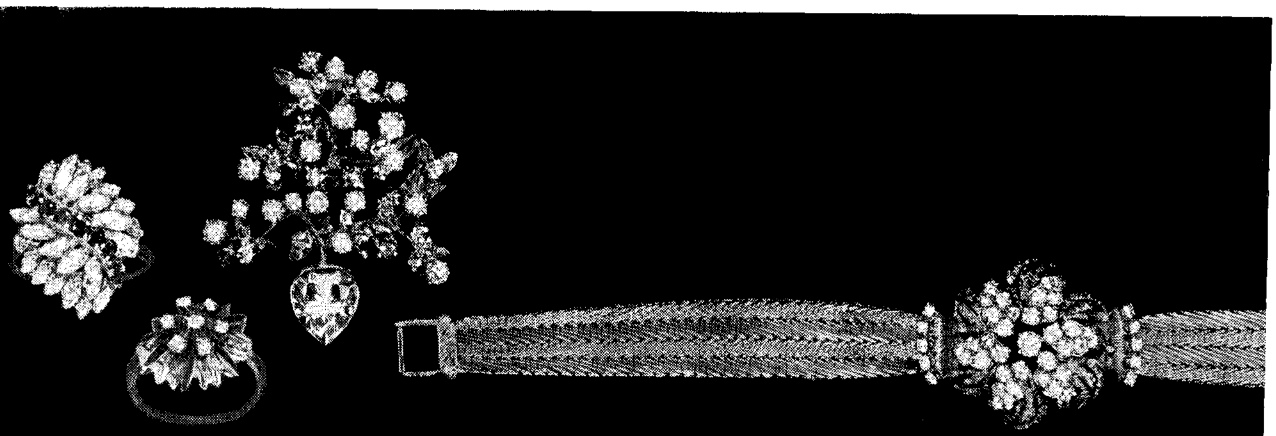

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a second conscientious-objection application was denied (although the Cannon base commander recommended approval); and, last December, Noyd was ordered to train fighter pilots who would almost certainly be going to Vietnam. He respectfully declined, as he had said he would—the fifties way of handling such a situation is not "Hell, no! We won't go!" but more like "No, sir, I can't go"—and he was charged with willful disobedience of a lawful order.

ALTHOUGH Noyd had changed and what the country was asking of its officers had changed, the Air Force had remained the same. On the first day of the court-martial, Marvin M. Karpatkin, who served as Noyd's chief defense counsel on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union, spent hours inquiring into the beliefs and experiences of the ten Air Force officers who sat on the court, in order to decide how to use his one peremptory challenge. When Karpatkin asked the officers if they had any bias against the American Civil Liberties Union—which Noyd was connected with not only as a client but as a dues-paying member—it turned out that only two of them had ever heard of the American Civil Liberties Union. None of them was aware of the Air Force regulation that permits those already in the service to apply for conscientious-objector status, and only two or three were aware of the fact that conscientious objectors serve in the Army as medics. None of them knew any conscientious objectors personally, or knew anybody who knew any. None of them had ever had any discussions about conscientious objection. None of them belonged to any organizations that had taken a stand on the subject one way or the other (although one lieutenant colonel wasn't certain of that; he said he belonged to the National Rifle Association and the Blue Lodge Masons). About the only articles dealing with conscientious objection any of them could remember reading dealt with Cassius Clay.

"Do you think it's wrong for the Air Force to set up procedures for those who have become conscientious objectors since they joined the service?" Karpatkin asked the president of the court, a thin colonel who, like a couple of other senior officers on the court, had a crew cut and spoke with a drawl.

"Anyone in the Air Force should be required to do whatever is required by his job or mission," the colonel said. "If it's to go overseas, he should go overseas."

"I suppose what I'm asking is: Is it a good or bad regulation?" Karpatkin said.

"Well, let me answer like this," the colonel said. "Congress and the Department of Defense made such a law, and the Air Force wrote a regulation."

"Have you ever heard of the doctrine, stated by St. Thomas Aquinas, of just wars and unjust wars?" Karpatkin asked a few moments later.

"No, sir," the colonel replied. "I don't recall it."

Nobody ever had any doubt that Noyd would be found guilty. Noyd himself—like the Southern Negro college professors who used to demonstrate against segregation, and the Eastern intellectuals who now demonstrate against the war—is one of that class of modern Americans who are sufficiently educated to view their own imprisonment with some of the detachment they would bring to any other minor historical event. Before the trial began, he explained calmly to friends that an officer who has fought in Vietnam would find it psychologically difficult to acknowledge the possibility that the cause he fought for is unjust—another interesting demonstration, Noyd thought, of the "cognitive-dissonance" phenomenon explored by Professor Festinger, at Stanford. The only question relevant to Noyd's immediate future was how severe the sentence would be—a rather important question, since the military has no provisions for granting bail during appeal. Noyd's lawyers made it clear from the start that, unlike Captain Howard Levy, the Army doctor who was sentenced to three years in prison last June after refusing to give medical training to Special Forces troops, Noyd would not use the trial to claim that the war is, in addition to being unjust, illegal. The one issue that Noyd's lawyers hoped to bring up for purposes of appeal could be stated in terms of religious freedom: Must a man—a man whose decision is based on legitimate religious convictions—be conscientiously opposed to all wars in order to be conscientiously opposed to one?

Even in citing the Thomist principle of unjust wars, the defense avoided getting into the matter of what had led Noyd to believe that the war in Vietnam is unjust. The court never heard

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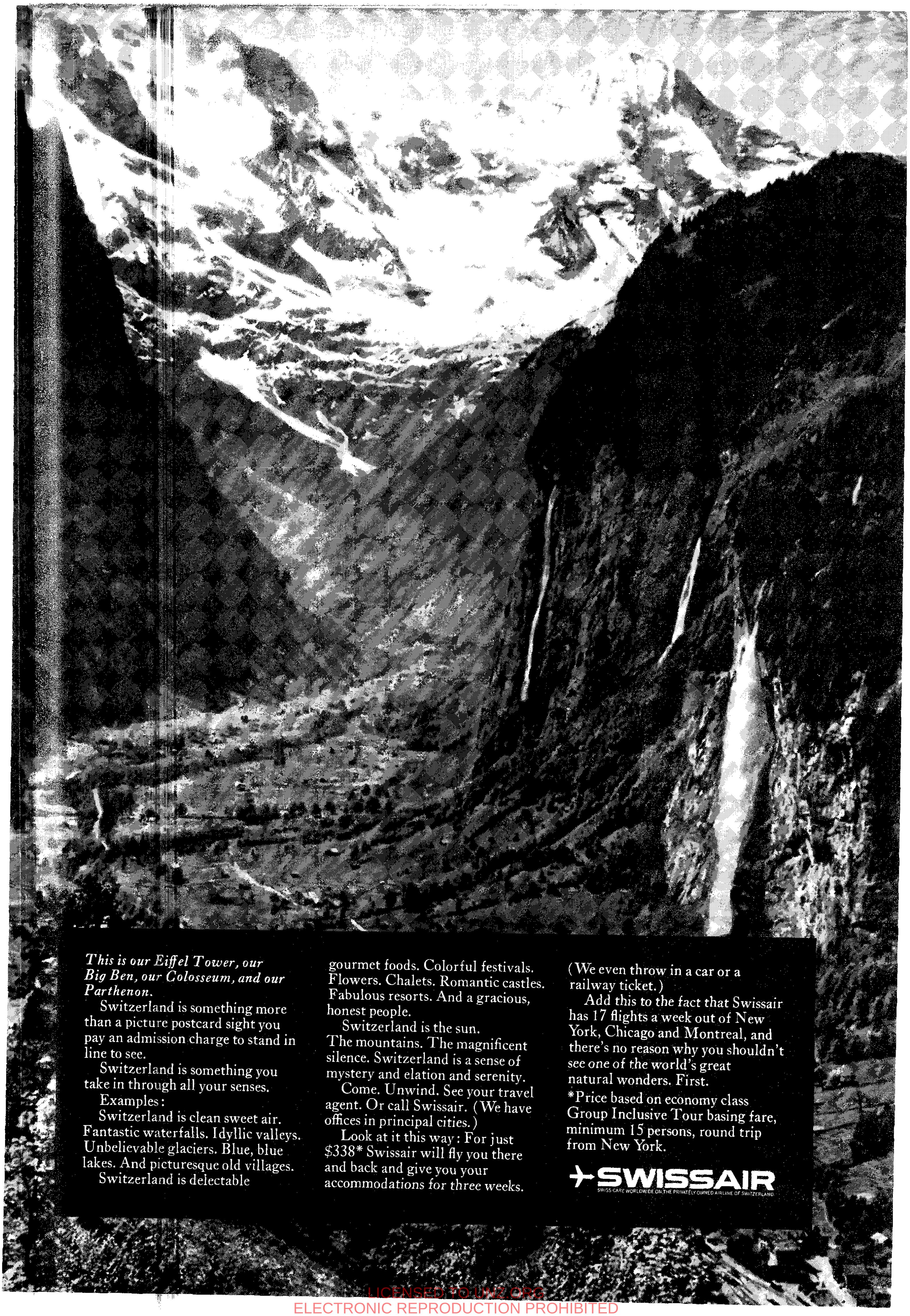

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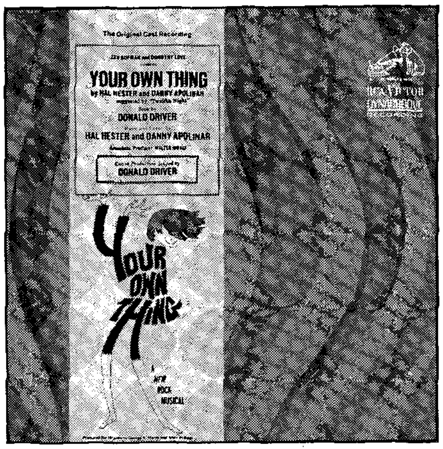

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Noyd's views on the state of democracy in South Vietnam or on anti-Communism as a basis for foreign policy or on the Geneva accords. In fact, at times during the five days of the trial it was possible for a spectator to forget about the war in Vietnam altogether. The testimony was occasionally drowned out by the roar of F-100 jets in which pilots were training for Southeast Asia, but the rambling old wooden base hospital in which the tiny courtroom was situated created the impression that any unfriendly aircraft the pilots faced would probably be Japanese. When it was testified that Captain Noyd had refrained from indoctrinating cadets with his views, the views referred to were on conscientious objection; the possibility that Noyd might try to convert any troops to his views on the war, as Levy was accused of doing, was never brought up. Vietnam intruded only in such isolated incidents as the appearance of Lieutenant Matthew Husson—the specific pilot Captain Noyd had refused to train—when, for a few minutes, Noyd was accused not of some symbolic gesture but of refusing to prepare for the war in Vietnam one blond, impossibly young lieutenant who began all sentences to his elders with "Sir," like an underclassman in a military school. "Lieutenant Husson, who sat on this stand, was going to Vietnam," Noyd testified later. "The skills that I would impart to him would be used in tasks that I thought were wrong, and, in addition to that, I may be training a young man who would forfeit his life in a cause in which I cannot believe."

It is conceivable that the principle of selective conscientious objection could be tested during the appeal of Noyd's case, but the officers of the court-martial panel heard little more about it than they did about Vietnam. Although the refusal of the federal courts to interfere had left Noyd with no way to contest the legality of the Air Force's decision except to disobey an order that conflicted with his conscience, the law officer (judge) ruled on the second day of the court-martial that testimony on the legality of the Air Force's decision was not relevant to whether or not Noyd disobeyed the order—an encounter with civil and military justice that Karpatkin compared to being used as a ping-pong ball. The defense had expert witnesses prepared to testify on the validity of humanism as a religion and the validity of selective conscientious objection as a religious principle, but, despite hours of maneuvering by the defense, their testimony to the court before the verdict was

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limited to little more than the character testimony by one professor of theology that he personally knew Dale Noyd to be a religious man.

With the trial narrowed almost to a question of Dale Noyd's character, Karpatkin produced a parade of Air Force officers, some of them wearing the same wings and combat ribbons worn by most members of the court, to testify that although they did not approve of Captain Noyd's actions, they had absolutely no doubt about his sincerity and integrity. It was agreed that he was incapable of acting out of hypocrisy or cowardice. It was agreed that he had performed flawlessly in every task the Air Force had ever assigned him except training Lieutenant Husson in an F-100. The president of last year's Air Force Academy graduating class testified that Captain Noyd was about the finest man he had ever met. Noyd remained an impressive Air Force officer throughout the trial—modestly narrowing Karpatkin's implications about the excellence of his record as a teacher and flier, precisely answering the technical flying questions asked at one point by members of the court, reaffirming his willingness to fly in Europe or Korea, smiling reassuringly at his wife, talking convincingly of the depths of his beliefs. "Do you consider Captain Noyd a religious man?" Karpatkin kept asking the witnesses. Everybody did.

In certain matters of civil liberty in America, of course, any coherent body of beliefs has to be called a religion in order to give its adherent equal protection with people whose religion requires church on Sunday and a vivid image of the hereafter, but the atmosphere of religiosity at Noyd's court-martial became at times almost medieval. The witnesses prepared to testify on the nature of Noyd's conscientious objection were sometimes referred to as "the theologians"—conjuring up visions of St. Augustine and John Calvin waiting to come on base and have their say. In one attempt to get such testimony before the court, the defense contended that Captain Noyd had acted out of religious compulsion—as opposed to the mental compulsion sometimes claimed in insanity pleas—and suggested that the compulsion be attested to by theologians rather than psychiatrists. Jeremiah and Martin Luther were alluded to regularly, and at the close of a day's testimony no one was surprised to see one of the theologians being interviewed on the philosophy of Paul Tillich by a man from the Amarillo *Globe-Times*. Part of the defense's

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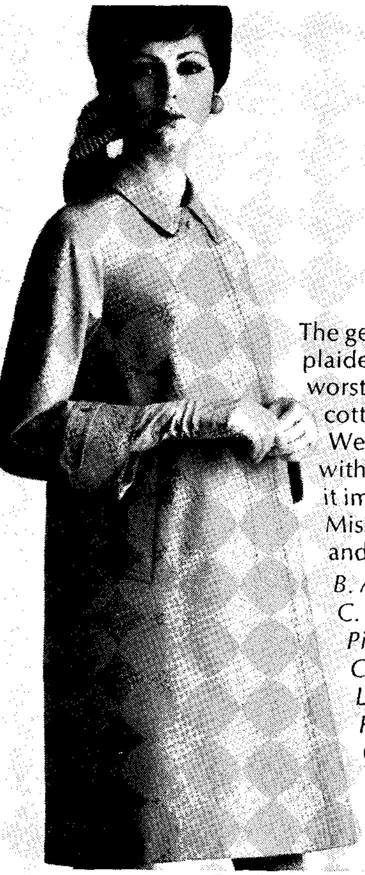

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closing argument in the extenuation and mitigation hearing before sentencing was given by a priest from Georgetown University—a priest with a law degree who had originally been scheduled to testify as a theologian. Karpatkin established the atmosphere on the first day by asking each court member about his church affiliation, and in his opening statement he referred to Noyd's reaction to Tillich and other thinkers as "that which in an earlier stage of the world, perhaps, might have been considered a religious experience." As it happens, Noyd, with the seriousness often found among those who revere intellectual matters while living in non-intellectual environments, can speak about the lessons of, say, Camus more or less religiously. ("If the definition of 'Supreme Being' is limited to include only the traditional Christian concept of a personalistic, anthropomorphic, and omnipotent supernatural-creator-object-being whom I worship and upon whom I depend for salvation or a meaning for my life, then I do not believe in such an object-being," he wrote in his conscientious-objection application. "If, however, the definition is to include the 'God beyond God' or the 'ground of Being' of Paul Tillich, the 'existential Being' of Martin Buber, or 'the perfect pattern, envisioned by faith, of humanity as it should be' of David Muzzey, then I believe in a Supreme Being.") But, by the law officer's ruling, the officers on the court, all of whom had told Karpatkin that they had never heard of humanism, could not be given an explanation of what Noyd meant by it; since they also lacked an explanation of why he considered the war in Vietnam unjust, it is not altogether inconceivable that some of them rendered a verdict under the impression that Noyd belongs to some small Christian sect that prohibits its members from killing Asians during certain seasons of the year. It sometimes seemed that at any moment the trial counsel (prosecutor) would object to the entire proceeding and explain to the court that the defendant was not some kind of religious eccentric but a man who had rationally, without any interference from Yahweh or Jesus Christ, come to the decision that the acts they and their fellow-officers had been committing in Vietnam were immoral; instead, the trial counsel, in his summation, acknowledged that Captain Noyd was a sincerely religious man and said that the question was what would happen to the Air Force if every man could put his religion above his sworn duty of obedience. As in many cere-

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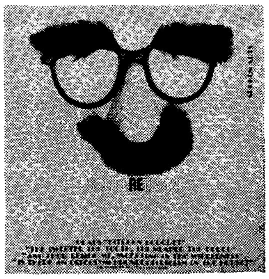

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monies carried out in the presence of clergy, everyone was elaborately polite; the Air Force and Noyd never acted angry at each other.

Although the trial counsel's restraint was a matter of legal strategy, the military seemed comfortable with the image of Captain Noyd as a man of religion. How else could he be explained? He was not some misfit draftee but a regular officer. What except some quirk of religion would make such a man refuse to participate in the Air Force mission of prosecuting the Vietnam war? When, in the testimony before sentencing, a theology professor explained that according to Tillich's definition "a man's ultimate concern is God for him," the lieutenant colonel from the Blue Lodge Masons ascertained that the Air Force could also be a religion, and that the court-martial was thus not a matter of religious persecution against Noyd but of two religions coming in conflict—an image later adopted by the trial counsel ("Each of you must decide which of these religions should fall away and leave the other standing").

The maximum sentence for willful disobedience is dismissal and five years at hard labor. The prosecution asked for dismissal and two years. The finding of the court was dismissal and one year. When the sentence was announced, Noyd saluted the president of the court properly and, a short time later, drove his own car to his own home, to remain temporarily under house arrest. Contrary to pre-trial predictions, the court had not insisted on the Air Force's bureaucratic due; with time off for good behavior, Noyd could be a free civilian several months before he had paid the Air Force the time he owed it. For a while, when the court seemed to be taking a long time bringing in the verdict, some of Noyd's friends even allowed themselves to think that perhaps religion and propriety had managed to melt completely the disagreement between Noyd and the Air Force. But, as the law officer had observed while discussing legal definitions with opposing counsel, "a man may be guilty of willful disobedience even if he says 'No, sir.' "

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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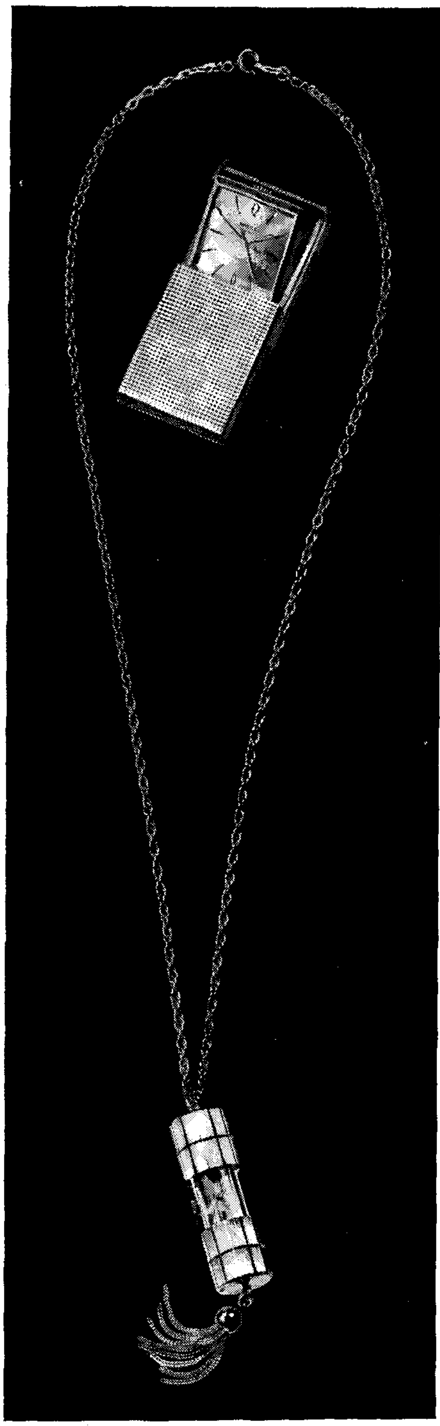

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Old Wave

THE cleansing young New Wave from France was never popular the way those old "Gallic romps" and "saucy frolics" used to be, and now the old wave is back with "Benjamin," the kind of movie that will enable audiences to say once again, "The French know so much about love. They're so civilized." It's a clear demonstration of what the young directors were trying to break away from. "Benjamin" has its enticing, bawdy side for men, and it has the suggestions of sadness and "depth" that make it a kind of high-class sudser for women, who can identify with Michèle Morgan's suffering and her refusal to conceal her humiliation when she can no longer hold "her man." They can say, "It's so true. What women really want is marriage."

The period is the eighteenth century, and Benjamin (Pierre Clémenti) is a seventeen-year-old virgin who has come to the château of his countess aunt (Michèle Morgan) to be educated. We learn what that means a lot faster than he does, as an assortment of ladies and ladies' maids chase him and fling him down on couches and beds and hay, and are always interrupted before completing the lesson. This harmless, rather pretty little nothing of a movie might be charming and witty if the interruptions were entertaining, if they were designed to comment on each other or to make an intricate pattern. But they are just mechanical and repetitive delaying tactics. It is not the genre itself that is objectionable, or the fact that it is an original screenplay (by Nina Companeez and the director, Michel Deville) in the manner of an earlier style—the *conte galant*. Ingmar Bergman worked in this genre in "Smiles of a Summer Night" and wrote an original screenplay that also suggested an adaptation, but Bergman used the conventions of an earlier form to achieve a formal style. "Benjamin" is merely conventional, using the libertinage of the period as an excuse to bring in that tedious French fake expertise—ironies and aphorisms about the relations of the sexes—and only in a few scenes attaining anything formal. "Benjamin" *is* a "Gallic romp," "risqué but artistic." It's the kind of movie in which the dashing, devastating Don Juan (Michel Piccoli, glowering romantically) is—oldest cliché in the sophisticated-sex business—conquered by the girl who pretends to be indifferent to him (Catherine Deneuve, who is given stupid, stilted lines, though one assumes she is meant to be as intelligent as she is, indeed, beautiful). Everyone is engaged in games of love and yet the only characters who are allowed to have any dignity are those who "truly" love only one person.

Ghislain Cloquet's color photography provides an ambiance, and we know we're supposed to breathe the atmosphere of Fragonard and Watteau, but the fragrance has evaporated. Though Deville, whose earlier films have not been imported, is only in his thirties, his flaccid, undistinguished direction could easily be mistaken for that of one of the second-string French directors now in their fifties or sixties. If he had been more fortunate in his casting of the lead, the script might have played better. Gérard Philipe used to give similar roles (like Fanfan the Tulip) a kind of spiritual elegance. But Pierre Clémenti is strangely unappealing, and he moves badly. Just as Natalie Wood in "Inside Daisy Clover" tried to be a teen-ager by moving like a tough little boy, Clémenti indicates adolescent innocence by being loose-limbed and girlish. It is essential for the boy to suggest the kind of man he will become once he has learned what everyone is so eager to teach him, but Clémenti looks as if he would become a lesbian.

"NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY" opens with a sequence in which Rod Steiger dressed as a priest turns to look at a pretty girl in the street, and the audience laughs at the tipoff that he isn't really a priest. It takes only a minute to discover that this bogus priest is a mad pervert, a strangler of middle-aged women. Apparently, the moviemakers couldn't resist getting a laugh, even though the strangler, when he's dressed in civvies, would never dream of looking at a girl. In a later sequence, Steiger is disguised as a woman and is picked up by a hustling female impersonator. But why would a female impersonator pick up a woman? Everywhere along the line, this "black" comedy of murder sacrifices consistency and point for a laugh or a shock, and why not? Because it has no consistency or point anyway. Though Jack Smight's direction has risen to banal competence this time around, though this picture is glossier and more expensive-looking than most recent films made in New York (and has been photographed considerably better than most, by Jack Priestley), it's basically crummy stuff, entertaining at some degraded level—maybe because it isn't as bad as it might be. It's bad enough; it gets most of its laughs out of Jewish-mother jokes and a screaming-queen hairdresser. Since the police detective (a generally agreeable, often charming performance by George Segal) has the comic, emasculating mother, and Eileen Heckart's performance in the role makes her a candidate for murder, we wait for the mother-hating strangler, who marks his victims with a lipstick simulation of a mother's kisses, to get to her. But the plot lines never even meet; the mothers are just there for Pop effect.

When an actor dies, he does impersonations; when an actor has poor material to work with, that's often all he can do—and it's a form of death, though he can go on working and perhaps become a bigger star. Rod Steiger is playing not multiple roles in this picture but a psychopath who employs various disguises. Yet the masquerades are played as comic turns, and we are invited by the script and the director to enjoy them as if they were night-club impersonations. They don't tell us anything about the murderer; they just give Steiger a chance to show off his comic accents. And, considering how good he was in roles like the Irish psychiatrist in "The Mark" and the Southern chief of police in "In the Heat of the Night," he's surprisingly crude—no better than his material. The miracle is that in the past he often *has* been. He's done amazing things in pictures like "The Big Knife" and "Across the Bridge" and "The Pawnbroker," and his astonishing introduc-

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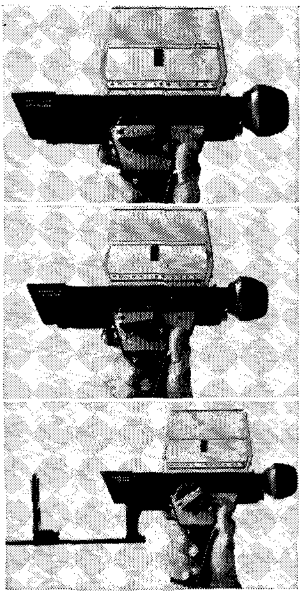

tion of a character out of Dostoevski into David Lean's Russo-Anglican "Doctor Zhivago" almost pumped blood into those historical facsimiles. Rod Steiger's presence is so strong that he often seems to take over a picture even when he isn't the lead. This is true of George C. Scott, too, and actors this powerful just don't fit into ordinary roles. The answer, of course, is that they need extraordinary ones—great roles. Hollywood's answer is to offer them star turns—an old codger for Scott in "The Flim-Flam Man," this fag phantom of the opera for Steiger. Except for the flashback scenes in "The Pawnbroker," I've never seen Steiger so bad, so uninventively, ordinary bad as he is in his undisguised role in this movie, and he's only a little better in his disguises, acting high on the hog.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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—MAXINE KUMIN

•

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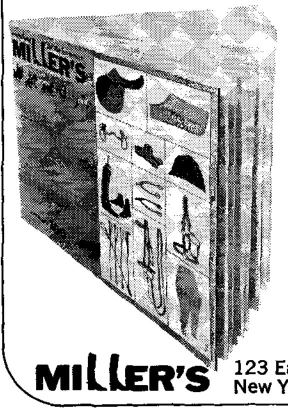

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THE RACE TRACK

Portent

BY all critical standards, the Bay Shore Stakes, for three-year-olds, at seven furlongs, was the event of the week at Aqueduct. It was run off in two divisions last Saturday, and the sparkling performances of Verbatim and Clever Foot, the winners, brightened an overcast and rainy afternoon for forty-five thousand aficionados. Skipping lightfooted over the sloppy going, Verbatim took the lead early and rolled home by eight lengths, defeating Wellpoised, Sir Beau, and three others. The second division was the more exciting to watch. As Bernie Bond was saddling Clever Foot, he told a bystander, "I don't know how he'll like the track. The only time I ran him in the mud he got beat." Clever Foot settled that question quickly; he disposed of Sea Fable and Game Effort, his early challengers, before they reached the far turn, and with two furlongs to go he was clearly the winner. Irish Chief, who had run second to him in the Swift Stakes, passed the post three and a half lengths behind, and this time Clever Foot gave him eleven pounds. Czar Alexander was third. Nobody doubts now Clever Foot's ability to win at farther than six furlongs. His next start will be for the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, a week from Saturday. The distance is a mile and a sixteenth, and he has my very best wishes.

The pundits are comparing the times of the Bay Shore. Verbatim's division was clocked in 0:22⅖, 0:45⅗, 1:11⅕, and 1:24⅕, and Clever Foot's almost two seconds slower, in 0:22⅗, 0:45⅘, 1:12⅕, and 1:26. It might also be pointed out again that Verbatim won by eight lengths. No doubt about it, he's a runner. A dark-brown colt by Speak John out of Well Kept, he's rather on the small side, but he is beautifully made. He must have been foaled under a lucky star, for all sorts of things have happened to him and he's come through in fine style. Only the morning of the Bay Shore, a horse bumped into him as he was leaving the track at Belmont after a workout. The collision unseated his rider, and the colt ran off for about a furlong, but apparently it did him no more harm than to put him on edge for his race in the afternoon. His next appearance under colors will be in the Gotham, at one mile, on April 13th.

LAST week's running of the Gulfstream Park Handicap was the most eventful and disappointing in its history. Favorable Turn, the even-money favorite, stumbled as he left the starting gate, and fractured a bone in his left foreleg; he had to be destroyed. Rixdal, who finished second to Gentleman James, a 25–1 shot, was disqualified, and Sette Bello, winner of the Widener at Hialeah, was fourth, a stride or two ahead of He's a Smoothie. From all accounts, the mile and a quarter was pretty much of a scramble from beginning to end, which sometimes happens when prize money runs into six figures.

I CAN think of nothing more certain these days than the passage of the bill before the legislature at Albany raising the tax on betting in the mutuels from fifteen per cent to sixteen. The State Senate approved it last week, fifty-six votes to one, and the Assembly is expected to string along. What happens then? The Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association is opposing the increase in the tax bite on the ground that it would decrease the volume of betting and force the racecourse management, which gets one-third of the tax while the state gets two-thirds, to reduce the sum it sets aside for the run-of-the-mill purses. Members of the H.B.P.A. are also in a fume because only half the boost is to go toward purses. They insist they were promised a full one per cent a year ago. It's unlikely, though, that there will be another boycott. But there's no doubt that the volume of betting will decrease. It did when the breakage—the odd pennies left after rounding off the payoffs—was raised to the nearest dime. The big bettors will go to Jersey, where the take is fourteen and a half per cent, and the small punters will run out of money a little sooner. No bankroll can stand the New York attrition, which conservative estimates say will add up to a total of 17.2 per cent.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes when I read last weekend that the Governor of Vermont had signed a bill legalizing racing in that state on Sunday. As Vermont goes, so goes the nation. You'll see. —AUDAX MINOR

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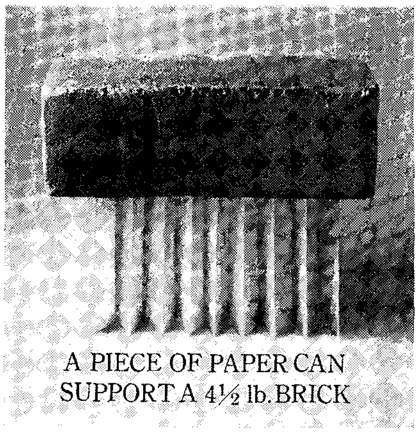

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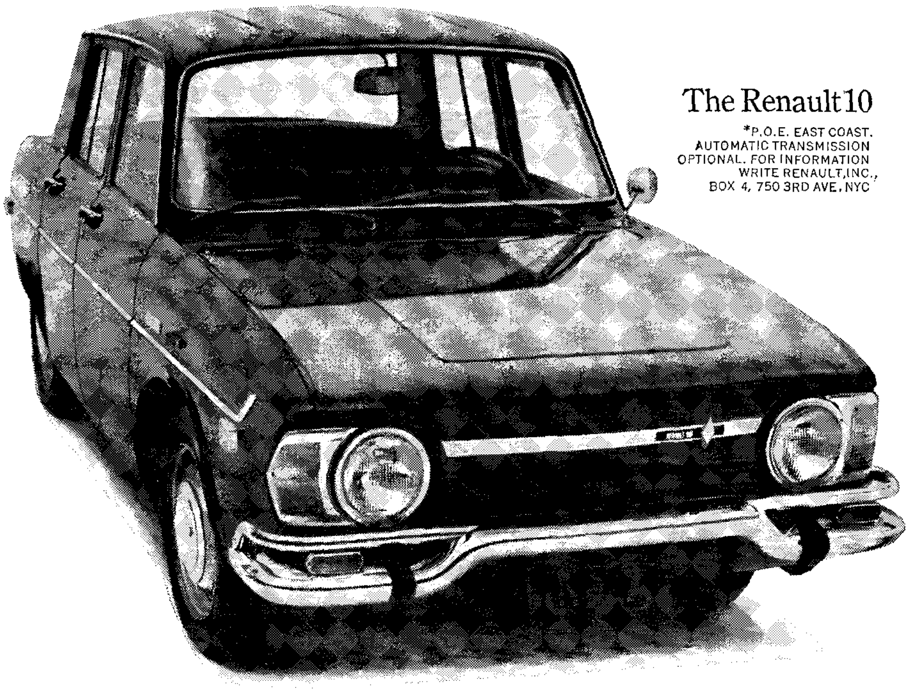

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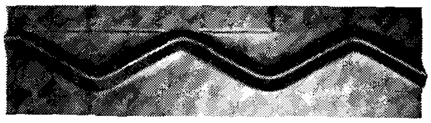

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MUSICAL EVENTS

If You Can Get a Ticket, Go!

MASSENET'S "Manon," produced in a routine manner, is little more than a sentimental trifle. On those rare occasions when it is done with tremendous artistry, with authentic style, and with loving care, it can become a work of art, and this is what happened to it at the hands of the New York City Opera at the New York State Theatre last Thursday night. Great pains had been taken. Sets recalling Fragonard's paintings, by Marsha Louis Eck, and costumes from that period, by José Varona, provided a superbly vivid stage picture. The expert stage direction of Tito Capobianco was everywhere evident, enlivening the action to a point where, for the moment, one was convinced of its reality. Productions of this sort by the New York City Opera make comparisons with the Metropolitan inevitable. In this kind of opera, the dear old expensive Met lacks the producing know-how, the taste, the teamwork, and the singers to compete. This was no Corelli-and-Tebaldi, or Raimondi-and-Freni, blue-plate special. It was a carefully contrived and wonderfully sung performance, in which great effort had been made to preserve the authentic French enunciation as well as the French style of singing, and, though the enunciation was occasionally variable, that of the two main characters was practically perfect. I have heard it said that the New York City Opera does not have stars. Beverly Sills, who sang the title role, is a far brighter star than the singers I have just mentioned. She is a great lady of the operatic world—beautiful, flawless as a singer, formidable as an actress, and now reaching the peak of her powers. Her flat-heeled, innocent-peasant-girl approach to the first act was exactly right; her rise to the position of de Brétigny's mistress was thought out with a masterly sense of theatre; her "Obéissons quand leur voix appelle," delivered brilliantly as she overlooked the crowd from a balcony in the Cours-la-Reine scene, was nothing short of magnificent; and her singing and acting in the Saint-Sulpice seduction scene were memorable for femininity, subtlety of vocal nuance, and conviction. There were people in the house who wept. I am not a weeper, but chills went up and down my spine during the Saint-Sulpice scene. I have been going to opera for many years. I do not remember as fine a Manon in all my experience.

The Chevalier des Grieux was Michele Molese, a tenor whose voice is especially well suited to French opera, and he, too, sang beautifully, projecting his "Dream of Manon" and his "Ah! fuyez douce image" not only with sweetness of voice but with a style that was cultivated and nowhere at odds with the French language. Lescaut was robustly sung by Richard Fredricks, de Brétigny was excellently done by Robert Hale, and Guillot de Morfontaine was well acted and nicely sung by Nico Castel. Among others to be mentioned are Malcolm Smith, who used his fine bass voice well as the elder des Grieux, and the trio of actresses, sung by Carol Bergey, Helen Guile, and Kay Creed, who were never out of tune and whose ensembles were as accurate as could be desired. The ballet, headed by Lisa Bradley, Maximiliano Zomosa, and Michael Uthoff, with Francesca Korkle in the role of Cupid, was exceedingly tasteful (it was choreographed by Robert Joffrey), and it took place before a Cours-la-Reine set that was stunning. Obviously, a great deal of special attention had been paid to this production. In comparing it with the Metropolitan's productions, I am quite aware that the routine events at the Met are generally *superior to the routine events at the* State Theatre, and that the Met has its special occasions, too, though they have been few this year. But this was something in which the City Opera could take enormous pride. Julius Rudel, who conducted, had made a careful study of the style of the work, and every slight rubato, every emphasis, and every idiomatic nuance of the score was miraculously set forth. The New York City Opera's "Manon" is one of the three or four great events of the musical season.

THERE is a certain amount of totally unwarranted snobbery about the serious music written by those who do scores for the Hollywood films. I suppose that it is because they make a lot of money and do not ask for foundation grants. But the fact is that many of them are accomplished composers

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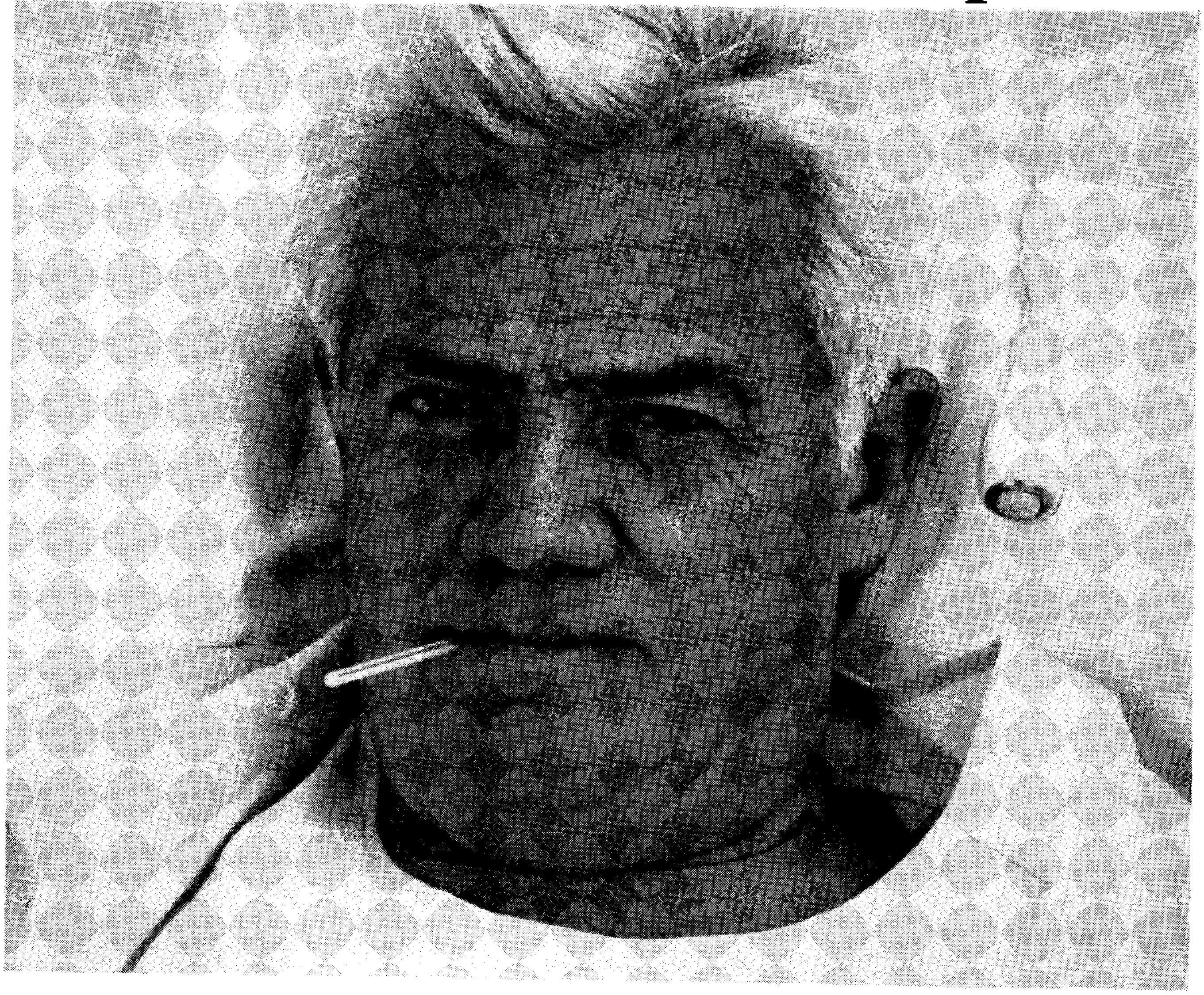

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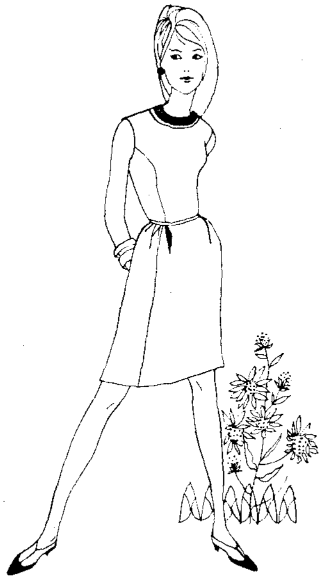

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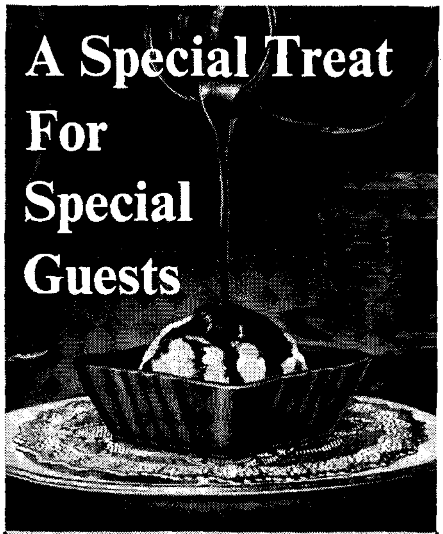

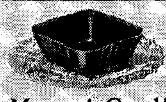

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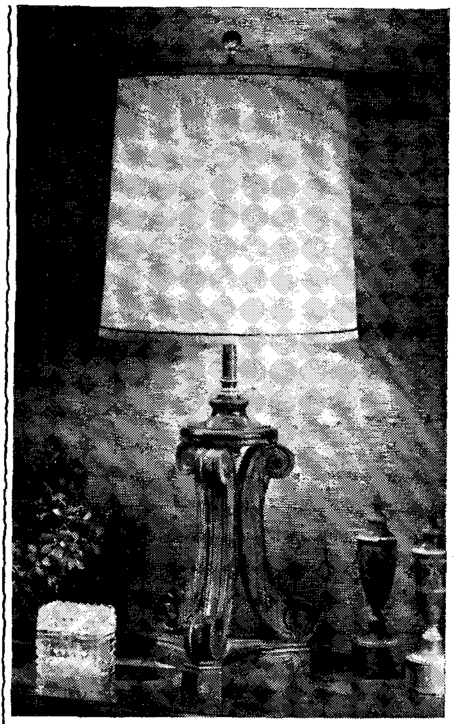
and that some of them, like the late Erich Korngold, left brilliant and successful European careers behind them when they took up residence on our West Coast. One of them was the late Franz Waxman, who is said to have composed scores for more than two hundred films but who also wrote a choral work called "The Song of Terezin," which was given its New York première by Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society on Tuesday night of last week in Philharmonic Hall. The work, which requires a mezzo-soprano soloist and a chorus of adults and children, was done on this occasion with the assistance of the Yugoslav mezzo Marianna Radev, an unnamed chorus of adults, and the Brick Church Youth Choirs. It is a very sad composition, having as its text a collection of poems written by children in the Nazi concentration camp of Terezin, or Theresienstadt, near Prague, just before the death of all but a hundred of them at Auschwitz and elsewhere (there were fifteen thousand of them), and it has, in general, a noble effect. It is quite eclectic in style, with purely tonal passages ("The Little Mouse," "Now It's Time," "The Garden") and at least one polytonal section ("Bird Song"), which is original and moving. In a few places, the vocal line is somewhat awkward. Sometimes the serial system is used, usually to express hatred for the Nazis. I am growing just a bit weary of the constant use of atonality to express this emotion; it has become a cliché, and instead of expressing tragedy it merely expresses fury or distaste. However, Mr. Waxman was very experienced at dramatic music, and "The Song of Terezin" not only holds the attention but is now and then quite impressive. Miss Radev sang her solos well, though her English enunciation had its flaws. She was much better in Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," which was the next item on the program. The evening closed with Paul Hindemith's "Canticle of Hope," doubtless a highly respectable work but one that fails to arouse in me any enthusiasm. Mr. Scherman conducted everything with devotion. It is a pity that the auditorium was only half filled.

TWO or three times a season, conceiving it to be my duty, I drop in on an avant-garde concert to see whether anything in the area is getting anywhere. Nothing ever is, but at least I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have kept in touch. Last Friday night, I went to the Hunter College Play-



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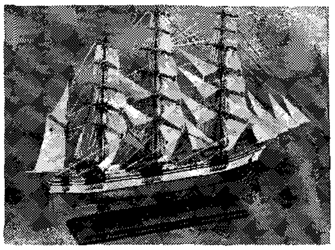

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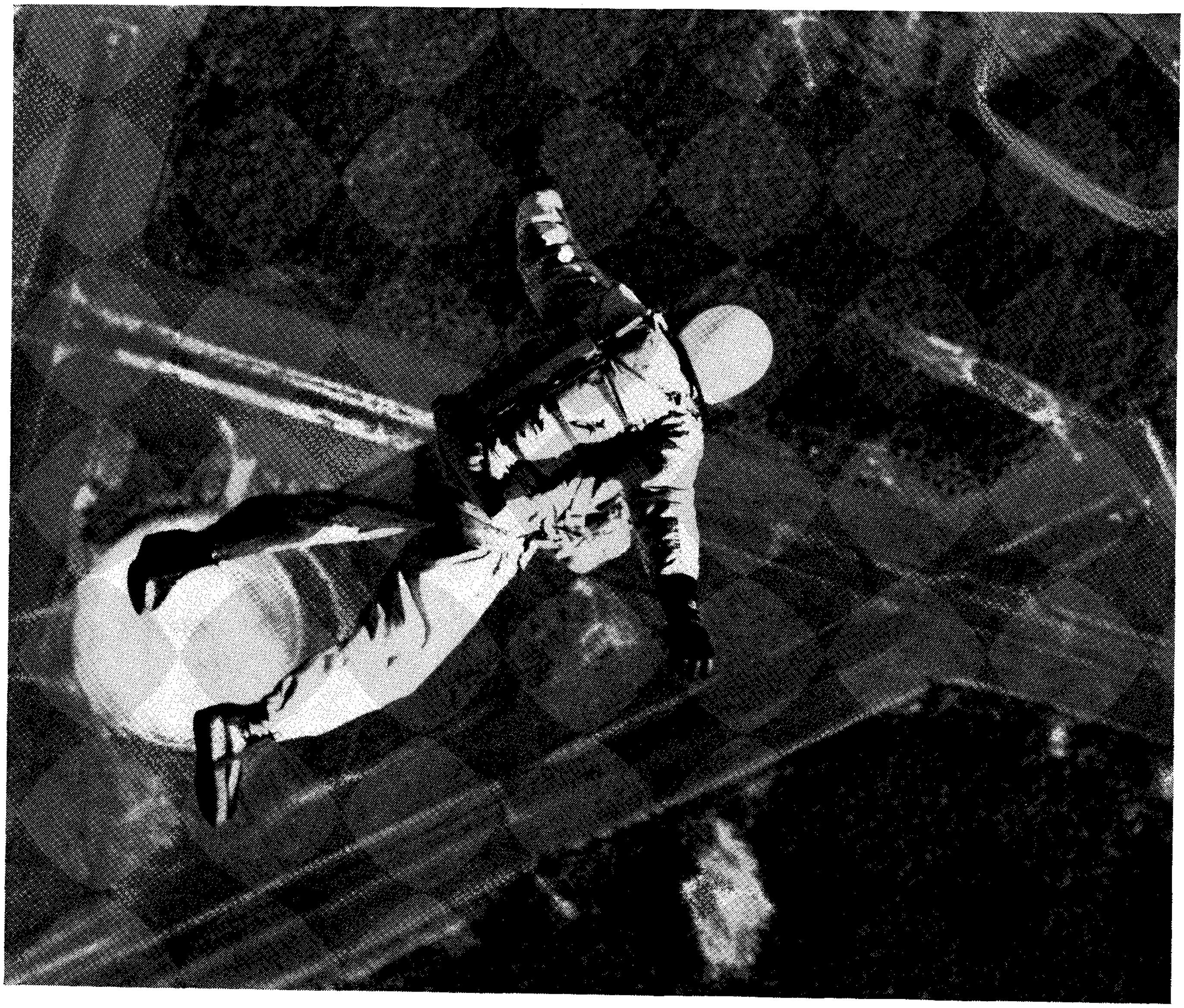

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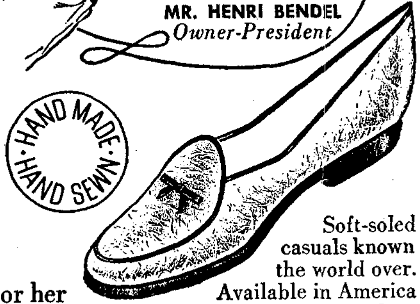

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house to hear a program by the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago under the baton of a small, determined-looking, wiry, bearded man named Ralph Shapey. The first number on the program was something called "Folia," by Charles Dodge, in which I could find little evidence of either musical technique or talent. Then came Mr. Shapey's own Partita for Violin and Thirteen Players, with Esther Glazer as soloist. Miss Glazer did not bother to tune up carefully. Perhaps there was not much point, for Mr. Shapey's score made no demands on any feeling for precise relative pitch. The program mentioned notes for the violin that were "so high that the instrument becomes almost inaudible." I assumed that perhaps these notes occupied those famous frequencies of vibration that are audible only to dogs, but I was mistaken. The notes were, in fact, not much higher than some high notes in standard violin compositions, and if they were almost inaudible it was because Miss Glazer played them softly. The program also mentioned a "brilliant display of pyrotechniques," which I assume are techniques for setting fires, and, indeed, there were portions of Mr. Shapey's work that suggested the rubbing together of two sticks. Then, after an enormous amount of electrical preparation (connecting of wires to loudspeakers, and the like), we had Richard Wernick's "Haiku of Bashō," with a soprano named Neva Pilgrim wailing above an odd collection of instruments conducted by the composer. During this, the strings of a grand piano were struck with a mallet just about the way Henry Cowell was striking them fifty years ago. Finally, there was "Music for Thirteen Players," by John MacIvor Perkins—much the same sort of thing. My conclusions are unaltered; this stuff is not in any way related to music. It presents amateur composers fooling around with funny noises. I have no objection to this, if they find it fun. As usual, several universities and foundations were named in the program. It seems to me that this sort of activity has become a campus fad analogous to the goldfish-swallowing of a generation or so ago. On second thought, I *do* have an objection. This is foundation-supported goldfish-swallowing. The foundations that irresponsibly hand out grants for this kind of thing are tax-exempt, and as a citizen and taxpayer I object to paying my share of what they do not.

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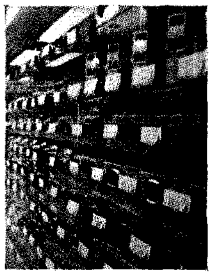

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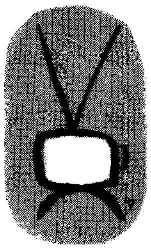
How Do You Feel?



IT'S hard to remember sometimes that television is machinery—bits of equipment, consoles, cables, lenses, little black boxes—and that when you turn it on one day (most days, in fact) and get "The Flying Nun," you think of it as junk, as if the junk were somehow built into the equipment, and that when you turn it on another day and get, say, Dean Rusk and the gang down at the Foreign Relations Committee, or Bobby Kennedy announcing his Reassessment, or Eugene McCarthy watching Bobby Kennedy announcing his Reassessment, you think— well, what do you think? "The Flying Nun" is interrupting Dean Rusk? Dean Rusk is interrupting "The Flying Nun"? This country seems to include both, in some mysterious, lunatic balance, and television includes both, too, although commercial TV has generally managed to push the balance so far out of whack that the country is barely recognizable to itself most of the time.

What's been so good about the presence of television these last few weeks is that what one has been able to see on the screen, to some degree, seems to reflect American life—seems to reflect more of it, rather than less of it or none at all, which is usually the case. It's true, of course, that there's a considerable "non-event" quality in a lot of this so-called actuality coverage. At this very moment, doubtless, in some abandoned factory seventeen miles west of Duluth, newspaper editorials are already being patched together by Old World Craftsmen about how political conventions aren't "real" conventions anymore ("When I was a lad, I walked sixty miles to school each day . . .") but are held only for the purpose of being certified as "real" by television. And I guess some of that is perfectly true. A politician indeed doesn't seem to exist—can't, in fact, exist—until he has somehow gone through the symbolic liturgy of incarnating himself by television. And then, ironically, after a hundred and seven years of public service, he himself doesn't believe that he's achieved any "reality" until he's got a nine-million-dollar advance from Harper & Row and published a book about it. Well, sometimes fussing around about other people's "reality" is more worthwhile than at other times, and right now, since a bit of life does indeed seem to be stirring, albeit dimly, beneath the great gray dank cloud that covers this country, it seems good just to be able to watch some of it—event, non-event, reality, unreality, what you will.

Speaking of events and non-events, I think N.B.C. did especially well by all of us in deciding to cover the Rusk hearings live and in full. It's true that R.C.A., the parent company of N.B.C., is less dependent on earnings from NBC-TV than C.B.S. is dependent on CBS-TV. C.B.S. had a lousy earnings-per-share dip last year, and when Richard Salant, the head of C.B.S. News, insisted that the reason C.B.S. wasn't covering the Rusk hearings live had nothing to do with economic considerations and was only the result of not wanting to duplicate N.B.C.'s coverage, all the savvy people started making all those elegant savvy motions with their razor-trimmed eyebrows. C.B.S., after all, is hardly famed in song and story for its spendthrift managerial habits. In fairness, I'd guess that Salant was in a spot. He works for a company that has this healthy, normal American tendency to break out in hives every time the earnings go down, and, besides, if C.B.S. *had* run the hearings who's to say that everybody wouldn't have watched them on N.B.C.? The thing is, unfortunately, it's not a question of fairness. If you take yourself seriously as a transmitter of news, you run the damn hearings anyway—that is, if there is a "you" who is capable of feeling seriously about such matters, and not just a piece of machinery gulping down profit-and-loss statements.

In the current and increasing coverage of the political scene, the networks have made a number of useful strides lately in terms of equipment and technique, and also in terms of loosening up (a little, anyway) their news formats, and this might be a good time for them to go the rest of the way and try to do something about what those of us down here in the Personnel Dept. call "the human factor." The other day, for example, C.B.S. had a good takeout on Bobby Kennedy announcing his candidacy in Washington, and then switched to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where Eugene McCarthy had been watching Kennedy on television with C.B.S.'s David

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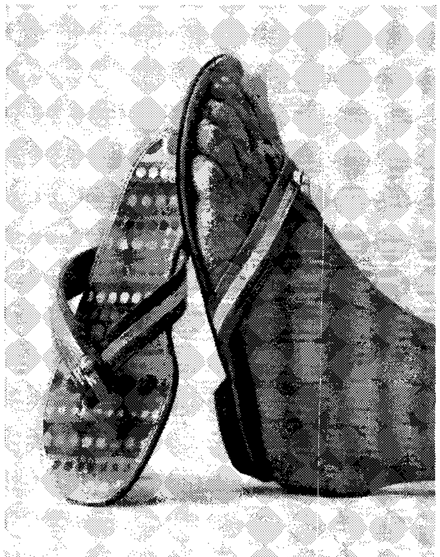
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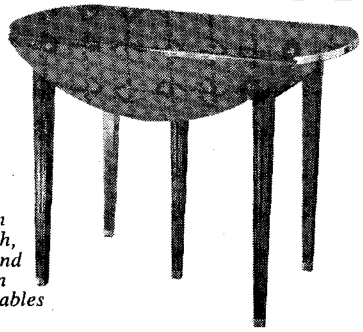
Schumacher. The Kennedy announcement, needless to say, had been quite an event, and the switch to McCarthy was good. There was a lot of drama in the air—tension, excitement, ill-feeling, most of it obviously real—and there was McCarthy sitting in the chair, and David Schumacher leaned toward him . . . and guess what he asked? "Senator McCarthy, what's your reaction as a politician?" Old Gene looked a bit blank for a moment, so Schumacher added, "Can you take him, I guess, is the best question." "Well," said McCarthy, "I haven't really been moved to withdraw at this point. I think that I can certainly win in Wisconsin, and I see no reason to believe that I couldn't go on and win the other primaries to which I'm committed." I don't wish to be too heavy on David Schumacher, whose work for C.B.S. in Vietnam has been among the best to have come out of there recently, and who handled the rest of the interview with McCarthy well, but when you think of the months and months of interviews that stretch ahead, of all these candidates and events and non-events and drama and so forth, and when you think that each one of these moments of drama will be accompanied—or, rather, connected to us—by a well-scrubbed network newsman sticking his head between the camera and the Personage and saying at the crucial instant "Well, Archduke, how does it *feel* to have been shot three times in the thigh and shoulder?" or "Well, Astronaut Pilch, how does it *feel* to be the first man to make a complete circuit of the universe as we know it?"—you wonder if this mightn't be a good time to set up some sort of night study course in the Art of Not Asking Empty-Headed Questions of Important People at Key Moments. Or, to put it another way, if time is running short, and you have cornered the man who has just thrown the convention over to Oscar W. Underwood as a result of having bought up a hundred and seventeen votes from the State of New Jersey during teatime, "How do you feel?" or "What's your reaction?" might be fairly far down toward the bottom of a list of the thirty-seven most useful questions you might ask him at that point. In these circumstances, what in hell is anybody going to say except "Well, Buzz, I feel real good." And there is old McCarthy in Wisconsin, and he is being asked if he can "take" Kennedy. What is he supposed to say? The thing is, a lot of the best actuality stuff on TV is admittedly in the form of people

BON APPETIT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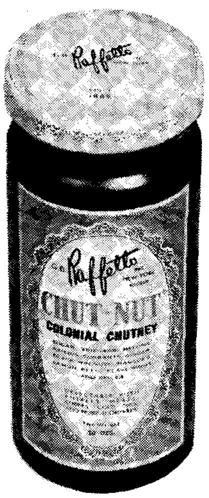

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just talking—"being themselves"—but at that particular point, of all the ways to *keep* McCarthy from being himself, one of the surest was to ask him a question that he couldn't possibly answer straight. Someday, no doubt, out of the hills, or maybe out of the woods, will come riding a politician sufficiently jokey and anarchical so that when the newsman says "Claude, do you think you can take the Big Guy?," Claude will shuffle his feet in the hot sand and mumble, "Well, golly, Buzz, now that you put it that way, it seems kinda hopeless to me," and that will be that, and maybe all those thousands and thousands of previous questions will have been worth it. But right now it seems like soft space—and especially so in a medium that keeps telling us it is continually short on time, at least for showing us the world beyond "The Flying Nun." I mean, the "how-do-you-feel" stuff would be O.K. if it led anywhere, if it were something people could respond to. But they don't, they can't—it's too much a part of a tradition of synthetic connectives. "How are you?" "I'm fine." "How's Martha?" "She's fine, too." "How are the kids?" This is barely O.K. in passing-old-Fred-on-the-street conversation, but in a professional interview what it really amounts to is a sort of marking time while the reporter thinks up some real questions, or maybe while he hopes that this one time the Personage will actually include a bit of genuine information in his inevitably mechanical reply that the reporter can then happily pursue. Newspaper interviews, admittedly, aren't always so great, either. Newspaper interviews have a lot of soft space of their own. (I think the *Times* is still telling us that Haiphong is "the port city of," as a small example.) But when the *Times* or any other good paper reports that a Personage said this or that, the fact is that the Personage usually said this or that in response to questioning by the *Times* reporter. When TV news breaks a big story, though, as it increasingly does, any useful information revealed seems more a matter of the Personage's convenience than the result of any particular probing on the part of a TV interviewer—more a matter of the Personage's using the medium, and the dignifying ritual of the "interview," to publicize some view or statement of his own. There are plenty of exceptions to this, to be sure, especially on the Sunday-afternoon interview shows such as "Meet the Press," although even then most of the better

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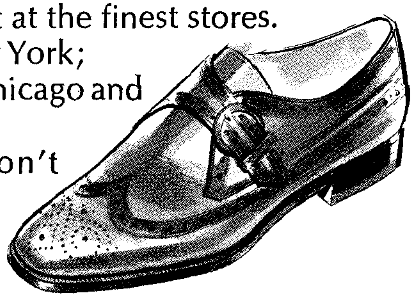

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interviewers seem to be newspaper or magazine people. Standard, everyday television news, though, too often just collapses around the interview: too many soft questions, asked less out of interest or any sense of the person interviewed than out of a sense of filling time and a misplaced sentimental desire to somehow achieve a personal rapport—the same sort of hopefully "personal" rapport, I guess, that the networks have in mind when they insist that the best way of transmitting actuality is through the reassuring physical, on-camera presence of a newsman. Sometimes, especially after watching television reporters converge on a political convention, I have this picture of the last great interview: The polar icecaps are melting. The San Andreas Fault has swallowed up half of California. Tonga has dropped the big egg on Mauritius. The cities of the plain are levelled. We switch from Walter Cronkite in End-of-the-World Central to Buzz Joplin, who is standing on a piece of rock south of the Galápagos with the last man on earth, the water rising now just above their chins. Joplin strains himself up on tiptoe, lifts his microphone out of the water, and, with a last desperate gallant effort—the culmination of all his years as a TV newsman—places it in front of the survivor's mouth. "How do you feel, sir?" he asks. "I mean, being the last man on earth and so forth. Would you give us your personal reaction?" The last survivor adopts that helpless vacant look, the water already beginning to trickle into his mouth. "Well, Buzz," he says, gazing wildly into the middle distance, "I feel real fine." —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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[*From the Annual Report for 1967 of the Cambridge Trust Company, Harvard Square*]

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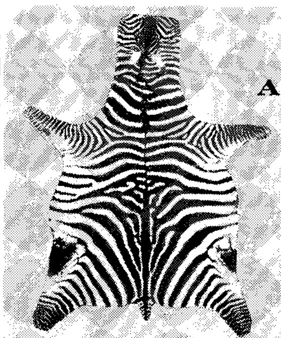
Respectfully submitted,
H. GARDNER BRADLEE
President



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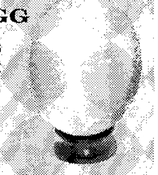

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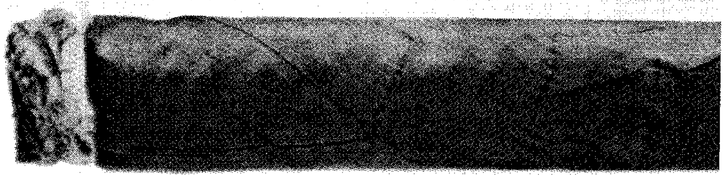

Right now, one "any way" that's becoming popular with some men is a concoction called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

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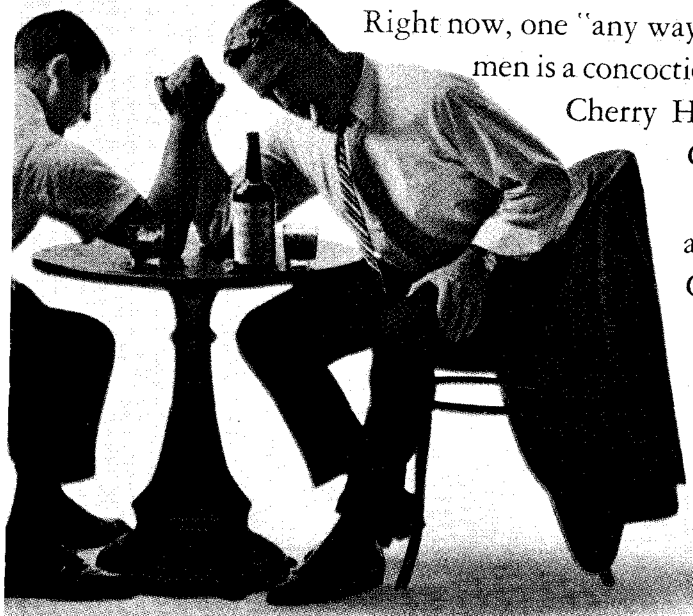

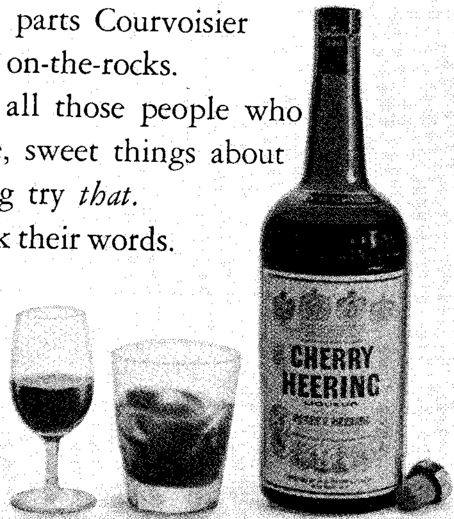

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BOOKS

VERSE

THE reviewer's-eye view is one that the ordinary reader cannot share—one, in fact, that the reviewer is there to protect him from. The accepted notion, for example, that books of verse issue in a "slim" format and in a slender stream from publishers who would rather have nothing to do with them in the first place is at present certainly mistaken. Books of verse, and books about verse, have been appearing during recent years in solid phalanxes. The reviewer may be forgiven moments of panic when, having turned his attention from them for a time, he discovers that they have multiplied with great rapidity—toppling and sliding from untidy piles in whatever corner has been assigned to them. And when they have been arranged with some care the fact comes to light that the actual books of verse are only slightly more numerous than the books in some other way linked with verse. The balance of the law of cause and effect seems, in this situation, to be wearing thin. It is possible to think of the actual volumes of poetry as occupying a center, around which the books concerned with or derived from them are ranged peripherally. At the uttermost edge of this circle we can place the noncritical books *about:* biography, autobiography, reminiscences, and letters. Recent months have brought forth such volumes in full variety.

In "The Last Years of a Rebel: A Memoir of Edith Sitwell" (Houghton Mifflin), Dame Edith's secretary and companion, Elizabeth Salter, puts together a sad and rather terrifying account of the obsessive preoccupations of an indomitable woman—one in the direct line, as she herself knew, of the great English eccentrics. Literary feuding could be pushed no farther, one would suppose, than it was pushed by Dame Edith. Yet Hugh MacDiarmid, the Scottish poet and polemicist, in his autobiography, "The Company I've Kept" (University of California Press), takes on not only opponents in the field of literature but, at moments, the entire British Commonwealth. MacDiarmid is given credit by his more kindly critics for "a considerable share" in the Scottish Renaissance, and he was honored by his nation and his peers on his seventieth birthday, in 1962. This tireless writer, who began as a lyric poet, later developed into an endlessly productive writer of encyclopedic spread who has declared himself all for gigantism in the arts. Cantankerous even beyond Carlyle, an extravagant admirer of other artist-activists (Sean O'Casey and Pound), a cross-grained Scottish Nationalist as well as a Communist of a perfectly idiosyncratic kind, he has produced a book that bursts with evidences of a life lived almost entirely on the exhibitionist level, and there is a decided division between his capacity for wit and his total lack of everyday humor. Yet his book outlines Scottish political and cultural history with such bristling clarity that he convinces us that he is telling, for the most part, important truths.

There has been a recent run on Pound. The reader can approach this field step by step, beginning with the account, by a young poet and student, of a friendship with Pound during the poet's twelve-year incarceration in St. Elizabeth's, and after Pound's release and subsequent return to Italy: "Ezra Pound: A Close-Up," by Michael Reck (McGraw-Hill). No new ground is broken, but Reck reëxplores already familiar areas with a good deal of freshness and gusto. The most important recent addition to Poundiana is without doubt "Pound/Joyce: The Letters of Ezra Pound to James Joyce, with Pound's Essays on Joyce," edited, with commentary, by Forrest Read (New Directions). The volume is a marvel of editing—informed, well organized, well written; Read's direct comments are unfailingly sensible, lucid, and wittily detached. The bulk of the letters came to light after the Cornell University Library bought Stanislaus Joyce's papers in 1957. It is now possible to examine all of Pound's surviving letters to Joyce (many of them published for the first time), all of his essays and articles on Joyce's work, and Pound's memorial broadcast from Rome in 1941, after Joyce had died and the second war had begun. We are also given the passages from "Finnegans Wake" that deal with the two men's association, and the Joyce passages from "The Pisan Cantos." And what an extraordinary association it turned out to be—between the "two inventors," as Read calls them, "of modern fiction and po-

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etry." It began in 1913, when Pound, then acting as Yeats's secretary, wrote to Joyce concerning Joyce's poetry, suggesting markets for it both British and American. Soon Pound became enthusiastic over the "Latin elegance" of "Dubliners." He early mentioned, in respect to Joyce's "realism," Flaubert and the Goncourts, and later (with "Ulysses" completed) Rabelais and Cervantes. And he received from Joyce insights into his own "exploratory" problems—"probably because he was able to see how Joyce was solving similar ones." (How to return to epic sweep and depth?) Both men were instigators, each in his way, and both had something real to fight—in the outer world, a tough moral opposition and entrenched taste; in an inner one, their own growing manias. Later, Pound resuscitated a scholarly word for "gibberish" ("galimantias") to describe "Finnegans Wake," and Joyce's increasing sense of his own omnipotence and his dislike of Pound's political involvements brought on further estrangement. But over a long period of years, now that these letters are added to Joyce's already collected ones, we hear the two men making up a sort of mutual magic that in the end changed English—and several other literatures—for good.

A new, sensible critical survey of Pound's major work provides much illumination and even a measure of entertainment (in unknotting the tangles and casting light upon the obscure): "Reading the Cantos: The Study of Meaning in Ezra Pound," by Noel Stock (Pantheon). Pound, in his constant endeavor to escape from "the metaphysical poverty" and "the dream atmosphere" of nineteenth-century poetry, was led, says Stock, to overestimate "scientific" precision and the importance of the material "fact." He had little knowledge of "the heart of things," and his sense of history was also imperfect. As a result, he tended to list—and to attempt to relate—trivia, and the "Cantos" often reflect little more than a new enthusiasm or what he was reading at the time. This straightforward and irreverent approach is long overdue and distinctly refreshing. Stock has worked with Pound material before this, and its difficulties do not intimidate him in the least. He exhibits a total lack of that glum and dreary pedantry that disfigures so much of the uninspired commentary issuing from the academies yearly, and en masse.

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Pound, Eliot, and Auden" (Oxford) belongs to the rare category of critical writing that provides continuous entertainment as well as varied insights from beginning to end. Here the assignment of influence, at one time out of favor and rejected as a critical procedure of doubtful value, comes back in force. Ellmann, who has already shown vigorous and extended scholarship in the cases of Yeats and Joyce, now places Yeats among a constellation of his contemporaries, and traces in a masterly way the lines of attraction as well as of repulsion that came to exist between what at first would seem a totally irreconcilable group of modern masters. Ellmann has a gift of phrase—he speaks of the "long, languid incompatibility" between Yeats and Eliot—together with a feeling for drama: his description of Auden's complex attitude toward Yeats comes out as a moving piece of dramatic construction. As for the right of "eminent domain," Ellmann begins by saying, "Writers move upon other writers not as genial successors but as violent expropriators, knocking down established boundaries to seize by the force of youth, or of age, what they require. They do not borrow, they override." Boldness, it would seem, is all.

HAVING breached the outer bastions—the books about poets, the books about books—we are getting close to the current verse, at, we can imagine, that center. But another ring must be broken through—the ring of translations. The publishers' lists have recently been richly furnished with these, some of the first importance. Richmond Lattimore presents "The Odyssey of Homer" (Harper & Row) sixteen years after his translation of "The Iliad." Robert Lowell has said that Lattimore writes the most accurate verse translations in the language, and Lattimore's comments on the structure of the narrative and the problems of the text of his originals are, here as before, unfailingly intelligent and precise. In direct contrast to the bulky narrative of the Greek epic, we have the short, biting epigrams of a Roman writing in the first century: "Sixty Poems of Martial," translated by Dudley Fitts (Harcourt, Brace & World). The originals are given, so that the reader with some Latin can agree or disagree with versions which, as Fitts openly states, "are free—sometimes very free—paraphrases," often in straight—very straight—American vernacular.

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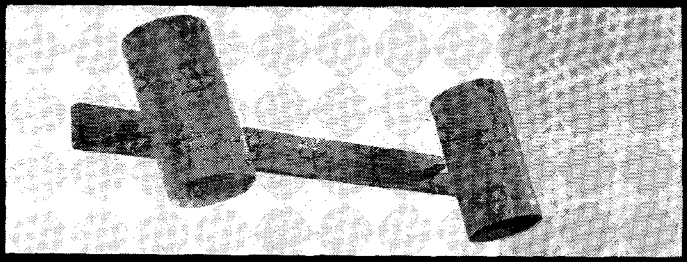

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ed poems (and a verse play) by Nelly Sachs: "O the Chimneys" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Five translators had a hand in these versions, and the German poems are given. Hans Magnus Enzensberger, in his reverent introduction, calls the lifework of this woman, much of it written in exile, "great and mysterious . . . hard but transparent; [it does] not dissolve in the weak solution of interpretations." For Mme. Sachs (co-winner, in 1966, of the Nobel Prize for Literature), now in her late seventies, mercy and goodness remain, and her recurrent symbol is the presence and pattern of the starry heavens.

In direct contrast to Sachs's high seriousness we find a new version of Christian Morgenstern's "Gallows Songs" (University of Michigan), translated by W. D. Snodgrass and Lore Segal and illustrated with drawings by Paul Klee. Morgenstern, who died in 1914, at the age of forty-three, moved in his specially created world as Carroll and Lear moved in theirs. German, a language difficult to pull out of phase, here takes on a demonic life of its own; satiric fantasy induces laughter of all sorts—dark and light. To translate Morgenstern is a very nearly impossible task, to which the present translators have faced up bravely and well. The German text is not given, and the book is a trifle too large and rather expensive.

Anthologies, like translations, abound. Many are disguised textbooks. (Modernization in this field is spreading rapidly.) "Eight Lines and Under: An Anthology of Short, Short Poems," edited by William Cole (Macmillan), charmingly arranged and selected with faultless taste, is bound to bring pleasure to everyone; the selections crackle and sparkle. Morgenstern, MacDiarmid, and Brecht show up in it; in fact, the majority of the poets included are contemporaries, the short poem having proved itself to be "a particularly twentieth-century form." With this little volume, about five by seven, more than two hundred and fifty poems from the sixteenth century on can easily be slipped into a pocket, and should be.

THE temptation, in dealing with a number of books of any kind, and particularly in dealing with books of poetry, is to arrange the material according to some sort of sequence—to line up and then tick off, to grade according to some standard, visible or invisible. It is not difficult to assign priority to two of the recent volumes because of the singular depth and brilliance of their authors' achievement,

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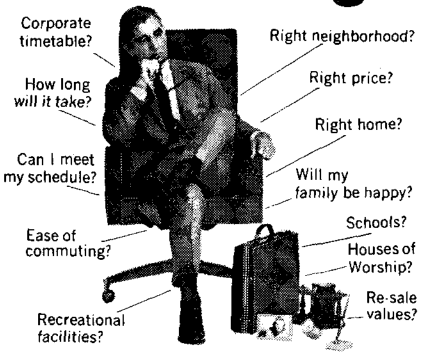

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carried on over a long period of time. Marianne Moore celebrated her eightieth, and W. H. Auden his sixtieth, birthday in 1967. "The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore" (Macmillan-Viking) contains a few hitherto uncollected pieces; otherwise, the poems follow a roughly chronological order, book after book, with a few retouches here and there, and a sampling of her translations of Fontaine. One can only hope for more to come. W. H. Auden writes a succinct foreword to his "Collected Shorter Poems 1927-1957" (Random House), explaining his reason for avoiding chronological order when he first, in 1944, "assembled" his shorter pieces. (He did not want critics to make guesses about the direction in which he was moving.) One cannot help but feel a rapport between his work and Miss Moore's. Both are conscious and diligent "makers," and the life of a great humane tradition animates them both, and it is on record that they have tendered each other admiration and respect.

The fashion for poetry of the pathological state still holds; poems not only oblique and disjunct but impenetrable and loaded with cruelty and fear show up in quantity. Ted Hughes, in a collection, "Wodwo" (Harper & Row), that includes sixty new poems, five short stories, and a horrendous short war play written for the B.B.C., advances even farther into regions of the monstrous than in his earlier work. Here no line is drawn between ravening man and ravening beast; the animals come out rather nobler, on the whole, than the human beings. Alan Dugan's "Poems 3" (Yale), centrally black but lit up now and then with a glimmer of myth or satire, is less thickly written than anything produced by Hughes. Then we have in John Berryman's "Short Poems" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) early work very neatly written indeed and hardly horrifying at all. "Berryman's Sonnets," one hundred and fifteen in number, Petrarchan in form, clearly transitional, and presented by the same publishers in a nice little separate volume, begin to show signs of the rather irritating virtuosity that arrives in full force in his later work. They are elaborately about love.

Abundance, overflow, and embellishment—these are characteristics of the Baroque which we have learned to admire, which still can call up emotions of joy and release. Exuberance attracts us. Two recent books of verse, Anthony Hecht's "The Hard Hours" (Atheneum) and Jean Garrigue's "New and Selected Poems" (Macmil-

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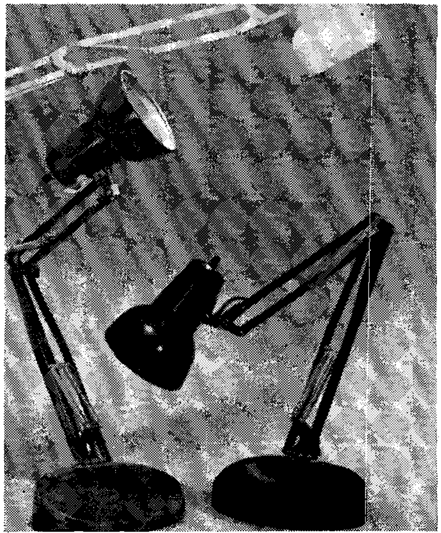

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lan), express the highly charged and the spectacular more often than the bleak, the attenuated, and the squalid. Hecht has a wider command of means; both are in full sympathy with color and profusion in art and nature; and it is a relief to get into the diversity of their scene, after monotonous journeys through regions rimmed with that nether ice of which Dante and a crowd of moderns speak. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE END OF ME, by Alfred Hayes (Atheneum). A tale of crabbed youth—two crabbed youths, one male and one female—playing cruel games with the broken pieces of a broken-down Hollywood writer named Asher. Asher is in late middle age, and he has fled from his palatial Hollywood home to New York to try to forget his unfaithful wife and his dwindling career. His nephew, Michael, a sour and foulmouthed twenty-six-year-old, and Michael's girl, Aurora, a big, fey twenty-two-year-old, find a good deal of messy entertainment in Asher, who lends himself eagerly to the play of their idleness and envy. Mr. Hayes did well to place this witless charade in New York, where the reader can watch the background while he waits, in vain, for something real to start happening in the story.

GENERAL

THE LOST CENTURIES: FROM THE MUSLIM EMPIRES TO THE RENAISSANCE OF EUROPE, 1145-1453, by Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb (Prentice-Hall). This, the fourth of Glubb Pasha's volumes on the history of the great Islamic empires, describes a period of decline. The unified Arabic empire has split, and no over-all loyalty can rally all Muslims against the attacks by Christians from the West and Mongols from the East. To cure his Christian readers of their parochialism, Sir John reiterates how much more disastrous the Mongols were than the Crusaders: for example, as the *Reconquista* rolled back the Muslim settlements in Spain, the Christians absorbed Islamic high culture; the Mongols, sacking great cities like Baghdad, simply wiped it out. Sir John may be too great a partisan of Islamic culture, for his defense of its political failure—none of its kingdoms arrived at a stable succession, and none invented any mechanism for consult-

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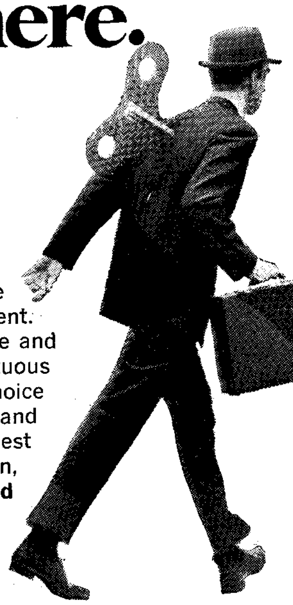
ing the people or their representatives—is to argue unpersuasively that it was not a failure at all. But on his main point—the greatness of Arab civilization in its palmy days—he is, as always, convincing. Ten dollars and fifty cents.

Louis XIV, by John B. Wolf (Norton). This is probably the best biography of Louis XIV—at least in English. Professor Wolf concentrates on the King as a political leader: the head of French administration, diplomacy, and warmaking, who increased domestic political cohesion, made his country the most powerful nation of his time, and offered a regal pattern to the rest of Europe's monarchs. The author's emphases, in short, are those of Louis himself; the mistresses are there, as well as court intrigues and entertainments, but Mr. Wolf, like the King, puts the royal business ahead of the royal pleasures. The writing is very good. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

The Thousand Dollar Yacht, by Anthony Bailey (Macmillan). In 1963, Mr. Bailey, an Englishman now living in Stonington, Connecticut, had a St. Pierre sailing dory (twenty-eight feet long, eight feet in beam) built in a New Jersey boatyard to his specifications for less than a thousand dollars. He here tells us about fitting her out, naming her (the Billy Ruffian, which was what British tars called the Bellerophon, the ship on which Napoleon was held captive after Waterloo), launching her, and cruising in her along the New England shore. Dozens of books describing such matters appear every year, and a boring lot most of them are; Mr. Bailey's is different solely because he is a gifted writer who, without dramatics or any heightening of experience, can make everything around him come alive.

The Wars of America, by Robert Leckie, with a foreword by Richard B. Morris (Harper & Row). Mr. Leckie successfully adjusts the conflicting requirements of compression and clarity as he slogs from Champlain's first shot at the Iroquois (1609) down to June, 1967, in Vietnam. His purposes are, first (and of course), to relate the historical facts, and, second, to examine how warfare has changed, and, last, to see what, if any, generalizations hold true. Are Americans more warlike than other peoples? Probably not, Mr. Leckie says, since everybody whom the Americans have fought (except the Spanish in 1898) has



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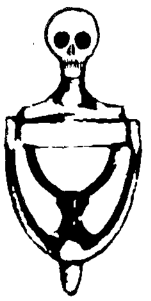

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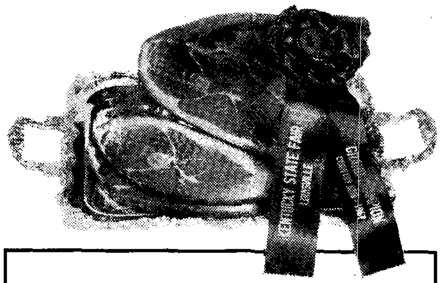

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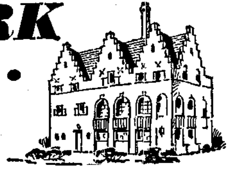

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been more than willing to fight. Are Americans, perhaps, more peace-loving? Except for the Second World War, none of America's wars has commanded anything near unanimous support, which suggests that some of the American population is pacific all the time; on the other hand, Mr. Leckie points out, America's wars have characteristically been conducted quite fiercely. He also raises a puzzling point about other nations' psychologies: As far as his documents show, almost every people whom Americans have fought—Canadian *habitants* in the French and Indian War, redcoats in the Revolution, Mexicans in 1846, Japanese in 1941—have gone to war with profound contempt for Americans' abilities as soldiers. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE AMERICANS AND THE FRENCH, by Crane Brinton (Harvard). An urbane study of Franco-American relations since the end of the Second World War. Professor Brinton tells American readers how France has been changing, and how it happens that what Frenchmen call the Americanization of France has made for poorer, rather than better, feelings between the two countries. He stresses French accomplishments, perhaps because he has found that, in the fuzzy, generalizing way in which citizens of one nation conceive of citizens of another, Americans have not really respected the French but think of them as a people given over to governmental instability, sexual laxity, and fancy cooking. As he points out, a sort of "Anglo-Saxon" contempt for the French is not wholly a figment of President de Gaulle's more paranoid moments.

NOTE: Bobbs-Merrill has published "Here It Comes," a collection of cartoons by Lee Lorenz. Many of them originally appeared in this magazine.

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A new uniform for policemen designed by Mr. Hardy Amies has been recommended to Mr. Callaghan, the Home Secretary, by a committee of the Police Advisory Board. It will have a well-cut and stylish loose jacket.

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